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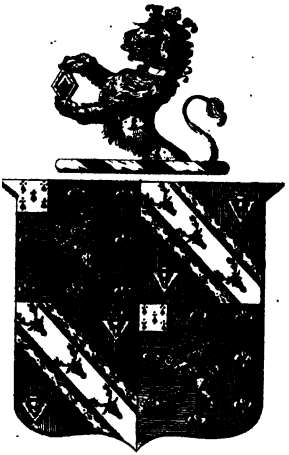

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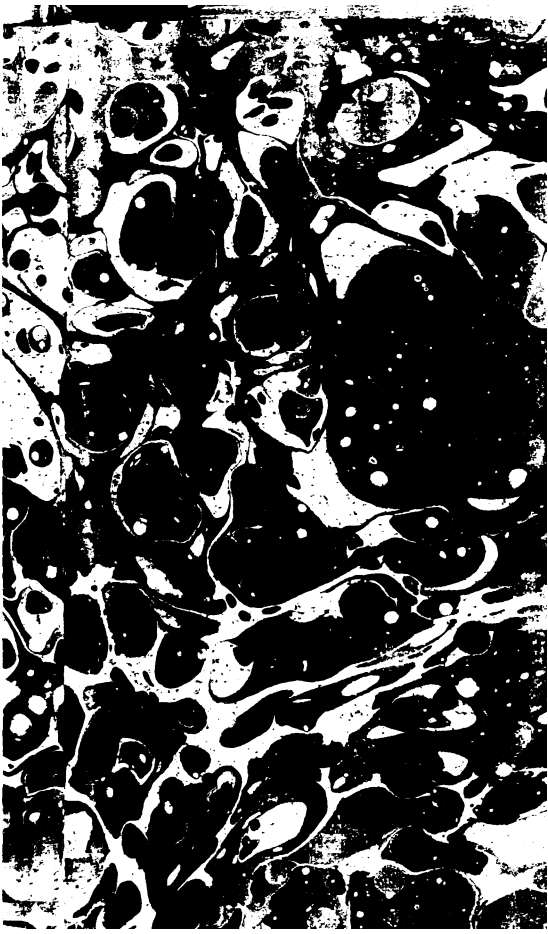

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——————No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice reftrain'd. BASTARD.
Why were my ftudious hours oppos'd by need?
In me did poverty from guilt proceed?——
Did I footh vice, or venal ftrokes betray
In the low-purpos'd loud polemic fray?
Did e'er my verfe immodeft warmth contain?
Or, once licentious, heav'nly truths profane?
Never—————— WANDERER.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1780.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

RICHARD SAVAGE.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES.

O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural scenes invites the Muse:
She flies all public care, all venal strife,
To try the still compar'd with active life;
To prove by these the sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe;
That ev'n Calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inspirits and adorns the thinking mind. WANDERER.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1780.

POLITICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS PAINE.

Engl.
Blackwell
2-21-91
16447

RICHARD SAVAGE.

It has been observed in all ages, that the advantages of nature or of fortune have contributed very little to the promotion of happiness; and that those whom the splendour of their rank, or the excess of their capacity, have placed upon the fummits of human life, have not often given any juft occafion to envy in thofe who look up to them from a lower ftation. Whether it be that apparent fuperiority incites great defigns, and great defigns are naturally liable to fatal miscarriages; or that the generality of mankind is mifery, and the misfortunes of thofe whofe eminence drew upon them an univerfal attention, have been more carefully recorded, becaufe they were more generally obferved, and have in reality been only more confpicuous than thofe of others, not more frequent or more fevere.

That affluence and power, advantages extrinfic and adventitious, and therefore eafily feparable from thofe by whom they are poffeffed, fhould very often flatter the mind with expectations of felicity which they cannot give, raifes no aftonifhment; but it feems rational to hope that intellectual greatnefs fhould produce better effects; that minds qualified for great attainments fhould firft endeavour their own benefit; and that they who are moft able to teach others the

way to happiness should with most certainty follow it themselves.

But this expectation, however plausible, has been very frequently disappointed. The heroes of literary as well as civil history have been very often no less remarkable for what they have suffered than for what they have achieved, and volumes have been written only to enumerate the miseries of the learned, and relate their unhappy lives and untimely deaths.

To these mournful narratives I am about to add The Life of Richard Savage, a man whose Writings entitle him to an eminent rank in the classes of learning, and whose misfortunes claim a degree of compassion not always due to the unhappy, as they were often the consequences of the crimes of others rather than his own.

In the year 1697 Anne Countess of Macclesfield, having lived for some time upon very uneasy terms with her husband, thought a public confession of adultery the most obvious and expeditious method of obtaining her liberty, and therefore declared that the child with which she was then great was begotten by the Earl Rivers. This, as may be easily imagined, made her husband no less desirous of a separation than herself, and he prosecuted his design in the most effectual manner; for he applied not to the ecclesiastical courts for a divorce, but to the parliament for an act, by which his marriage might be dissolved, the nup-

tial contract totally annulled, and the children of his wife illegitimated. This act, after the usual deliberation, he obtained, though without the approbation of some, who considered marriage as an affair only cognizable by ecclesiastical judges; and on March 3d was separated from his wife, whose fortune, which was very great, was repaid her; and who having, as well as her husband, the liberty of making another choice, was in a short time married to Colonel Bret.

While the Earl of Macclesfield was prosecuting this affair, his wife was, on the 10th of January 1697-8, delivered of a son, and the Earl Rivers, by appearing to consider him as his own, left none any reason to doubt of the sincerity of her declaration; for he was his godfather, and gave him his own name, which was by his direction inserted in the register of St. Andrew's parish in Holborn, but unfortunately left him to the care of his mother, whom, as she was now set free from her husband, he probably imagined likely to treat with great tenderness the child that had contributed to so pleasing an event. It is not indeed easy to discover what motives could be found to overbalance that natural affection of a parent, or what interest could be promoted by neglect or cruelty. The dread of shame or of poverty, by which some wretches have been incited to abandon or to murder their children, cannot be supposed to have affected a woman who had proclaimed her crime, and solicited reproach,

and on whom the clemency of the legislature had undeservedly bestowed a fortune, which would have been very little diminished by the expenses which the care of her child could have brought upon her. It was therefore not likely that she would be wicked without temptation; that she would look upon her son from his birth with a kind of resentment and abhorrence, and instead of supporting, assisting, and defending, Him, delight to see him struggling with misery; or that she would take every opportunity of aggravating his misfortunes, and obstructing his resources, and with an implacable and restless cruelty continue her persecution from the first hour of his life to the last.

But whatever were her motives, no sooner was her son born than she discovered a resolution of disowning him; and in a very short time removed him from her sight, by committing him to the care of a poor woman, whom she directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined never to inform him of his true parents.

Such was the beginning of the life of Richard Savage: born with a legal claim to honour and to affluence, he was in two months illegitimated by the parliament, and disowned by his mother, doomed to poverty and obscurity, and hunched upon the ocean of life only that he might be swallowed by its quicksands, or dashed upon its rocks.

His mother could not indeed infect others with the same cruelty. As it was impossible to avoid the inquiries which the curiosity or tenderness of her relations made after her child, she was obliged to give some account of the measures that she had taken; and their mother, the Lady Mason, whether in approbation of her design, or to prevent more criminal contrivances, engaged to transact with the nurse, to pay her for her care, and to superintend the education of the child.

In this charitable office she was assisted by his godmother Mrs. Lloyd, who, while she lived, always looked upon him with that tenderness which the barbarity of his mother made peculiarly necessary; but the death, which happened in his tenth year, was another of the misfortunes of his childhood; for though she kindly endeavoured to alleviate his loss, by a legacy of three hundred pounds, yet as he had none to prosecute his claim, to shelter him from oppression, or call in the law to the assistance of justice, her will was eluded by the executors, and no part of the money was ever paid.

He was, however, not yet wholly abandoned; the Lady Mason still continued her care, and directed him to be placed at a small grammar-school near St. Alban's, where he was called by the name of his nurse, without the least intimation that he had a claim to any other.

Here he was instructed in literature, and passed

through several of the classes, with what rapidity or what applause cannot now be known. As he always spoke with respect of his master, it is probable that the meanness in which he then appeared did not hinder his genius from being distinguished, or his industry from being rewarded: and if in so low a state he obtained distinction and rewards, it is not likely that they were gained but by genius and industry.

It is not reasonable to conjecture that his application was equal to his abilities, because his improvement was more than proportioned to the opportunities which he enjoyed; nor can it be doubted that if his earliest productions had been preserved, like those of happier students, we might in some have found vigorous sallies of that sprightly humour which distinguishes The Author to be Let, and in others strong touches of that ardent imagination which painted the solemn scenes of The Wanderer.

While he was thus cultivating his genius, his father, the Earl Rivers, was seized with a distemper which in a short time put an end to his life. He had frequently inquired after his son, and had always been amused with fallacious and evasive answers; but being now in his own opinion at his death-bed, he thought it his duty to provide for him among his other natural children, and therefore demanded a positive account of him, with an importunity not to be diverted or denied. His mother, who could no longer refuse

an answer, determined at least to give such as should cut him off for ever from that happiness which coming pretence affords, and therefore declared that he was dead; which is perhaps the first instance of a lie invented by a mother to deprive her son of a provision which was designed him by another, and which she could not expect herself, though he should forfeit it.

This was therefore an act of wickedness which could not be defeated; because it could not be suspected: the Earl did not imagine that there could exist in a human form a mother that would ruin her son without enriching herself, and therefore bestowed upon same other person the thousand pounds, which he had in his will bequeathed to Savage.

The same cruelty which instited his mother to intercept this provision which had been intended him prompted her in a short time to another project, a project worthy of such a disposition! she endeavoured to rid herself from the danger of being at any time made known to him, by sending him secretly to the American plantations.*

By whose kindness this scheme was counteracted, or by what interposition she was induced to lay aside her design, I know not; it is not improbable that the Lady Mason might persuade or compel her to desist; or perhaps she could not easily find accomplices wicked enough to concur in so cruel an action; for it may be

* Savage's Preface to his Miscellany, p. 65.

conceived that those who had, by a long gradation of guilt, hardened their hearts against the sense of common wickedness, would yet be shocked at the design of a mother to expose her son to slavery and want, to expose him without interest, and without provocation; and Savage might on this occasion find protectors and advocates among those who had long trafficked in crimes, and whom compassion had never touched before.

Being hindered, by whatever means, from banishing him into another country, she fortified, soon after, a scheme for burying him in poverty and obscurity in his own; and that his station of life, if not the place of his residence, might keep him for ever at a distance from her, she ordered him to be placed with a shoemaker in Holborn, that after the usual time of trial he might become his apprentice.*

It is generally reported that this project was for some time successful, and that Savage was employed at the awl longer than he was willing to confess; nor was it perhaps any great advantage to him that an unexpected discovery determined him to quit his occupation.

About this time his nurse, who had always treated him as her own son, died; and it was natural for him to take care of those effects which, by her death, were, as he imagined, become his own: he therefore went to her house, opened her boxes, and examined her pa-

* Preface to Savage's Miscellanies, p. 28.

pers, among which he found some letters written to her by the Lady Mason, which informed him of his birth, and the reasons for which it was concealed.

He was now no longer satisfied with the employment which had been allotted him, but thought he had a right to share the affluence of his mother, and therefore, without scruple, applied to her as her son, and made use of every art to awaken her tenderness, and attract her regard; but neither his letters nor the interposition of those friends which his merit or his distress procured him made any impression upon her mind; she still resolved to neglect, though she could no longer disown him.

It was to no purpose that he frequently solicited her to admit him to see her; she avoided him with the most vigilant precaution, and ordered him to be excluded from her house; by whomsoever he might be introduced, and what reason soever he might give for entering it.

Savage was at the same time so touched with the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.

But all his assiduity and tenderness were without effect; for he could neither soften her heart nor open her hand, and was reduced to the utmost miseries of

where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him, that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote, till the dinner that had been ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesitation ventured to ask for wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner, and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon.

Mr. Savage then imagined his task over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning, and return home: but his expectations deceived him, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for; and Savage was therefore obliged to go and offer their new production to sale for two guineas, which with some difficulty he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors; and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckonings.

Mr. Savage related another fact equally uncommon, which, though it has no relation to his Life, ought to be preserved. Sir Richard Steele having one day invited to his house a great number of per-

sons of the first quality, they were surprised at the number of liveries which surrounded the table; and after dinner, when wine and mirth had set them free from the observation of rigid ceremony, one of them inquired of Sir Richard how such an expensive train of domestics could be consistent with his fortune? Sir Richard very frankly confessed, that they were fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid: and being then asked why he did not discharge them? declared that they were bailiffs who had introduced themselves with an execution; and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought convenient to embellish with liveries, that they might do him credit while they staid.

His friends were diverted with the expedient, and by paying the debt discharged their attendance, having obliged Sir Richard to promise that they should never again find him graced with a retinue of the same kind.

Under such a tutor Mr. Savage was not likely to learn prudence or frugality, and perhaps many of the misfortunes which the want of those virtues brought upon him in the following parts of his life might be justly imputed to so unimproving an example.

Nor did the kindness of Sir Richard end in common favours. He proposed to have established him in some settled scheme of life, and to have contracted a kind of alliance with him, by marrying him to a

natural daughter, on whom he intended to bestow a thousand pounds: but though he was always hearing of future bounties, he conducted his affairs in such a manner, that he was very seldom able to keep his promises, or execute his own intentions; and as he was never able to raise the sum which he had offered the marriage was delayed. In the mean time he was officiously informed that Mr. Savage had ridiculed him; by which he was so much exasperated, that he withdrew the allowance which he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his house.

It is not indeed unlikely that Savage might by his imprudence expose himself to the malice of a talebearer; for his patron had many follies, which as his discernment easily discovered, his imagination might sometimes incite him to mention too ludicrously. A little knowledge of the world is sufficient to discover that such weakness is very common, and that there are few who do not sometimes, in the wantonness of thoughtlessmirth, or the heat of transient resentment, speak of their friends and benefactors with levity and contempt, though in their cooler moments they want neither sense of their kindness nor reverence for their virtue. The fault, therefore, of Mr. Savage was rather negligence than ingratitude: but Sir Richard must likewise be acquitted of severity; for who is there that can patiently bear contempt from one whom he has relieved and supported, whose establish-

ment he has laboured, and whose interest he has promoted?

He was now again abandoned to Fortune, without any other friend than Mr. Wilks, a man who, whatever were his abilities or skill as an actor, deserves at least to be remembered for his virtues *; which are not often to be found in the world, and perhaps less often in his profession than in others. To be humane, generous, and candid, is a very high degree of merit in any case; but those qualities deserve still greater praise when they are found in that condition

* As it is a loss to mankind when any good action is forgotten, I shall insert another instance of Mr. Wilks's generosity very little known. Mr. Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered by an impediment in his pronunciation from engaging in orders, for which his friends designed him, left his own country, and came to London in quest of employment, but found his solicitations fruitless, and his necessities every day more pressing. In this distress he wrote a tragedy, and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last hopes defeated, and he had no other prospect than of the most deplorable poverty: but Mr. Wilks thought his performance, though not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with so much diligence, that the house afforded him a considerable sum, with which he went to Leyden, applied himself to the study of physic, and prosecuted his design with so much diligence and success, that when Dr. Boerhaave was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper persons to introduce into Russia the practice and study of physic, Dr. Smith was one of those whom he selected. He had a considerable pension settled on him at his arrival, and was one of the chief physicians at the Russian court.

which he did not know every other man, for whatever reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal.

As Mr. Wilks was one of those to whom Calamity seldom complained without relief, he naturally took an unfortunate writer into his protection, and not only assisted him in any casual distress, but continued an equal and steady kindness to the time of his death.

By his interposition Mr. Savage once obtained from his mother fifty pounds *, and a promise of one hundred and fifty more; but it was the fate of this unhappy man that few promises of any advantage to him were performed. His mother was infected, among others, with the general madness of the South-sea traffic, and having been disappointed in her expectations, refused to pay what perhaps nothing but the prospect of sudden affluence prompted her to promise.

Being thus obliged to depend upon the friendship of Mr. Wilks, he was, consequently, an assiduous frequenter of the theatres, and in a short time the amusements of the stage took such possession of his mind that he never was absent from a play in several years.

This constant attendance naturally procured him the acquaintance of the players, and, among others, of Mrs. Oldfield, who was so much pleased with his conversation, and touched with his misfortunes, that

* This is asserted upon the credit of the author of his life, which was published 1727.

she allowed him a settled pension of fifty pounds a-year, which was, during her life, regularly paid.

That this act of generosity may receive its due praise, and that the good actions of Mrs. Oldfield may not be sullied by her general character, it is proper to mention what Mr. Savage often declared in the strongest terms, that he never saw her alone, or in any other place than behind the scenes.

At her death he endeavoured to shew his gratitude in the most decent manner, by wearing mourning as for a mother, but did not celebrate her in elegies, because he knew that too great profusion of praise would only have revived those faults which his maternal equity did not allow him to think less because they were committed by one who favoured him, but of which, though his virtue would not endeavour to palliate them, his gratitude would not suffer him to prolong the memory, or diffuse the censure.

In his Wanderer he has indeed taken an opportunity of mentioning her, but celebrates her not for her virtue but her beauty, an excellence which none ever denied her. This is the only encomium with which he has rewarded her liberality, and perhaps he has even in this been too lavish of his praise. He seems to have thought that never to mention his benefactress would have an appearance of ingratitude, though to have dedicated any particular performance to her memory would have only betrayed an officious par-

tiality, that without exalting her character, they would have depressed his own.

He had sometimes, by the kindness of Mr. Wilks, the advantage of a benefit, on which occasion he often received uncommon marks of regard and compassion; and was once told by the Duke of Dorset, that it was just to consider him as an injured nobleman, and that in his opinion the nobility ought to think themselves obliged, without solicitation, to take every opportunity of supporting him by their countenance and patronage. But he had generally the mortification to hear that the whole interest of his mother was employed to frustrate his applications, and that she never left any expedient untried by which he might be cut off from the possibility of supporting life. The same disposition she endeavoured to diffuse among all those over whom nature or fortune gave her any influence, and indeed succeeded too well in her design, but could not always propagate her cessation of wish her cruelty; for some of those whom she incited against him were ashamed of their own conduct, and doubted of that relief which they never gave him.

In this censure I do not indiscriminately involve all his relations; for he has mentioned, with gratitude, the humanity of one lady, whose name I am now unable to recollect, and to whom, therefore, I cannot pay the praises which she deserves for having acted well in opposition to influence, precept, and example.

The punishment which our laws inflict upon those parents who murder their infants is well known, nor has its justice ever been controlled; but if they deserve death who destroy a child in its birth, what pains can be sufficient for her who forbears to destroy him only to inflict sharper miseries upon him; who prolongs his life only to make it miserable; and who exposes him, without care and without pity, to the malice of oppression, the caprices of chance, and the temptations of poverty; who rejoices to see him overwhelmed with calamities, and when his own industry, or the charity of others, has enabled him to rise for a short time above his misfortunes, plunges him again into his former distress?

The kindness of his friends not affording him any constant supply, and the prospect of improving his fortune by enlarging his acquaintance necessarily leading him to places of expense, he found it necessary to endeavour once more at dramatic poetry, for which he was now better qualified by a more extensive knowledge and longer observation; but having been unsuccessful in comedy, though rather for want of opportunities than genius, he resolved now to try whether he should not be more fortunate in exhibiting a tragedy.

The story which he chose for the subject was that of Sir Thomas Overbury, a story well adapted to the stage, though perhaps not far enough removed from

the present age to admit properly the fictions necessary to complete the plan; for the mind, which naturally loves truth, is always most offended with the violation of those truths of which we are most certain, and we of course conceive those facts most certain which approach nearest to our own time.

Out of this story he formed a tragedy which, if the circumstances in which he wrote it be considered, will afford at once an uncommon proof of strength of genius and evenness of mind, of a serenity not to be ruffled, and an imagination not to be suppressed.

During a considerable part of the time in which he was employed upon this performance he was without lodging, and often without meat; nor had he any other conveniencies for study than the fields or the street allowed him; there he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of the pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper which he had picked up by accident.

If the performance of a writer thus distressed is not perfect, its faults ought surely to be imputed to a cause very different from want of genius, and must rather excite pity than provoke censure.

But when, under these discouragements, the tragedy was finished, there yet remained the labour of introducing it on the stage, an undertaking which, to an ingenuous mind, was in a very high degree vexa-

tious and disgusting; for having little interest or reputation, he was obliged to submit himself wholly to the players, and admit, with whatever reluctance, the emendations of Mr. Cibber, which he always considered as the disgrace of his performance.

He had indeed in Mr. Hill another critic of a very different class, from whose friendship he received great assistance on many occasions, and whom he never mentioned but with the utmost tenderness and regard. He had been for some time distinguished by him with very particular kindness, and on this occasion it was natural to apply to him as an author of an established character. He therefore sent this tragedy to him, with a short copy of verses, in which he desired his correction. Mr. Hill, whose humanity and politeness are generally known, readily complied with his request; but as he is remarkable for singularity of sentiment, and bold experiments in language, Mr. Savage did not think his play much improved by his invention, and had even at that time the courage to reject several passages which he could not approve; and, what is still more laudable, Mr. Hill had the generosity not to resent the neglect of his alterations, but wrote the prologue and epilogue, in which he touches on the circumstances of the Author with great tenderness.

After all these obstructions and compliances he was only able to bring his play upon the stage in the sum-

mer, when the chief actors had retired, and the reſt were in poſſeſſion of the houſe for their own advantage. Among theſe Mr. Savage was admitted to play the part of Sir Thomas Overbury, by which he gained no great reputation, the theatre being a province for which Nature ſeemed not to have deſigned him; for neither his voice, look, nor geſture, were ſuch as are expected on the ſtage, and he was himſelf ſo much aſhamed of having been reduced to appear as a player, that he always blotted out his name from the liſt when a copy of his tragedy was to be ſhown to his friends.

In the publication of his performance he was more ſucceſsful; for the rays of genius that glimmered in it, that glimmered thro' all the miſts which Poverty and Cibber had been able to ſpread over it, procured him the notice and eſteem of many perſons eminent for their rank, their virtue, and their wit.

Of this play, acted, printed, and dedicated, the accumulated profits aroſe to an hundred pounds, which he thought at that time a very large ſum, having been never maſter of ſo much before.

In the Dedication*, for which he received ten guineas, there is nothing remarkable. The Preface contains a very liberal encomium on the blooming excellencies of Mr. Theophilus Cibber, which Mr. Savage could not, in the latter part of his life, ſee his friends about to read without ſnatching the play out

* To Herbert Tryſt, Eſq. of Herefordſhire.

of their hands. The generosity of Mr. Hill did not end on this occasion; for afterwards, when Mr. Savage's necessities returned, he encouraged a subscription to a Miscellany of Poems in a very extraordinary manner, by publishing his story in the Plain Dealer *; with some affecting lines †, which he af-

* The Plain Dealer was a periodical paper written by Mr. Hill and Mr. Bond, whom Mr. Savage called the two contending powers of Light and Darkness. They wrote by turns each six Essays; and the character of the work was observed regularly to rise in Mr. Hill's weeks, and fall in Mr. Bond's.

† Hopeless, abandon'd, aimless, and oppress'd,
Lost to delight, and ev'ry way distress'd,
Cross his cold bed in wild disorder thrown,
Thus sigh'd Alexis, friendless, and alone——
Why do I breathe?——What joy can being give,
When she who gave me life forgets I live!
Feels not these wintry blasts——nor heeds my smart,
But shuts me from the shelter of her heart!
Saw me expos'd to want! to shame! to scorn!
To ills, which make it mis'ry to be born!
Cast me, regardless, on the world's bleak wild!
And bade me be a wretch, while yet a child!
Where can he hope for pity, peace, or rest,
Who moves no softness in a mother's breast?
Custom, law, reason, all my cause forsake,
And Nature sleeps to keep my woes awake!
Crimes, which the cruel scarce believe can be,
The kind are guilty of to ruin me.
Ev'n she who bore me blasts me with her hate,
And, meant my fortune, makes herself my fate!
Yet has this sweet neglecter of my woes
The softest, tend'rest, breast that Pity knows!
Her eyes shed mercy wherso'er they shine,
And her soul melts at ev'ry woe——but mine!
Sure then some secret fate for guilt unwill'd,
Some sentence preordain'd to be fulfill'd,
Hung'd me thus deep in Sorrow's searching flood,
And wash'd me from the mem'ry of her blood!
But, oh! whatever cause has mov'd her hate,
Let me but sigh in silence at my fate;
The god within perhaps may touch her breast,
And when she pities who can be distrest?

ſerts to have been written by Mr Savage upon the treatment received by him from his mother, but of which he was himſelf the author, as Mr. Savage afterwards declared. Thoſe lines, and the paper in which they were inſerted, had a very powerful effect upon all but his mother, whom, by making her cruelty more public, they only hardened in her averſion.

Mr. Hill not only promoted the ſubſcription to the Miſcellany, but furniſhed likewiſe the greateſt part of the poems of which it is compoſed, and particularly The Happy Man, which he publiſhed as a ſpecimen.

The ſubſcriptions of thoſe whom thoſe papers ſhould influence to patroniſe merit in diſtreſs, without any other ſolicitation, were directed to be left at Button's Coffeehouſe; and Mr. Savage going thither a few days afterwards, without expectation of any effect from his propoſal, found, to his ſurpriſe, ſeventy guineas*, which had been ſent him in conſequence of the compaſſion excited by Mr. Hill's pathetic repreſentation.

* The names of thoſe who ſo generouſly contributed to his relief having been mentioned in a former account, ought not to be omitted here. They were the Ducheſs of Cleveland, Lady Cheyney, Lady Caſtlemain, Lady Gower, Lady Lechmere, the Ducheſs Dowager and Ducheſs of Rutland, Lady Strafford, the Counteſs Dowager of Warwick, Mrs. Mary Floyer, Mrs. Sofuel Noel, Duke of Rutland, Lord Gainſborough, Lord Milſington, Mr. John Savage.

To this Miſcellany he wrote a preface *, in which

* The Preface is as follows:

Crudelis Mater magis, an Puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille Puer, crudelis tu quoque Mater. VIRG.

My readers, I am afraid, when they obſerve Richard Savage joined ſo cloſe, and ſo conſtantly, to "ſon of the late Earl Ri-"vers," will impute to a ridiculous vanity what is the effect of an unhappy neceſſity, which my hard fortune has thrown me under.---I am to be pardoned for adhering a little tenaciouſly to my father, becauſe my mother will allow me to be no body; and has almoſt reduced me, among heavier afflictions, to that uncommon kind of want which the Indians of America complained of at our firſt ſettling among them, when they came to beg names of the Engliſh, becauſe (ſaid they) we are poor men of ourſelves, and have none we can lay claim to.

The good nature of thoſe to whom I have not the honour to be known would forgive me the ludicrous turn of this beginning, if they knew but how little reaſon I have to be merry.----It was my misfortune to be ſon of the above-mentioned Earl, by the late Counteſs of Macclesfield, (now widow of Colonel Henry Bret) whoſe divorce, on occaſion of the amour which I was a conſequence of, has left ſomething on record which I take to be very remarkable; and it is this: Certain of our great judges, in their temporal deciſions, act with a ſpiritual regard to Levitical divinity, and in particular to the Ten Commandments, two of which ſeem, in my caſe, to have viſibly influenced their opinions---"Thou ſhalt not "commit adultery," pointed fulleſt on my mother; but as to "The Lord's viſiting the ſins of the fathers upon the chil-"dren," it was conſidered as what could regard me only; and for that reaſon, I ſuppoſe, it had been inconſiſtent with the rules of ſanctity to aſſign proviſion out of my mother's returned eſtate for ſupport of an infant ſinner.

Thus, while legally the ſon of one Earl, and naturally of another, I am, nominally, no body's ſon at all; for the Lady

he gives an account of his mother's cruelty in a very uncommon ſtrain of humour, and with a gaiety of

having given me too much father, thought it but an equivalent deduction to leave me no mother, by way of balance.---So I am ſported into the world, a kind of ſhuttlecock, between Law and Nature--If Law had not beaten me back by the ſtrike of an act, on purpoſe, I had not been above wit by the privilege of a man of quality; nay, I might have preſerved, into the bargain, the lives of Duke Hamilton and Lord Mohun, whoſe diſpute aroſe from the eſtate of that Earl of Macclesfield whom (but for the mentioned act) I muſt have called Father.---And if Nature had not ſtruck me off with a ſtraiger blow than Law did, the other Earl, who was moſt emphatically my father, could never have been told I was dead, when he was about to enable me, by his will, to have lived to ſome purpoſe. An unaccountable ſeverity of a mother! whom I was then not old enough to have deſerved it from, and by which I am a ſingle unhappy inſtance among that nobleman's natural children, and thrown friendleſs on the world, without means of ſupporting myſelf, and without authority to apply to thoſe whoſe duty I know it is to ſupport me.

Thus, however ill qualified I am to live by my wits, I have the beſt plea in the world for attempting it, ſince it is too apparent that I was born to it.---Having wearied my judgment with fruitleſs endeavours to be happy, I gave the reins to my fancy, that I might learn at leaſt to be eaſy.

But I ceaſe a while to ſpeak of myſelf, that I may ſay ſomething of my Miſcellany.---I was furniſhed, by the verſes of my friends, with wit enough to deſerve a ſubſcription, but I wanted another much more profitable quality, which ſhould have emboldened me to ſolicit it, (another of my wants that, I hope, may be imputed to my mother!) I had met with little encouragement but for the endeavours of ſome few gentlemen in my behalf, who were generous enough to conſider my ill fortune as a merit that entitled me to their notice.

Among theſe I am particularly indebted to the author of the Plain Dealers, who was pleaſed, in two of his papers, (which

imagination which the miseries of his subsistence probably produced.

I entreat his pardon for reprinting before my Miscellany, to point out my unhappy story to the world with so touching a humanity, and so good an effect, that many persons of quality, of all ranks, and of both sexes, distinguished themselves with the promptness he had hinted to the noble-minded; and not staying till they were applied to, sent me the honour of their subscriptions, in the most liberal and handsome manner, for encouragement of my undertaking.

I ought here to acknowledge several favours from Mr. Hill, whose writings are a shining ornament of this Miscellany; but I wave detaining my readers, and beg leave to refer them to a copy of verses called The Friend *, which I have taken the liberty to address to that gentleman.

To return to the Daily; my mother.—Had the celebrated Mr. Locke been acquainted with her example, it had certainly appeared in his chapter against innate practical principles, because it would have completed his instances of enormities; some of which, though not exactly in the order that he mentions them, are as follow:—"Have there not been," says he, "whole nations, and those of the most civilized people, a-"mongst whom the exposing their children to perish by want, "or wild beasts, has been a practice as little condemned or "scrupled as the begetting them?"—Were I inclinable to be serious, I could easily prove that I have not been more gently dealt with by Mrs. Bret; but if this is any way foreign to my case, I shall find a nearer example in the whimsical one that ensues.

"It is familiar," says the above-cited author, "among the "Mengrelians, a people professing Christianity, to bury their "children alive without scruple."—There are indeed sundry sects of Christians, and I have often wondered which could be my mamma's, but now I find the piously professes and practises Christianity after the manner of the Mengrelians; she industriously obscured me, when my fortune depended on my

* See under *Epistles*.

The Dedication is addreſſed to the Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whom he flatters without being known, and, in that ſenſe, ſhe may be ſaid to have buried me alive; and ſure, like a Mengrelian, the muſt have committed the action without ſcruple; for ſhe is a woman of ſpirit, and can ſee the conſequence without remorſe.—"The "Carlbees," continues my author, "were wont to caſtrate "their children, in order to fat and eat them."—Here indeed I can draw no parallel; for to ſpeak juſtice of the Lady, ſhe never contributed ought to have me pampered, but always promoted my being ſtarved; nor did ſhe, even in my infancy, betray fondneſs enough to be ſuſpected of a deſign to devour me; but, on the contrary, not enduring me ever to approach her, offered a bribe to have me ſhipped off, in an odd manner, to one of the plantations.——When I was about fifteen her affection began to awake, and had I but known my intereſt, I had been handſomely provided for. In ſhort, I was ſolicited to be bound apprentice to a very honeſt and reputable occupation—a ſhoemaker! an offer which I undutifully rejected. I was, in fine, unwilling to underſtand her in a literal ſenſe, and hoped that, like the prophets of old, ſhe might have hinted her mind in a kind of parable, or proverbial way of ſpeaking, as thus—That one time or other I might, on due application, have the honour of taking the length of her foot.

Mr. Locke mentions another ſet of people that diſpatch their children, if a pretended aſtrologer declares them to have unhappy ſtars.—Perhaps my mamma has procured ſome cunning man to calculate my nativity; or having had ſome ominous dream, which preceded my birth, the dire event may have appeared to her in the dark and dreary bottom of a china cup, where coffee ſtains are often conſulted for propheſies, and held as infallible as were the leaves of the ancient Sibyls.—To be partly ſerious, I am rather willing to wrong her judgment, by ſuſpecting it to be tainted a little with the tenets of ſuperſtition, than ſuppoſe ſhe can be miſtreſs of a feared conſcience, and act on no principle at all.

serve, and, to confess the truth, with very little art *. The same observation may be extended to all his Dedications: his compliments are constrained and violent, heaped together without the grace of order or the decency of introduction: he seems to have written his panegyrics for the perusal only of his patrons, and to have imagined that he had no other task than to pamper them with praises, however gross; and that flattery would make its way to the heart without the assistance of elegance or invention.

Soon afterwards the death of the King furnished a general subject for a poetical contest, in which Mr. Savage engaged, and is allowed to have carried the prize of honour from his competitors; but I know not whether he gained by his performance any other advantage than the increase of his reputation; though

* This the following extract from it will prove.

"Since our country has been honoured with the glory of "your wit, as elevated and immortal as your soul, it no longer remains a doubt whether your sex have strength of mind "in proportion to their sweetness. There is something in "your verses as distinguished as your air---They are as strong "as truth, as deep as reason, as clear as innocence, and as "smooth as beauty---They contain a nameless and peculiar "mixture of force and grace, which is at once so movingly "serene, and so majestically lovely, that it is too amiable to "appear any where but in your eyes and in your writings.

"As Fortune is not more my enemy than I am the enemy "of flattery, I know not how I can forbear this application to "your Ladyship, because there is scarce a possibility that I "should say more than I believe when I am speaking of your "Excellence."

it must certainly have been with farther views that he prevailed upon himself to attempt a species of writing of which all the topics had been long before exhausted, and which was made at once difficult by the multitudes that had failed in it, and those that had succeeded.

He was now advancing in reputation, and though frequently involved in very distressful perplexities, appeared however to be gaining upon mankind, when both his fame and his life were endangered by an event of which it is not yet determined whether it ought to be mentioned as a crime or a calamity.

On the 20th of November 1727 Mr. Savage came from Richmond, where he then lodged, that he might pursue his studies with less interruption, with an intent to discharge another lodging which he had in Westminster, and accidentally meeting two gentlemen his acquaintances, whose names were Merchant and Gregory, he went in with them to a neighbouring coffeehouse, and sat drinking till it was late, it being in no time of Mr. Savage's life any part of his character to be the first of the company that desired to separate. He would willingly have gone to bed in the same house, but there was not room for the whole company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the streets, and divert themselves with such amusements as should offer themselves till morning.

In their walk they happened unluckily to discover

light in Robinson's Coffeehouse near Charing-cross, and therefore went in. Merchant, with some rudeness, demanded a room, and was told that there was a good fire in the next parlour, which the company were about to leave, being then paying their reckoning. Merchant, not satisfied with this answer, rushed into the room, and was followed by his companions. He then petulantly placed himself between the company and the fire, and soon after kicked down the table. This produced a quarrel, swords were drawn on both sides, and one Mr. James Sinclair was killed. Savage having wounded likewise a maid that held him, forced his way with Merchant out of the house; but being intimidated and confused, without resolution either to fly or stay, they were taken in a back court by one of the company, and some soldiers whom he had called to his assistance.

Being secured and guarded that night, they were, in the morning, carried before three justices, who committed them to the Gatehouse; from whence, upon the death of Mr. Sinclair, which happened the same day, they were removed in the night to Newgate, where they were however treated with some distinction, exempted from the ignominy of chains, and confined not among the common criminals, but in the Press-yard.

When the day of trial came the court was crowded in a very unusual manner, and the public appeared

to interest itself as in a cause of general concern. The witnesses against Mr. Savage and his friends were, the woman who kept the house, which was a house of ill fame, and her maid; the men who were in the room with Mr. Sinclair, and a woman of the Town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been left in bed. They swore, in general, that Merchant gave the provocation which Savage and Gregory drew their swords to justify; that Savage drew first, and that he stabbed Sinclair when he was not in a posture of defence, for while Gregory commanded his sword, that after he had given the thrust he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the maid clung round him, and one of the company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke, by cutting the maid on the head, but was afterwards taken in a court.

There was some difference in their depositions; one did not see Savage give the wound, another saw it given when Sinclair held his point towards the ground, and the woman of the Town asserted that she did not see Sinclair's sword at all. This difference, however, was very far from amounting to inconsistency, but it was sufficient to shew that the hurry of this dispute was such that it was not easy to discover the truth with relation to particular circumstances, and that therefore some deductions were to be made from the credibility of the testimonies.

Sinclair had declared ſeveral times before his death that he received his wound from Savage, nor did Savage at his trial deny the fact, but endeavoured partly to extenuate it by urging the ſuddenneſs of the whole action, and the impoſſibility of any ill deſign or premeditated malice, and partly to juſtify it by the neceſſity of ſelf-defence, and the hazard of his own life, if he had loſt that opportunity of giving the thruſt. He obſerved that neither reaſon nor law obliged a man to wait for the blow which was threatened, and which, if he ſhould ſuffer it, he might never be able to return; that it was always allowable to prevent an aſſault, and to preſerve life by taking away that of the adverſary by whom it was endangered.

With regard to the violence with which he endeavoured to eſcape, he declared that it was not his deſign to fly from juſtice, or decline a trial, but to avoid the expenſes and ſeverities of a priſon, and that he intended to have appeared at the bar without compulſion.

This defence, which took up more than an hour, was heard by the multitude that thronged the court with the moſt attentive and reſpectful ſilence. Thoſe who thought he ought not to be acquitted owned that applauſe could not be refuſed him; and thoſe who before pitied his misfortunes now reverenced his abilities.

The witneſſes which appeared againſt him were proved to be perſons of characters which did not cu-

title them to much credit; a common strumpet, a woman by whom strumpets were entertained, and a man by whom they were supported; and the character of Savage was, by several persons of distinction, asserted to be that of a modest inoffensive man, not inclined to broils or to insolence, and who had to that time, been only known for his misfortunes and his wit.

Had his audience been his judges he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. Page, who was then upon the bench, treated him with his usual insolence and severity; and when he had summed up the evidence, endeavoured to exasperate the jury, as Mr. Savage used to relate it, with this eloquent harangue.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that "Mr. Savage is a very great man, a much greater "man than you or I, Gentlemen of the jury; that he "wears very fine clothes, much finer clothes than you "or I, Gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance "of money in his pocket, much more money than "you or I, Gentlemen of the jury; but, Gentlemen "of the jury, is it not a very hard case, Gentlemen "of the jury, that Mr. Savage should therefore kill "you or me, Gentlemen of the jury?"

Mr. Savage hearing his defence thus misrepresented, and the men who were to decide his fate incited against him by invidious comparisons, resolutely asserted that his cause was not candidly explained, and

began to recapitulate what he had before said with regard to his condition, and the neceſſity of endeavouring to eſcape the extremities of impriſonment; but the Judge having ordered him to be ſilent, and repeated his orders without effect, commanded that he ſhould be taken from the bar by force.

The jury then heard the opinion of the Judge, that good characters were of no weight againſt poſitive evidence, though they might turn the ſcale where it was doubtful; and that though, when two men attack each other, the death of either is only manſlaughter; but where one is the aggreſſor, as in the caſe before them, and in purſuance of his firſt attack kills the other, the law ſuppoſes the action, however ſudden, to be malicious. They then deliberated upon their verdict, and determined that Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were guilty of murder, and Mr. Merchant, who had no ſword, only of manſlaughter.

Thus ended this memorable trial, which laſted eight hours. Mr. Savage and Mr. Gregory were conducted back to priſon, where they were more cloſely confined, and loaded with irons of fifty pounds weight. Four days afterwards they were ſent back to the court to receive ſentence; on which occaſion Mr. Savage made, as far as it could be retained in memory, the following ſpeech.

"It is now, my Lord, too late to offer any thing "by way of defence or vindication; nor can we ex-

"pect ought from your Lordſhips, in this court, but "the ſentence which the law requires you, as judges, "to pronounce againſt men of our calamitous condi- "tion.—But we are alſo perſuaded that, as mere "men, and out of this ſeat of rigorous juſtice, you "are ſuſceptive of the tender paſſions, and too hu- "mane not to commiſerate the unhappy ſituation of "thoſe whom the law ſometimes perhaps—exacts— "from you to pronounce upon. No doubt you di- "ſtinguiſh between offences which ariſe out of pre- "meditation and a diſpoſition habituated to vice or "immorality, and tranſgreſſions which are the un- "happy and unforeſeen effects of caſual abſence of "reaſon and ſudden impulſe of paſſion; we there- "fore hope you will contribute all you can to an ex- "tenſion of that mercy which the gentlemen of the "jury have been pleaſed to ſhew Mr. Merchant, who "(allowing facts as ſworn againſt us by the evidence) "has led us into this our calamity. I hope this will "not be conſtrued as if we meant to reflect upon that "gentleman, or remove any thing from us upon him, "or that we repine the more at our fate becauſe he "has no participation of it: no, my Lord! for my "part, I declare nothing could more ſoften my grief "than to be without any companion in ſo great a "misfortune."

Mr. Savage had now no hopes of life but from the mercy of the Crown, which was very earneſtly ſoli-

cited by his friends, and which, with whatever difficulty the story may obtain belief, was obſtructed only by his mother.

To prejudice the Queen againſt him ſhe made uſe of an incident which was omitted in the order of time, that it might be mentioned together with the purpoſe which it was made to ſerve. Mr. Savage, when he had diſcovered his birth, had an inceſſant deſire to ſpeak to his mother, who always avoided him in public, and refuſed him admiſſion into her houſe.

One evening walking, as it was his cuſtom, in the ſtreet that ſhe inhabited, he ſaw the door of her houſe by accident open; he entered it, and, finding no perſons in the paſſage to hinder him, went up ſtairs to ſalute her. She diſcovered him before he could enter her chamber; alarmed the family with the moſt diſtreſsful outcries, and when ſhe had by her ſcreams gathered them about her, ordered them to drive out of the houſe that villain who had forced himſelf in upon her, and endeavoured to murder her. Savage, who had attempted with the moſt ſubmiſſive tenderneſs to ſoften her rage, hearing her utter ſo deteſtable an accuſation, thought it prudent to retire, and, I believe, never attempted afterwards to ſpeak to her.

But, ſhocked as he was with her falſehood and her cruelty, he imagined that ſhe intended no other uſe of her lie than to ſet herſelf free from his embraces and ſolicitations, and was very far from ſuſpecting that

ſhe would treaſure it in her memory as an inſtrument of future wickedneſs, or that ſhe would endeavour, for this fictitious aſſault, to deprive him of his life.

But when the Queen was ſolicited for his pardon, and informed of the ſevere treatments which he had ſuffered from his Judge, ſhe anſwered, that however unjuſtifiable might be the manner of his trial, or whatever extenuation the action for which he was condemned might admit, ſhe could not think that man a proper object of the King's mercy who had been capable of entering his mother's houſe in the night with an intent to murder her.

By whom this atrocious calumny had been tranſmitted to the Queen; whether ſhe that invented had the front to relate it; whether ſhe found any one weak enough to credit it, or corrupt enough to concur with her in her hateful deſign, I know not; but methods had been taken to perſuade the Queen ſo ſtrongly of the truth of it, that ſhe for a long time refuſed to hear any of thoſe who petitioned for his life.

Thus had Savage periſhed by the evidence of a bawd, a ſtrumpet, and his mother, had not juſtice and compaſſion procured him an advocate of rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed. His merit and his calamities happened to reach the ear of the Counteſs of Hertford, who engaged in his ſupport with all the tenderneſs that is excited by pity, and all

the zeal which is kindled by generoſity, and demanding an audience of the Queen laid before her the whole ſeries of his mother's cruelty, expoſed the improbability of an accuſation by which he was charged with an intent to commit a murder that could produce no advantage, and ſoon convinced her how little his former conduct could deſerve to be mentioned as a reaſon for extraordinary ſeverity.

The interpoſition of this Lady was ſo ſucceſsful, that he was ſoon after admitted to bail, and on the 9th of March 1728 pleaded the King's pardon.

It is natural to inquire upon what motives his mother could perſecute him in a manner ſo outrageous and implacable; for what reaſon ſhe could employ all the acts of malice, and all the ſnares of calumny, to take away the life of her own ſon, of a ſon who never injured her, who was never ſupported by her expenſe, nor obſtructed any proſpect of pleaſure or advantage; why ſhe ſhould endeavour to deſtroy him by a lie, a lie which could not gain credit, but muſt vaniſh of itſelf at the firſt moment of examination; and of which only this can be ſaid to make it probable, that it may be obſerved from her conduct that the moſt execrable crimes are ſometimes committed without apparent temptation.

This mother is ſtill alive, and may perhaps even yet, though her malice was ſo often defeated, enjoy the pleaſure of reflecting, that the life which ſhe often

endeavoured to destroy was at least shortened by her maternal offices; that though she could not transport her son to the plantations, bury him in the shop of a mechanic, or hasten the hand of the public executioner, she has yet had the satisfaction of imbittering all his hours, and forcing him into exigencies that hurried on his death.

It is by no means necessary to aggravate the enormity of this woman's conduct, by placing it in opposition to that of the Countess of Hertford; no one can fail to observe how much more amiable it is to relieve than to oppress, and to rescue innocence from destruction than to destroy without an injury.

Mr. Savage, during his imprisonment, his trial, and the time in which he lay under sentence of death, behaved with great firmness and equality of mind, and confirmed by his fortitude the esteem of those who before admired him for his abilities. The peculiar circumstances of his life were made more generally known by a short account* which was then published, and of which several thousands were in a few weeks dispersed over the nation; and the compassion of mankind operated so powerfully in his favour, that he was enabled, by frequent presents, not only to support himself, but to assist Mr. Gregory in prison; and when he was pardoned and released he found the number of his friends not lessened.

* Written by Mr. Beckingham and another gentleman.

The nature of the act for which he had been tried was in itſelf doubtful; of the evidences which appeared againſt him the character of the man was not unexceptionable, that of the woman notoriouſly infamous: ſhe whoſe teſtimony chiefly influenced the jury to condemn him afterwards retracted her aſſertions. He always himſelf denied that he was drunk, as had been generally reported. Mr. Gregory, who is now Collector of Antigua, is ſaid to declare him far leſs criminal than he was imagined even by ſome who favoured him; and Page himſelf afterwards confeſſed that he had treated him with uncommon rigour. When all theſe particulars are rated together, perhaps the memory of Savage may not be much ſullied by his trial.

Some time after he had obtained his liberty he met in the ſtreet the woman that had ſworn with ſo much malignity againſt him. She informed him that ſhe was in diſtreſs, and, with a degree of confidence not eaſily attainable, deſired him to relieve her. He, inſtead of inſulting her miſery, and taking pleaſure in the calamities of one who had brought his life into danger, reproved her gently for her perjury, and changing the only guinea that he had, divided it equally between her and himſelf.

This is an action which in ſome ages would have made a ſaint, and perhaps in others a hero, and which, without an hyperbolical encomium, muſt be allowed

to be an instance of uncommon generosity, an act of complicated virtue; by which he at once relieved the poor, corrected the vicious, and forgave an enemy; by which he at once remitted the strongest provocations, and exercised the most ardent charity.

Compassion was indeed the distinguishing quality of Savage; he never appeared inclined to take advantage of weakness, to attack the defenceless, or to press upon the falling: whoever was distressed was certain at least of his good wishes; and when he could give no assistance to extricate them from misfortunes he endeavoured to sooth them by sympathy and tenderness.

But when his heart was not softened by the sight of misery he was sometimes obstinate in his resentment, and did not quickly lose the remembrance of an injury. He always continued to speak with anger of the insolence and partiality of Page; and a short time before his death revenged it by a satire.

It is natural to inquire in what terms Mr. Savage spoke of this fatal action when the danger was over, and he was under no necessity of using any art to set his conduct in the fairest light. He was not willing to dwell upon it; and if he transiently mentioned it, appeared neither to consider himself as a murderer nor as a man wholly free from the guilt of blood *. How much and how long he regretted it appeared in

* In one of his letters he styles it "a fatal quarrel but too "well known."

a poem which he published many years afterwards. On occasion of a copy of verses, in which the failings of good men were recounted, and in which the author had endeavoured to illustrate his position, that "the best may sometimes deviate from virtue," by an instance of murder committed by Savage in the heat of wine, Savage remarked that it was no very just representation of a good man to suppose him liable to drunkenness, and disposed in his riots to cut throats.

He was now indeed at liberty, but was, as before, without any other support than accidental favours and uncertain patronage afforded him, sources by which he was sometimes very liberally supplied, and which at other times were suddenly stopped; so that he spent his life between want and plenty, or, what was yet worse, between beggary and extravagance; for as whatever he received was the gift of Chance, which might as well favour him at one time as another, he was tempted to squander what he had, because he always hoped to be immediately supplied.

Another cause of his profusion was the absurd kindness of his friends, who at once rewarded and enjoyed his abilities by treating him at taverns, and habituated him to pleasures which he could not afford to enjoy, and which he was not able to deny himself, tho' he purchased the luxury of a single night by the anguish of cold and hunger for a week.

The experience of these inconveniencies determined him to endeavour after some settled income, which, having long found submission and entreaties fruitless, he attempted to extort from his mother by rougher methods. He had now, as he acknowledged, lost that tenderness for her which the whole series of her cruelty had not been able wholly to repress, till he found, by the efforts which she made for his destruction, that she was not content with refusing to assist him, and being neutral in his struggles with poverty, but was as ready to snatch every opportunity of adding to his misfortunes, and that she was to be considered as an enemy implacably malicious, whom nothing but his blood could satisfy: he therefore threatened to harass her with lampoons, and to publish a copious narrative of her conduct, unless she consented to purchase an exemption from infamy by allowing him a pension.

This expedient proved successful: whether shame still survived though virtue was extinct, or whether her relations had more delicacy than herself, and imagined that some of the darts which Satire might point at her would glance upon them, Lord Tyrconnel, whatever were his motives, upon his promise to lay aside his design of exposing the cruelty of his mother, received him into his family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him a pension of two hundred pounds a-year.

This was the golden part of Mr. Savage's life, and for ſome time he had no reaſon to complain of Fortune; his appearance was ſplendid, his expenſes large, and his acquaintance extenſive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought men of genius, and careſſed by all who valued themſelves upon a refined taſte. To admire Mr. Savage was a proof of diſcernment, and to be acquainted with him was a title to poetical reputation: his preſence was ſufficient to make any place of public entertainment popular, and his approbation and example conſtituted the faſhion: ſo powerful is genius when it is inveſted with the glitter of affluence! Men willingly pay to fortune that regard which they owe to merit, and are pleaſed, when they have an opportunity, at once of gratifying their vanity and practiſing their duty.

This interval of proſperity furniſhed him with opportunities of enlarging his knowledge of human nature, by contemplating life from its higheſt gradations to its loweſt; and had he afterwards applied to dramatic poetry he would perhaps not have had many ſuperiors; for as he never ſuffered any ſcene to paſs before his eyes without notice, he had treaſured in his mind all the different combinations of paſſions, and the innumerable mixtures of vice and virtue which diſtinguiſh one character from another; and as his conception was ſtrong his expreſſions were clear; he

eaſily received impreſſions from objects, and very forcibly tranſmitted them to others.

Of his exact obſervations on human life he has left a proof which would do honour to the greateſt names, in a ſmall pamphlet called The Author to be Let, where he introduces Iſcariot Hackney, a proſtitute ſcribbler, giving an account of his birth, his education, his diſpoſition and morals, habits of life, and maxims of conduct. In the introduction are related many ſecret hiſtories of the petty writers of that time, but ſometimes mixed with ungenerous reflections on their birth, their circumſtances, or thoſe of their relations; nor can it be denied that ſome paſſages are ſuch as Iſcariot Hackney might himſelf have produced.

He was accuſed, likewiſe, of living in an appearance of friendſhip with ſome whom he ſatirized, and of making uſe of the confidence which he gained by a ſeeming kindneſs to diſcover failings and expoſe them: it muſt be confeſſed that Mr. Savage's eſteem was no very certain poſſeſſion, and that he would lampoon at one time thoſe whom he had praiſed at another.

It may be alleged that the ſame man may change his principles, and that he who was once deſervedly commended may be afterwards ſatirized with equal juſtice, or that the poet was dazzled with the appearance of virtue, and found the man whom he had ce-

lebrated, when he had an opportunity of examining him more nearly, unworthy of the panegyric which he had too haſtily beſtowed; and that as a falſe ſatire ought to be recanted for the ſake of him whoſe reputation may be injured, falſe praiſe ought likewiſe to be obviated, leſt the diſtinction between vice and virtue ſhould be loſt, leſt a bad man ſhould be truſted upon the credit of his encomiaſt, or leſt others ſhould endeavour to obtain the like praiſes by the ſame means.

But though theſe excuſes may be often plauſible, and ſometimes juſt, they are very ſeldom ſatisfactory to mankind; and the writer who is not conſtant to his ſubject quickly ſinks into contempt, his ſatire loſes its force, and his panegyric its value, and he is only conſidered at one time as a flatterer and as a calumniator at another.

To avoid theſe imputations it is only neceſſary to follow the rules of virtue, and to preſerve an unvaried regard to truth: for though it is undoubtedly poſſible that a man, however cautious, may be ſometimes deceived by an artful appearance of virtue, or by falſe evidences of guilt, ſuch errors will not be frequent; and it will be allowed that the name of an author would never have been made contemptible had no man ever ſaid what he did not think, or miſled others but when he was himſelf deceived.

If The Author to be Let was first published in a single pamphlet, and afterwards inserted in a collection of pieces relating to The Dunciad, which were addressed by Mr. Savage to the Earl of Middlesex, in a dedication which he was prevailed upon to sign, though he did not write it, and in which there are some positions that the true author would perhaps not have published under his own name, and on which Mr. Savage afterwards reflected with no great satisfaction; the enumeration of the bad effects of the unrestrained freedom of the press, and the assertion that the "liberties taken by the writers of Journals "with their superiors were exorbitant and unjustifiable," very ill became men who have themselves not always shewn the exactest regard to the laws of subordination in their writings, and who have often satirized those that at least thought themselves their superiors, as they were eminent for their hereditary rank, and employed in the highest offices of the kingdom: but this is only an instance of that partiality which almost every man indulges with regard to himself. The liberty of the press is a blessing when we are inclined to write against others, and a calamity when we find ourselves overborne by the multitude of our assailants; as the power of the Crown is always thought too great by those who suffer by its influence, and too little by those in whose favour it is exerted; and a standing army is generally accounted necessary by those who

command, and dangerous and oppreſſive by thoſe who ſupport it.

Mr. Savage was likewiſe very far from believing that the letters annexed to each ſpecies of bad poets in the Bathos were, as he was directed to aſſert, "ſet "down at random;" for when he was charged by one of his friends with putting his name to ſuch an improbability, he had no other anſwer to make than that "he did not think of it;" and his friend had too much tenderneſs to reply, that next to the crime of writing contrary to what he thought, was that of writing without thinking.

After having remarked what is falſe in this dedication, it is proper that I obſerve the impartiality which I recommend, by declaring what Savage aſſerted, that the account of the circumſtances which attended the publication of The Dunciad, however ſtrange and improbable, was exactly true.

The publication of this piece at this time raiſed Mr. Savage a great number of enemies among thoſe that were attacked by Mr. Pope, with whom he was conſidered as a kind of confederate, and whom he was ſuſpected of ſupplying with private intelligence and ſecret incidents; ſo that the ignominy of an informer was added to the terror of a ſatiriſt.

That he was not altogether free from literary hypocriſy, and that he ſometimes ſpoke one thing and wrote another, cannot be denied, becauſe he himſelf

confessed, that when he lived in great familiarity with Dennis he wrote an epigram against him *.

Mr. Savage, however, set all the malice of all the pigmy writers at defiance, and thought the friendship of Mr. Pope cheaply purchased by being exposed to their censure and their hatred; nor had he any reason to repent of the preference, for he found Mr. Pope a steady and unalienable friend almost to the end of his life.

About this time, notwithstanding his avowed neutrality with regard to party, he published a panegyric on Sir Robert Walpole, for which he was rewarded by him with twenty guineas, a sum not very large, if either the excellence of the performance, or the affluence of the patron, be considered; but greater than he afterwards obtained from a person of yet higher rank, and more desirous in appearance of being distinguished as a patron of literature.

As he was very far from approving the conduct of Sir Robert Walpole, and in conversation mentioned him sometimes with acrimony, and generally with contempt; as he was one of those who were always

* This epigram was, I believe, never published.

Should Dennis publish you had stabb'd your brother,
Lampoon'd your monarch, or debauch'd your mother,
Say what revenge on Dennis can be had,
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?
On one so poor you cannot take the law,
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncaught, then, let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

zealous in their assertions of the justice of the late opposition, jealous of the rights of the people, and alarmed by the long-continued triumph of the Court, it was natural to ask him what could induce him to employ his poetry in praise of that man who was, in his opinion, an enemy to liberty, and an oppressor of his country? He alleged that he was then dependent upon the Lord Tyrconnel, who was an implicit follower of the ministry, and that being enjoined by him, not without menaces, to write in praise of his leader, he had not resolution sufficient to sacrifice the pleasure of affluence to that of integrity.

On this, and on many other occasions, he was ready to lament the misery of living at the tables of other men, which was his fate from the beginning to the end of his life; for I know not whether he ever had, for three months together, a settled habitation, in which he could claim a right of residence.

To this unhappy state it is just to impute much of the inconstancy of his conduct; for though a readiness to comply with the inclination of others was no part of his natural character, yet he was sometimes obliged to relax his obstinacy, and submit his own judgment, and even his virtue, to the government of those by whom he was supported; so that if his miseries were sometimes the consequences of his faults, he ought not yet to be wholly excluded from compassion, because his faults were very often the effects of his misfortunes.

In this gay period of his life, while he was furrounded by affluence and pleafure, he publifhed The Wanderer, a moral poem, of which the defign is compriſed in thefe lines:

I fly all public care, all venal ſtrife,
To try the ſtill compar'd with active life;
To prove by theſe the ſons of men may owe
The fruits of bliſs to burſting clouds of woe;
That ev'n Calamity, by thought refin'd,
Inſpirits and adorns the thinking mind.

And more diſtinctly in the following paſſage:

By woe the ſoul to daring action ſwells;
By woe in plaintleſs patience it excels;
From patience prudent clear experience ſprings,
And traces knowledge thro' the courſe of things;
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, ſucceſs,
Renown—whate'er men covet and careſs.

This performance was always conſidered by himſelf as his maſterpiece; and Mr. Pope, when he aſked his opinion of it, told him that he read it once over and was not diſpleaſed with it, that it gave him more pleaſure at the ſecond peruſal, and delighted him ſtill more at the third.

It has been generally objected to The Wanderer that the diſpoſition of the parts is irregular; that the deſign is obſcure, and the plan perplexed; that the images, however beautiful, ſucceed each other without order; and that the whole performance is not ſo much a regular fabric as a heap of ſhining materials thrown together by accident, which ſtrikes rather with the ſolemn magnificence of a ſtupendous ruin than the elegant grandeur of a finiſhed pile.

This criticism is universal, and therefore it is reasonable to believe it at least in a great degree just; but Mr. Savage was always of a contrary opinion, and thought his drift could only be missed by negligence or stupidity, and that the whole plan was regular, and the parts distinct.

It was never denied to abound with strong representations of nature, and just observations upon life; and it may easily be observed, that most of his pictures have an evident tendency to illustrate his first great position, "that good is the consequence of evil." The sun that burns up the mountains fructifies the vales; the deluge that rushes down the broken rocks with dreadful impetuosity is separated into purling brooks; and the rage of the hurricane purifies the air.

Even in this poem he has not been able to forbear one touch upon the cruelty of his mother, which, though remarkably delicate and tender, is a proof how deep an impression it had upon his mind.

This must be at least acknowledged, which ought to be thought equivalent to many other excellencies, that this poem can promote no other purposes than those of virtue, and that it is written with a very strong sense of the efficacy of religion.

But my province is rather to give the history of Mr. Savage's performances than to display their beauties, or to obviate the criticisms which they have occasioned, and therefore I shall not dwell upon the pas-

ticular paſſages which deſerve applauſe: I ſhall neither ſhow the excellence of his deſcriptions, nor expatiate on the terrific portrait of ſuicide, nor point out the artful touches by which he has diſtinguiſhed the intellectual features of the rebels who ſuffer death in his laſt canto: it is, however, proper to obſerve that Mr. Savage always declared the characters wholly fictitious, and without the leaſt alluſion to any real perſons or actions.

From a poem ſo diligently laboured, and ſo ſucceſſfully finiſhed, it might be reaſonably expected that he ſhould have gained conſiderable advantage; nor can it, without ſome degree of indignation and concern, be told that he ſold the copy for ten guineas, of which he afterwards returned two, that the two laſt ſheets of the work might be reprinted, of which he had in his abſence intruſted the correction to a friend, who was too indolent to perform it with accuracy.

A ſuperſtitious regard to the correction of his ſheets was one of Mr. Savage's peculiarities: he often altered, reviſed, recurred to his firſt reading or punctuation, and again adopted the alteration; he was dubious and irreſolute without end, as on a queſtion of the laſt importance, and at laſt was ſeldom ſatisfied: the intruſion or omiſſion of a comma was ſufficient to diſcompoſe him, and he would lament an error of a ſingle letter as a heavy calamity. In one of his letters relating to an impreſſion of ſome verſes, he re-

marks that he had, with regard to the correction of the proof, "a ſpell upon him;" and indeed the anxiety with which he dwelt upon the minuteſt and moſt trifling niceties deſerved no other name than that of faſcination.

That he ſold ſo valuable a performance for ſo ſmall a price was not to be imputed either to neceſſity, by which the learned and ingenious are often obliged to ſubmit to very hard conditions, or to avarice, by which the bookſellers are frequently incited to oppreſs that genius by which they are ſupported, but to that intemperate deſire of pleaſure, and habitual ſlavery to his paſſions, which involved him in many perplexities; he happened at that time to be engaged in the purſuit of ſome trifling gratification, and, being without money for the preſent occaſion, ſold his poem to the firſt bidder, and perhaps for the firſt price that was propoſed, and would probably have been content with leſs, if leſs had been offered him.

This poem was addreſſed to the Lord Tyrconnel not only in the firſt lines, but in a formal dedication, filled with the higheſt ſtrains of panegyric, and the warmeſt profeſſions of gratitude, but by no means remarkable for delicacy of connection or elegance of ſtyle.

Theſe praiſes in a ſhort time he found himſelf inclined to retract, being diſcarded by the man on whom he had beſtowed them, and whom he then immedi-

ately discovered not to have deserved them. Of this quarrel, which every day made more bitter, Lord Tyrconnel and Mr. Savage assigned very different reasons, which might perhaps all in reality concur, though they were not all convenient to be alleged by either party. Lord Tyrconnel affirmed that it was the constant practice of Mr. Savage to enter a tavern with any company that proposed it, drink the most expensive wines with great profusion, and when the reckoning was demanded to be without money: if, as it often happened, his company were willing to defray his part, the affair ended without any ill consequences; but if they were refractory, and expected that the wine should be paid for by him that drank it, his method of composition was, to take them with him to his own apartment, assume the government of the house, and order the butler, in an imperious manner, to set the best wine in the cellar before his company, who often drank till they forgot the respect due to the house in which they were entertained, indulged themselves in the utmost extravagance of merriment, practised the most licentious frolics, and committed all the outrages of drunkenness.

Nor was this the only charge which Lord Tyrconnel brought against him: having given him a collection of valuable books, stamped with his own arms, he had the mortification to see them in a short time exposed to sale upon the stalls, it being usual with

Mr. Savage, when he wanted a ſmall ſum, to take his books to the pawnbroker.

Whoever was acquainted with Mr. Savage eaſily credited both theſe accuſations: for having been obliged, from his firſt entrance into the world, to ſubſiſt upon expedients, affluence was not able to exalt him above them; and ſo much was he delighted with wine and converſation, and ſo long had he been accuſtomed to live by chance, that he would at any time go to the tavern without ſcruple, and truſt for his reckoning to the liberality of his company, and frequently of company to whom he was very little known. This conduct indeed very ſeldom drew upon him thoſe inconveniencies that might be feared by any other perſon; for his converſation was ſo entertaining, and his addreſs ſo pleaſing, that few thought the pleaſure which they received from him dearly purchaſed by paying for his wine. It was his peculiar happineſs that he ſcarcely ever found a ſtranger whom he did not leave a friend; but it muſt likewiſe be added, that he had not often a friend long without obliging him to become a ſtranger.

Mr. Savage, on the other hand, declared, that Lord Tyrconnel * quarrelled with him becauſe he would not ſubtract from his own luxury and extra-

* His expreſſion in one of his letters was, "That Lord T---l "had involved his eſtate, and therefore poorly ſought an oc- "caſion to quarrel with him."

vagance what he had promiſed to allow him, and that his reſentment was only a plea for the violation of his promiſe: he aſſerted that he had done nothing that ought to exclude him from that ſubſiſtence which he thought not ſo much a favour as a debt, ſince it was offered him upon conditions which he had never broken, and that his only fault was that he could not be ſupported with nothing.

He acknowledged that Lord Tyrconnel often exhorted him to regulate his method of life, and not to ſpend all his nights in taverns, and that he appeared very deſirous that he would paſs thoſe hours with him which he ſo freely beſtowed upon others. This demand Mr. Savage conſidered as a cenſure of his conduct, which he could never patiently bear, and which in the latter and cooler part of his life was ſo offenſive to him, that he declared it as his reſolution "to ſpurn "that friend who ſhould preſume to dictate to him;" and it is not likely that in his earlier years he received admonitions with more calmneſs.

He was likewiſe inclined to reſent ſuch expectations, as tending to infringe his liberty, of which he was very jealous, when it was neceſſary to the gratification of his paſſions, and declared that the requeſt was ſtill more unreaſonable, as the company to which he was to have been confined was unſupportably diſagreeable. This aſſertion affords another inſtance of that inconſiſtency of his writings with his converſa-

tion, which was so often to be observed. He forgot how lavishly he had, in his Dedication to The Wanderer, extolled the delicacy and penetration, the humanity and generosity, the candour and politeness, of the man whom, when he no longer loved him, he declared to be a wretch without understanding, without good nature, and without justice; of whose name he thought himself obliged to leave no trace in any future edition of his writings, and accordingly blotted it out of that copy of The Wanderer which was in his hands.

During his continuance with the Lord Tyrconnel he wrote The Triumph of Health and Mirth, on the recovery of Lady Tyrconnel from a languishing illness. This performance is remarkable not only for the gaiety of the ideas, and the melody of the numbers, but for the agreeable fiction upon which it is formed. Mirth, overwhelmed with sorrow for the sickness of her favourite, takes a flight in quest of her sister Health, whom she finds reclined upon the brow of a lofty mountain, amidst the fragrance of perpetual spring, with the breezes of the morning sporting about her: being solicited by her sister Mirth, she readily promises her assistance, flies away in a cloud, and impregnates the waters of Bath with new virtues, by which the sickness of Sapphira is relieved.

As the reputation of his abilities, the particular circumstances of his birth and life, the splendour of

his appearance, and the distinction which was for some time paid him by Lord Tyrconnel, entitled him to familiarity with persons of higher rank than those to whose conversation he had been before admitted, he did not fail to gratify that curiosity which induced him to take a nearer view of those whom their birth, their employments, or their fortunes, necessarily place at a distance from the greatest part of mankind, and to examine whether their merit was magnified or diminished by the medium through which it was contemplated; whether the splendour with which they dazzled their admirers was inherent in themselves, or only reflected on them by the objects that surrounded them; and whether great men were selected for high stations, or high stations made great men.

For this purpose he took all opportunities of conversing familiarly with those who were most conspicuous at that time for their power or their influence; he watched their looser moments, and examined their domestic behaviour with that acuteness which Nature had given him, and which the uncommon variety of his life had contributed to increase, and that inquisitiveness which must always be produced in a vigorous mind, by an absolute freedom from all pressing or domestic engagements. His discernment was quick, and therefore he soon found in every person, and in every affair, something that deserved atten-

tion; he was ſupported by others without any care for himſelf, and was therefore at leiſure to purſue his obſervations.

More circumſtances to conſtitute a critic on human life could not eaſily concur, nor indeed could any man, who aſſumed from accidental advantages more praiſe than he could juſtly claim from his real merit, admit an acquaintance more dangerous than that of Savage, of whom likewiſe it muſt be confeſſed, that abilities really exalted above the common level, or virtue refined from paſſion, or proof againſt corruption, could not eaſily find an abler judge or a warmer advocate.

What was the reſult of Mr Savage's inquiry, though he was not much accuſtomed to conceal his diſcoveries, it may not be entirely ſafe to relate, becauſe the perſons whoſe characters he criticiſed are powerful, and power and reſentment are ſeldom ſtrangers; nor would it perhaps be wholly juſt, becauſe what he aſſerted in converſation might, though true in general, be heightened by ſome momentary ardour of imagination, and as it can be delivered only from memory, may be imperfectly repreſented; ſo that the picture at firſt aggravated, and then unſkilfully copied, may be juſtly ſuſpected to retain no great reſemblance of the original.

It may, however, be obſerved, that he did not appear to have formed very elevated ideas of thoſe to

whom the adminiſtration of affairs, or the conduct of parties, has been intruſted; who have been conſidered as the advocates of the Crown, or the guardians of the people, and who have obtained the moſt implicit confidence, and the loudeſt applauſes. Of one particular perſon, who has been at one time ſo popular as to be generally eſteemed, and at another ſo formidable as to be univerſally deteſted, he obſerved that his acquiſitions had been ſmall, or that his capacity was narrow, and that the whole range of his mind was from obſcenity to politics, and from politics to obſcenity.

But the opportunity of indulging his ſpeculations on great characters was now at an end. He was baniſhed from the table of Lord Tyrconnel, and turned again adrift upon the world, without proſpect of finding quickly any other harbour. As prudence was not one of the virtues by which he was diſtinguiſhed, he had made no proviſion againſt a misfortune like this. And though it is not to be imagined but that the ſeparation muſt for ſome time have been preceded by coldneſs, peeviſhneſs, or neglect, though it was undoubtedly the conſequence of accumulated provocations on both ſides, yet every one that knew Savage will readily believe, that to him it was ſudden as a ſtroke of thunder; that though he might have tranſiently ſuſpected it, he had never ſuffered any thought ſo unpleaſing to ſink into his mind, but that he had driven

it away by amusements, or dreams of future felicity and affluence, and had never taken any measures by which he might prevent a precipitation from plenty to indigence.

This quarrel and separation, and the difficulties to which Mr. Savage was exposed by them, were soon known both to his friends and enemies; nor was it long before he perceived, from the behaviour of both, how much is added to the lustre of genius by the ornaments of wealth.

His condition did not appear to excite much compassion, for he had not always been careful to use the advantages he enjoyed with that moderation which ought to have been with more than usual caution preserved by him, who knew, if he had reflected, that he was only a dependent on the bounty of another, whom he could expect to support him no longer than he endeavoured to preserve his favour, by complying with his inclinations, and whom he nevertheless set at defiance, and was continually irritating by negligence or encroachments.

Examples need not be sought at any great distance to prove that superiority of fortune has a natural tendency to kindle pride, and that pride seldom fails to exert itself in contempt and insult; and if this is often the effect of hereditary wealth, and of honours enjoyed only by the merit of others, it is some extenuation of any indecent triumphs to which this unhappy

man may have been betrayed, that his proſperity was heightened by the force of novelty, and made more intoxicating by a ſenſe of the miſery in which he had ſo long languiſhed, and perhaps of the inſults which he had formerly borne, and which he might now think himſelf entitled to revenge. It is too common for thoſe who have unjuſtly ſuffered pain to inflict it likewiſe in their turn with the ſame injuſtice, and to imagine that they have a right to treat others as they have themſelves been treated.

That Mr. Savage was too much elevated by any good fortune is generally known; and ſome paſſages of his Introduction to The Author to be Let ſufficiently ſhew that he did not wholly refrain from ſuch ſatire as he afterwards thought very unjuſt when he was expoſed to it himſelf; for when he was afterwards ridiculed in the character of a diſtreſſed poet, he very eaſily diſcovered that diſtreſs was not a proper ſubject for merriment, or topic of invective. He was then able to diſcern that if miſery be the effect of virtue it ought to be reverenced; if of ill fortune, to be pitied; and if of vice, not to be inſulted; becauſe it is perhaps itſelf a puniſhment adequate to the crime by which it was produced: and the humanity of that man can deſerve no panegyric who is capable of reproaching a criminal in the hands of the executioner.

But theſe reflections, though they readily occurred to him in the firſt and laſt parts of his life, were, I am

afraid, for a long time forgotten; at least they were, like many other maxims, treasured up in his mind rather for show than use, and operated very little upon his conduct; however elegantly he might sometimes explain, or however forcibly he might inculcate, them.

His degradation, therefore, from the condition which he had enjoyed with such wanton thoughtlessness was considered by many as an occasion of triumph. Those who had before paid their court to him without success, soon returned the contempt which they had suffered; and they who had received favours from him (for of such favours as he could bestow he was very liberal) did not always remember them. So much more certain are the effects of resentment than of gratitude: it is not only to many more pleasing to recollect those faults which place others below them, than those virtues by which they are themselves comparatively depressed, but it is likewise more easy to neglect than to recompense; and though there are few who will practise a laborious virtue, there will never be wanting multitudes that will indulge an easy vice.

Savage, however, was very little disturbed at the marks of contempt which his ill fortune brought upon him from those whom he never esteemed, and with whom he never considered himself as levelled by any calamities; and though it was not without some un-

easiness that he saw some, whose friendship he valued, change their behaviour, he yet observed their coldness without much emotion, considered them as the slaves of Fortune and the worshippers of Prosperity, and was more inclined to despise them than to lament himself.

It does not appear that after this return of his wants he found mankind equally favourable to him as at his first appearance in the world. His story, though in reality not less melancholy, was less affecting, because it was no longer new; it therefore procured no new friends, and those that had formerly relieved him thought they might now consign him to others. He was now likewise considered by many rather as criminal than as unhappy; for the friends of Lord Tyrconnel and of his mother were sufficiently industrious to publish his weaknesses, which were indeed very numerous, and nothing was forgotten that might make him either hateful or ridiculous.

It cannot but be imagined that such representations of his faults must make great numbers less sensible of his distress; many who had only an opportunity to hear one part, made no scruple to propagate the account which they received; many assisted their circulation from malice or revenge, and perhaps many pretended to credit them, that they might with a better grace withdraw their regard or with-hold their assistance.

Savage, however, was not one of those who suffered himself to be injured without resistance, nor was less diligent in exposing the faults of Lord Tyrconnel, over whom he obtained at least this advantage, that he drove him first to the practice of outrage and violence; for he was so much provoked by the wit and virulence of Savage, that he came with a number of attendants that did no honour to his courage to beat him at a coffeehouse: but it happened that he had left the place a few minutes, and his Lordship had, without danger, the pleasure of boasting how he would have treated him. Mr. Savage went next day to repay his visit at his own house, but was prevailed on by his domestics to retire without insisting upon seeing him.

Lord Tyrconnel was accused by Mr. Savage of some actions which scarcely any provocations will be thought sufficient to justify, such as seizing what he had in his lodgings, and other instances of wanton cruelty, by which he increased the distress of Savage without any advantage to himself.

These mutual accusations were retorted on both sides for many years with the utmost degree of virulence and rage, and time seemed rather to augment than diminish their resentment. That the anger of Mr. Savage should be kept alive is not strange, because he felt every day the consequences of the quarrel; but it might reasonably have been hoped that Lord Tyrconnel might have relented, and at length

have forgot thefe provocations which, however they might have once inflamed him, had not in reality much hurt him.

The ſpirit of Mr. Savage, indeed, never ſuffered him to ſolicit a reconciliation; he returned reproach for reproach, and inſult for inſult; his ſuperiority of wit ſupplied the diſadvantages of his fortune, and enabled him to form a party, and prejudice great numbers in his favour.

But though this might be ſome gratification of his vanity, it afforded very little relief to his neceſſities, and he was very frequently reduced to uncommon hardſhips, of which, however, he never made any mean or importunate complaints, being formed rather to bear miſery with fortitude, than enjoy proſperity with moderation.

He now thought himſelf again at liberty to expoſe the cruelty of his mother, and therefore, I believe, about this time publiſhed The Baſtard, a poem remarkable for the vivacious ſallies of thought in the beginning, where he makes a pompous enumeration of the imaginary advantages of baſe birth, and the pathetic ſentiments at the end, where he recounts the real calamities which he ſuffered by the crime of his parents.

The vigour and ſpirit of the verſes, the peculiar circumſtances of the author, the novelty of the ſubject, and the notoriety of the ſtory to which the al-

lusions are made, procured this performance a very favourable reception; great numbers were immediately dispersed, and editions were multiplied with unusual rapidity.

One circumstance attended the publication which Savage used to relate with great satisfaction. His mother, to whom the poem was, with "due reverence," inscribed, happened then to be at Bath, where she could not conveniently retire from censure, or conceal herself from observation; and no sooner did the reputation of the poem begin to spread than she heard it repeated in all places of concourse, nor could she enter the assembly-rooms, or cross the walks, without being saluted with some lines from The Bastard.

This was perhaps the first time that ever she discovered a sense of shame, and on this occasion the power of wit was very conspicuous; the wretch who had, without scruple, proclaimed herself an adulteress, and who had first endeavoured to starve her son, then to transport him, and afterwards to hang him, was not able to bear the representation of her own conduct, but fled from reproach, though she felt no pain from guilt, and left Bath with the utmost haste to shelter herself among the crowds of London.

Thus Savage had the satisfaction of finding, that though he could not reform his mother he could punish her, and that he did not always suffer alone.

The pleaſure which he received from this increaſe of his poetical reputation was ſufficient, for ſome time, to overbalance the miſeries of want, which this performance did not much alleviate, for it was ſold for a very trivial ſum to a bookſeller, who, though the ſucceſs was ſo uncommon that five impreſſions were ſold, of which ſome were undoubtedly very numerous, had not generoſity ſufficient to admit the unhappy writer to any part of the profit.

The ſale of this poem was always mentioned by Savage with the utmoſt elevation of heart, and referred to by him as an inconteſtable proof of a general acknowledgment of his abilities. It was indeed the only production of which he could juſtly boaſt a general reception.

But though he did not loſe the opportunity which ſucceſs gave him of ſetting a high rate on his abilities, but paid due deference to the ſuffrages of mankind when they were given in his favour, he did not ſuffer his eſteem of himſelf to depend upon others, nor found any thing ſacred in the voice of the people when they were inclined to cenſure him; he then readily ſhewed the folly of expecting that the public ſhould judge right, obſerved how ſlowly poetical merit had often forced its way into the world; he contented himſelf with the applauſe of men of judgment, and was ſomewhat diſpoſed to exclude all thoſe from the character of men of judgment who did not applaud him.

But he was at other times more favourable to mankind than to think them blind to the beauties of his Works, and imputed the slowness of their sale to other causes; either they were published at a time when the Town was empty, or when the attention of the public was engrossed by some struggle in the parliament, or some other object of general concern; or they were by the neglect of the publisher not diligently dispersed, or by his avarice not advertised with sufficient frequency. Address, or industry, or liberality, was always wanting; and the blame was laid rather on any other person than the author.

By arts like these, arts which every man practises in some degree, and to which too much of the little tranquillity of life is to be ascribed, Savage was always able to live at peace with himself. Had he indeed only made use of these expedients to alleviate the loss or want of fortune or reputation, or any other advantages which it is not in man's power to bestow upon himself, they might have been justly mentioned as instances of a philosophical mind, and very properly proposed to the imitation of multitudes who, for want of diverting their imaginations with the same dexterity, languish under afflictions which might be easily removed.

It were, doubtless, to be wished that truth and reason were universally prevalent, that every thing were esteemed according to its real value, and that men

would ſecure themſelves from being diſappointed in their endeavours after happineſs, by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained; but if adventitious and foreign pleaſures muſt be purſued, it would be perhaps of ſome benefit, ſince that purſuit muſt frequently be fruitleſs, if the practice of Savage could be taught, that folly might be an antidote to folly, and one fallacy be obviated by another.

But the danger of this pleaſing intoxication muſt not be concealed; nor indeed can any one, after having obſerved the life of Savage, need to be cautioned againſt it. By imputing none of his miſeries to himſelf, he continued to act upon the ſame principles, and to follow the ſame path; was never made wiſer by his ſufferings, nor preſerved by one misfortune from falling into another. He proceeded throughout his life to tread the ſame ſteps on the ſame circle; always applauding his paſt conduct, or at leaſt forgetting it, to amuſe himſelf with phantoms of happineſs which were dancing before him, and willingly turned his eyes from the light of reaſon, when it would have diſcovered the illuſion, and ſhewn him, what he never wiſhed to ſee, his real ſtate.

He is even accuſed, after having lulled his imagination with thoſe ideal opiates, of having tried the ſame experiment upon his conſcience; and having accuſtomed himſelf to impute all deviations from the right to foreign cauſes, it is certain that he was upon

every occaſion too eaſily reconciled to himſelf, and that he appeared very little to regret thoſe practices which had impaired his reputation. The reigning error of his life was, that he miſtook the love for the practice of virtue, and was indeed not ſo much a good man as the friend of goodneſs.

This at leaſt muſt be allowed him, that he always preſerved a ſtrong ſenſe of the dignity, the beauty, and the neceſſity, of virtue, and that he never contributed deliberately to ſpread corruption among mankind; his actions, which were generally precipitate, were often blameable; but his Writings, being the productions of ſtudy, uniformly tended to the exaltation of the mind, and the propagation of morality and piety.

Theſe Writings may improve mankind when his failings ſhall be forgotten, and therefore he muſt be conſidered, upon the whole, as a benefactor to the world; nor can his perſonal example do any hurt, ſince whoever hears of his faults will hear of the miſeries which they brought upon him, and which would deſerve leſs pity, had not his condition been ſuch as made his faults pardonable. He may be conſidered as a child expoſed to all the temptations of indigence at an age when reſolution was not yet ſtrengthened by conviction, nor virtue confirmed by habit; a circumſtance which, in his Baſtard, he laments in a very affecting manner;

> ——No Mother's care
> Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
> No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
> Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice reſtrain'd.

The Baſtard, however it might provoke or mortify his mother, could not be expected to melt her to compaſſion, ſo that he was ſtill under the ſame want of the neceſſaries of life, and he therefore exerted all the intereſt which his wit, or his birth, or his misfortunes, could procure, to obtain, upon the death of Euſden, the place of Poet Laureat, and proſecuted his application with ſo much diligence, that the King publicly declared it his intention to beſtow it upon him; but ſuch was the fate of Savage, that even the King, when he intended his advantage, was diſappointed in his ſchemes; for the Lord Chamberlain, who has the diſpoſal of the laurel, as one of the appendages of his office, either did not know the King's deſign, or did not approve it, or thought the nomination of the Laureat an encroachment upon his rights, and therefore beſtowed the laurel upon Colley Cibber.

Mr. Savage, thus diſappointed, took a reſolution of applying to the Queen, that having once given him life, ſhe would enable him to ſupport it, and therefore publiſhed a ſhort poem on her birth-day, to which he gave the odd title of Volunteer Laureat. The event of this eſſay he has himſelf related in the following letter, which he prefixed to the poem,

when he afterwards reprinted it in The Gentleman's Magazine, from whence I have copied it entire, as this was one of the few attempts in which Mr. Savage ſucceeded.

"MR. URBAN,

"In your Magazine for February you publiſhed "the laſt Volunteer Laureat, written on a very me- "lancholy occaſion, the death of the royal patroneſs "of arts and literature in general, and of the author "of that poem in particular. I now ſend you the firſt "that Mr. Savage wrote under that title.—This "gentleman, notwithſtanding a very conſiderable in- "tereſt, being, on the death of Mr. Euſden, diſap- "pointed of the Laureat's place, wrote the before- "mentioned poem, which were no ſooner publiſhed "but the late Queen ſent to a bookſeller for them. "The author had not at that time a friend either to "get him introduced, or his poem preſented, at court; "yet ſuch was the unſpeakable goodneſs of that Prin- "ceſs, that, notwithſtanding this act of ceremony, "was wanting, in a few days after publication Mr. "Savage received a bank-bill of fifty pounds, and a "gracious meſſage from her Majeſty, by the Lord "North and Guildford, to this effect, "That her "Majeſty was highly pleaſed with the verſes; that "ſhe took particularly kind his lines there relating "to the King; that he had permiſſion to write an- "nually on the ſame ſubject; and that he ſhould

"yearly receive the like preſent, till ſomething bet-
"ter (which was her Majeſty's intention) could be
"done for him." After this he was permitted to
"preſent one of his annual poems to her Majeſty,
"had the honour of kiſſing her hand, and met with
"the moſt gracious reception. Your's," &c.

Such was the performance, and ſuch its reception; a reception which, though by no means unkind, was yet not in the higheſt degree generous: to chain down the genius of a writer to an annual panegyric ſhewed in the Queen too much deſire of hearing her own praiſes, and a greater regard to herſelf than to him on whom her bounty was conferred: it was a kind of avaricious generoſity, by which flattery was rather purchaſed than genius rewarded.

Mrs. Oldfield had formerly given him the ſame allowance with much more heroic intention; ſhe had no other view than to enable him to proſecute his ſtudies, and to ſet himſelf above the want of aſſiſtance, and was contented with doing good without ſtipulating for encomiums.

Mr. Savage, however, was not at liberty to make exceptions, but was raviſhed with the favours which he had received, and probably yet more with thoſe which he was promiſed: he conſidered himſelf now as a favourite of the Queen, and did not doubt but a few annual poems would eſtabliſh him in ſome profitable employment.

He therefore assumed the title of Volunteer Laureat, not without some reprehensions from Cibber, who informed him that the title of Laureat was a mark of honour conferred by the King, from whom all honour is derived, and which therefore no man has a right to bestow upon himself; and added, that he might with equal propriety style himself a Volunteer Lord, or Volunteer Baronet. It cannot be denied that the remark was just; but Savage did not think any title which was conferred upon Mr. Cibber so honourable as that the usurpation of it could be imputed to him as an instance of very exorbitant vanity, and therefore continued to write under the same title, and received every year the same reward.

He did not appear to consider these encomiums as tests of his abilities, or as any thing more than annual hints to the Queen of her promise, or acts of ceremony, by the performance of which he was entitled to his pension, and therefore did not labour them with great diligence, or print more than fifty each year, except that for some of the last years he regularly inserted them in The Gentleman's Magazine, by which they were dispersed over the kingdom.

Of some of them he had himself so low an opinion, that he intended to omit them in the collection of poems for which he printed proposals, and solicited subscriptions; nor can it seem strange that, being confined to the same subject, he should be at some times

indolent, and at others unsuccessful; that he should sometimes delay a disagreeable task till it was too late to perform it well; or that he should sometimes repeat the same sentiment on the same occasion, or at others be misled, by an attempt after novelty, to forced conceptions and far-fetched images.

He wrote, indeed, with a double intention, which supplied him with some variety; for his business was to praise the Queen for the favours which he had received, and to complain to her of the delay of those which she had promised: in some of his pieces, therefore, gratitude is predominant, and in some discontent; in some he represents himself as happy in her patronage, and in others as disconsolate to find himself neglected.

Her promise, like other promises made to this unfortunate man, was never performed, though he took sufficient care that it should not be forgotten. The publication of his Volunteer Laureat procured him no other reward than a regular remittance of fifty pounds.

He was not so depressed by his disappointments as to neglect any opportunity that was offered of advancing his interest. When the Princess Anne was married, he wrote a poem upon her departure, only, as he declared, "because it was expected from him," and he was not willing to bar his own prospects by any appearance of neglect.

He never mentioned any advantage gained by this poem, or any regard that was paid to it; and therefore it is likely that it was considered at court as an act of duty to which he was obliged by his dependence, and which it was therefore not necessary to reward by any new favour; or perhaps the Queen really intended his advancement, and therefore thought it superfluous to lavish presents upon a man whom she intended to establish for life.

About this time not only his hopes were in danger of being frustrated but his pension likewise of being obstructed by an accidental calumny. The writer of The Daily Courant, a paper then published under the direction of the Ministry, charged him with a crime which, though not very great in itself, would have been remarkably invidious in him, and might very justly have incensed the Queen against him. He was accused, by name, of influencing elections against the Court, by appearing at the head of a Tory mob; nor did the accuser fail to aggravate his crime, by representing it as the effect of the most atrocious ingratitude, and a kind of a rebellion against the Queen, who had first preserved him from an infamous death, and afterwards distinguished him by her favour, and supported him by her charity. The charge, as it was open and confident, was likewise by good fortune very particular: the place of the transaction was mentioned, and the whole series of the rioter's conduct

related. This exactneſs made Mr. Savage's vindication eaſy; for he never had in his life ſeen the place which was declared to be the ſcene of his wickedneſs, nor ever had been preſent in any town when its repreſentatives were choſen. This anſwer he therefore made haſte to publiſh, with all the circumſtances neceſſary to make it credible, and very reaſonably demanded that the accuſation ſhould be retracted in the ſame paper, that he might no longer ſuffer the imputation of ſedition and ingratitude. This demand was likewiſe preſſed by him in a private letter to the author of the paper, who, either truſting to the protection of thoſe whoſe defence he had undertaken, or having entertained ſome perſonal malice againſt Mr. Savage, or fearing leſt, by retracting ſo confident an aſſertion, he ſhould impair the credit of his paper, refuſed to give him that ſatisfaction.

Mr. Savage therefore thought it neceſſary to his own vindication to proſecute him in the King's Bench; but as he did not find any ill effects from the accuſation, having ſufficiently cleared his innocence, he thought any farther procedure would have the appearance of revenge, and therefore willingly dropped it.

He ſaw, ſoon afterwards, a proceſs commenced in the ſame court againſt himſelf, on an information, in which he was accuſed of writing and publiſhing an obſcene pamphlet.

It was always Mr. Savage's desire to be distinguished, and when any controversy became popular, he never wanted some reason for engaging in it with great ardour, and appearing at the head of the party which he had chosen. As he was never celebrated for his prudence, he had no sooner taken his side, and informed himself of the chief topics of the dispute, than he took all opportunities of asserting and propagating his principles, without much regard to his own interest, or any other visible design than that of drawing upon himself the attention of mankind.

The dispute between the Bishop of London and the Chancellor is well known to have been for some time the chief topic of political conversation, and therefore Mr. Savage, in pursuance of his character, endeavoured to become conspicuous among the controvertists with which every coffeehouse was filled on that occasion. He was an indefatigable opposer of all the claims of ecclesiastical power, though he did not know on what they were founded, and was therefore no friend to the Bishop of London. But he had another reason for appearing as a warm advocate for Dr. Rundle, for he was the friend of Mr. Foster and Mr. Thomson, who were the friends of Mr. Savage.

Thus remote was his interest in the question, which, however, as he imagined, concerned him so nearly, that it was not sufficient to harangue and dispute, but necessary likewise to write upon it.

He therefore engaged with great ardour in a new poem, called by him The Progress of a Divine, in which he conducts a profligate priest, by all the gradations of wickedness, from a poor curacy in the country to the highest preferments of the church, and describes, with that humour which was natural to him, and that knowledge which was extended to all the diversities of human life, his behaviour in every station, and insinuates that this priest, thus accomplished, found at last a patron in the Bishop of London.

When he was asked, by one of his friends, on what pretence he could charge the Bishop with such an action, he had no more to say than that he had only inverted the accusation, and that he thought it reasonable to believe that he who obstructed the rise of a good man without reason, would for bad reasons promote the exaltation of a villain.

The clergy were universally provoked by this satire, and Savage, who, as was his constant practice, had set his name to his performance, was censured in The Weekly Miscellany * with severity, which he did not seem inclined to forget.

* A short satire was likewise published, in the same paper, in which were the following lines;

For cruel murder doom'd to hempen death
Savage, by royal grace, prolong'd his breath.
Well might you think he spent his future years
In pray'r and fasting, and repentant tears.
----But, O vain hope!----The truly Savage cries,
"Priests and their slavish doctrines I despise.
"Shall I----

But a return of invective was not thought a sufficient punishment: the Court of King's Bench was therefore moved against him, and he was obliged to return an answer to a charge of obscenity. It was urged, in his defence, that obscenity was criminal when it was intended to promote the practice of vice, but

" Who, by free thinking to free action fir'd,
" In midnight brawls a deathless name acquir'd,
" Now stoop to learn of ecclesiastic men?——
" ——No, arm'd with rhyme, at priests I 'll take my aim,
" Tho' Prudence bids me murder but their fame.
Weekly Miscellany.

An answer was published in The Gentleman's Magazine, written by an unknown hand, from which the following lines are selected;

Transform'd by thoughtless rage and midnight wine,
From malice free, and push'd without design,
In equal brawl if Savage lung'd a thrust,
And brought the youth a victim to the dust,
So strong the hand of Accident appears,
The royal hand from guilt and vengeance clears.
Instead of wasting " all thy future years,
" Savage! in pray'r and vain repentant tears,"
Exert thy pen to mend a vicious age,
To curb the priest, and sink his high-church rage;
To shew what frauds the holy vestments hide,
The shifts of av'rice, lust, and pedant pride;
Then change the scene, let merit brightly shine,
And round the patriot twist the wreath divine;
The heav'nly guide deliver down to fame;
In well-tun'd lays transmit a Foster's name:
Touch ev'ry passion with harmonious art,
Exalt the genius, and correct the heart.
Thus future times shall royal grace extol;
Thus polish'd lines thy present fame enrol.
——But grant——
——Maliciously that Savage plung'd the steel,
And made the youth its shining vengeance feel,
My soul abhors the act the man detests,
But more the bigotry in priestly breasts.
Gentleman's Magazine, May 1735.

that Mr. Savage had only introduced obſcene ideas with the view of expoſing them to deteſtation, and of amending the age, by ſhewing the deformity of wickedneſs. This plea was admitted, and Sir Philip Yorke, who then preſided in that court, diſmiſſed the information with encomiums upon the purity and excellence of Mr. Savage's Writings.

The proſecution, however, anſwered, in ſome meaſure, the purpoſe of thoſe by whom it was ſet on foot; for Mr. Savage was ſo far intimidated by it, that when the edition of his poem was ſold he did not venture to reprint it; ſo that it was in a ſhort time forgotten, or forgotten by all but thoſe whom it offended.

It is ſaid that ſome endeavours were uſed to inceniſe the Queen againſt him, but he found advocates to obviate at leaſt part of their effect; for though he was never advanced he ſtill continued to receive his penſion.

This poem drew more infamy upon him than any incident of his life; and as his conduct cannot be vindicated, it is proper to ſecure his memory from reproach, by informing thoſe whom he made his enemies that he never intended to repeat the provocation; and that, though whenever he thought he had any reaſon to complain of the clergy he uſed to threaten them with a new edition of The Progreſs of a Divine, it was his calm and ſettled reſolution to ſuppreſs it for ever.

He once intended to have made a better reparation for the folly or injuſtice with which he might be charged, by writing another poem called The Progreſs of a Freethinker, whom he intended to lead through all the ſtages of vice and folly, to convert him from virtue to wickedneſs, and from religion to infidelity, by all the modiſh ſophiſtry uſed for that purpoſe, and at laſt to diſmiſs him by his own hand into the other world.

That he did not execute this deſign is a real loſs to mankind; for he was too well acquainted with all the ſcenes of debauchery to have failed in his repreſentations of them, and too zealous for virtue not to have repreſented them in ſuch a manner as ſhould expoſe them either to ridicule or deteſtation.

But this plan was, like others, formed and laid aſide till the vigour of his imagination was ſpent, and the effervescence of invention had ſubſided, but ſoon gave way to ſome other deſign which pleaſed by its novelty for a while, and then was neglected like the former.

He was ſtill in his uſual exigencies, having no certain ſupport but the penſion allowed him by the Queen, which, though it might have kept an exact economiſt from want, was very far from being ſufficient for Mr. Savage, who had never been accuſtomed to diſmiſs any of his appetites without the gratification which they ſolicited, and whom nothing but

want of money with-held from partaking of every pleaſure that fell within his view.

His conduct with regard to his penſion was very particular: no ſooner had he changed the bill than he vaniſhed from the ſight of all his acquaintances, and lay for ſome time out of the reach of all the inquiries that Friendſhip or Curioſity could make after him; at length he appeared again pennyleſs as before, but never informed even thoſe whom he ſeemed to regard moſt where he had been, nor was his retreat ever diſcovered.

This was his conſtant practice during the whole time that he received the penſion from the Queen: he regularly diſappeared and returned. He indeed affirmed that he retired to ſtudy, and that the money ſupported him in ſolitude for many months; but his friends declared that the ſhort time in which it was ſpent ſufficiently confuted his own account of his conduct.

His politeneſs and his wit ſtill raiſed him friends, who were deſirous of ſetting him at length free from that indigence by which he had been hitherto oppreſſed, and therefore ſolicited Sir Robert Walpole in his favour with ſo much earneſtneſs, that they obtained a promiſe of the next place that ſhould become vacant, not exceeding two hundred pounds a-year. This promiſe was made with an uncommon declaration, "that it was not the promiſe of a miniſter to a "petitioner, but of a friend to his friend."

Mr. Savage now concluded himself fet at eafe for ever, and, as he obſerves in a poem written on that incident of his life, truſted and was truſted, but ſoon found that his confidence was ill-grounded, and this friendly promiſe was not inviolable. He ſpent a long time in ſolicitations, and at laſt deſpaired and deſiſted.

He did not indeed deny that he had given the miniſter ſome reaſon to believe that he ſhould not ſtrengthen his own intereſt by advancing him, for he had taken care to diſtinguiſh himſelf in coffeehouſes as an advocate for the miniſtry of the laſt years of Queen Anne, and was always ready to juſtify the conduct, and exalt the character, of Lord Bolingbroke, whom he mentions with great regard in an epiſtle upon authors, which he wrote about that time, but was too wiſe to publiſh, and of which only ſome fragments have appeared, inſerted by him in the Magazine after his retirement.

To deſpair was not, however, the character of Savage: when one patronage failed he had recourſe to another. The Prince was now extremely popular, and had very liberally rewarded the merit of ſome writers whom Mr. Savage did not think ſuperior to himſelf, and therefore he reſolved to addreſs a poem to him.

For this purpoſe he made choice of a ſubject which could regard only perſons of the higheſt rank and greateſt affluence, and which was therefore proper for

a poem intended to procure the patronage of a prince; and having retired for ſome time to Richmond, that he might proſecute his deſign in full tranquillity, without the temptations of pleaſure or the ſolicitations of creditors, by which his meditations were in equal danger of being diſconcerted, he produced a poem on Public Spirit with regard to Public Works.

The plan of this poem is very extenſive, and compriſes a multitude of topics, each of which might furniſh matter ſufficient for a long performance, and of which ſome have already employed more eminent writers; but as he was perhaps not fully acquainted with the whole extent of his own deſign, and was writing to obtain a ſupply of wants too preſſing to admit of long or accurate inquiries, he paſſes negligently over many public works which, even in his own opinion, deſerved to be more elaborately treated.

But though he may ſometimes diſappoint his reader by tranſient touches upon theſe ſubjects, which have often been conſidered, and therefore naturally raiſe expectations, he muſt be allowed amply to compenſate his omiſſions, by expatiating in the concluſion of his work upon a kind of beneficence not yet celebrated by any eminent poet, though it now appears more ſuſceptible of embelliſhments, more adapted to exalt the ideas, and affect the paſſions, than many of thoſe which have hitherto been thought moſt worthy of the ornaments of verſe. The ſettlement of colonies

in uninhabited countries, the unfruitfulness of those in security whose misfortunes have made their own country no longer pleasing or safe, the acquisition of property without injury to any, the appropriation of the waste and luxuriant bounties of Nature, and the enjoyment of those gifts which Heaven has scattered upon regions uncultivated and unoccupied, cannot be considered without giving rise to a great number of pleasing ideas, and bewildering the imagination in delightful prospects; and therefore whatever speculations they may produce in those who have confined themselves to political studies, naturally fixed the attention and excited the applause of a poet. The politician, when he considers men driven into other countries for shelter, and obliged to retire to forests and deserts, and pass their lives and fix their posterity in the remotest corners of the world, to avoid those hardships which they suffer or fear in their native place, may very properly inquire why the legislature does not provide a remedy for these miseries, rather than encourage an escape from them. He may conclude that the flight of every honest man is a loss to the community, that those who are unhappy without guilt ought to be relieved, and the life which is overburthened by accidental calamities set at ease by the care of the public; and that those who have, by misconduct, forfeited their claim to favour, ought rather to be made useful to the society which they have in-

jured than be driven from it. But the poet is employed in a more pleasing undertaking than that of proposing laws which, however just or expedient, will never be made, or endeavouring to reduce to rational schemes of government societies which were formed by chance, and are conducted by the private passions of those who preside in them. He guides the unhappy fugitive from want and persecution to plenty, quiet, and security, and seats him in scenes of peaceful solitude and undisturbed repose.

Savage has not forgotten, amidst the pleasing sentiments which this prospect of retirement suggested to him, to censure those crimes which have been generally committed by the discoverers of new regions, and to expose the enormous wickedness of making war upon barbarous nations because they cannot resist, and of invading countries because they are fruitful; of extending navigation only to propagate vice, and of visiting distant lands only to lay them waste. He has asserted the natural equality of mankind, and endeavoured to suppress that pride which inclines men to imagine that right is the consequence of power.

His description of the various miseries which force men to seek for refuge in distant countries affords another instance of his proficiency in the important and extensive study of human life, and the tenderness with which he recounts them another proof of his humanity and benevolence.

It is observable that the close of this poem discovers a change which experience had made in Mr. Savage's opinions. In a poem written by him in his youth, and published in his Miscellanies, he declares his contempt of the contracted views and narrow prospects of the middle state of life, and declares his resolution either to tower like the cedar, or be trampled like the shrub; but in this poem, though addressed to a prince, he mentions this state of life as comprising those who ought most to attract reward, those who merit most the confidence of power and the familiarity of greatness; and, accidentally mentioning this passage to one of his friends, declared, that in his opinion all the virtue of mankind was comprehended in that state.

In describing villas and gardens he did not omit to condemn that absurd custom which prevails among the English of permitting servants to receive money from strangers for the entertainment that they receive, and therefore inserted in his poem these lines;

> But what the flow'ring pride of gardens rare,
> However royal, or however fair,
> If gates, which to access should still give way,
> Ope but, like Peter's Paradise, for pay?
> If perquisited varlets frequent stand,
> And each new walk must a new tax demand?
> What muse can eye but with contempt survey
> What Muse shall from oblivion snatch their praise?

But before the publication of his performance he recollected that the Queen allowed her garden and

cave at Richmond to be shewn for money, and that she so openly countenanced the practice, that she had bestowed the privilege of shewing them as a place of profit on a man whose merit she valued herself upon rewarding, though she gave him only the liberty of disgracing his country.

He therefore thought, with more prudence than was often exerted by him, that the publication of these lines might be officiously represented as an insult upon the Queen, to whom he owed his life and his subsistence, and that the propriety of his observation would be no security against the censures which the unseasonableness of it might draw upon him; he therefore suppressed the passage in the first edition, but after the Queen's death thought the same caution no longer necessary, and restored it to the proper place.

The poem was therefore published without any political fanfic, and inscribed to the Prince: but Mr. Savage, having no friend upon whom he could prevail to present it to him, had no other method of attracting his observation than the publication of frequent advertisements, and therefore received no reward from his patron, however generous on other occasions.

This disappointment he never mentioned without indignation, being by some means or other confident that the Prince was not ignorant of his address to him, and insinuated, that if any advances in popularity

could have been made by diſtinguiſhing him, he had not written without notice or without reward.

He was once inclined to have preſented his poem in perſon, and ſent to the printer for a copy with that deſign; but either his opinion changed or his reſolution deſerted him, and he continued to reſent neglect without attempting to force himſelf into regard.

Nor was the public much more favourable than his patron; for only ſeventy-two were ſold, though the performance was much commended by ſome whoſe judgment in that kind of writing is generally allowed. But Savage eaſily reconciled himſelf to mankind without imputing any defect to his work, by obſerving that his poem was unluckily publiſhed two days after the prorogation of the parliament, and by conſequence at a time when all thoſe who could be expected to regard it were in the hurry of preparing for their departure, or engaged in taking leave of others upon their diſmiſſion from public affairs.

It muſt be, however, allowed, in juſtification of the public, that this performance is not the moſt excellent of Mr. Savage's works; and that though it cannot be denied to contain many ſtriking ſentiments, maſterly lines, and juſt obſervations, it is in general not ſufficiently poliſhed in the language, or enlivened in the imagery, or digeſted in the plan.

Thus his poem contributed nothing to the alleviation of his poverty, which was ſuch as very few could

have ſupported with equal patience, but to which it muſt likewiſe be confeſſed that few would have been expoſed who received punctually fifty pounds a-year; a ſalary which, though by no means equal to the demands of vanity and luxury, is yet found ſufficient to ſupport families above want, and was undoubtedly more than the neceſſities of life require.

But no ſooner had he received his penſion than he withdrew to his darling privacy, from which he returned in a ſhort time to his former diſtreſs, and for ſome part of the year generally lived by chance, eating only when he was invited to the tables of his acquaintances, from which the meanneſs of his dreſs often excluded him, when the politeneſs and variety of his converſation would have been thought a ſufficient recompenſe for his entertainment.

He lodged as much by accident as he dined, and paſſed the night ſometimes in mean houſes which are ſet open at night to any caſual wanderers, ſometimes in cellars among the riot and filth of the meaneſt and moſt profligate of the rabble; and ſometimes, when he had not money to ſupport even the expenſes of theſe receptacles, walked about the ſtreets till he was weary, and lay down in the ſummer upon a bulk, or in the winter, with his aſſociates in poverty, among the aſhes of a glaſshouſe.

In this manner were paſſed thoſe days and thoſe nights which Nature had enabled him to have em-

ployed in elevated ſpeculations, uſeful ſtudies, or pleaſing converſation. On a bulk, in a cellar, or in a glaſs-houſe, among thieves and beggars, was to be found the Author of The Wanderer, the man of exalted ſentiments, extenſive views, and curious obſervations! the man whoſe remarks on life might have aſſiſted the ſtateſman, whoſe ideas of virtue might have enlightened the moraliſt, whoſe eloquence might have influenced ſenates, and whoſe delicacy might have poliſhed courts!

It cannot but be imagined that ſuch neceſſities might ſometimes force him upon diſreputable practices, and it is probable that theſe lines in The Wanderer were occaſioned by his reflections on his own conduct.

> Tho' miſ'ry leads to happineſs and truth,
> Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
> (O let none cenſure if, untry'd by grief,
> If amidſt woe, untempted by relief)
> He ſtoop'd reluctant to low arts of thine,
> Which then, ev'n then, he ſcorn'd, and bluſh'd to name.

Whoever was acquainted with him was certain to be ſolicited for ſmall ſums, which the frequency of the requeſt made in time conſiderable, and he was therefore quickly ſhunned by thoſe who were become familiar enough to be truſted with his neceſſities; but his rambling manner of life, and conſtant appearance at houſes of public reſort, always procured him a new ſucceſſion of friends, whoſe kindneſs had not been exhauſted by repeated requeſts, ſo that he was ſeldom

abſolutely without reſources, but had in his utmoſt exigencies this comfort, that he always imagined himſelf ſure of ſpeedy relief. . . . . .

It was obſerved that he always aſked favours of this kind without the leaſt ſubmiſſion or apparent conſciouſneſs of dependence, and that he did not ſeem to look upon a compliance with his requeſt as an obligation that deſerved any extraordinary acknowledgments, but a refuſal was reſented by him as an affront, or complained of as an injury; nor did he readily reconcile himſelf to thoſe who either denied to lend, or gave him afterwards any intimation that they expected to be repaid.

He was ſometimes ſo far compaſſionated by thoſe who knew both his merit and diſtreſſes, that they received him into their families, but they ſoon diſcovered him to be a very incommodious inmate; for being always accuſtomed to an irregular manner of life, he could not confine himſelf to any ſtated hours, or pay any regard to the rules of a family; but would prolong his converſation till midnight, without conſidering that buſineſs might require his friend's application in the morning; and when he had perſuaded himſelf to retire to bed, was not without equal difficulty called up to dinner; it was therefore impoſſible to pay him any diſtinction without the entire ſubverſion of all economy, a kind of eſtabliſhment which, wherever he went, he always appeared ambitious to overthrow.

It muſt therefore be acknowledged, in juſtification of mankind, that it was not always by the negligence or coldneſs of his friends that Savage was diſtreſſed, but becauſe it was in reality very difficult to preſerve him long in a ſtate of eaſe. To ſupply him with money was a hopeleſs attempt; for no ſooner did he ſee himſelf maſter of a ſum ſufficient to ſet him free from care for a day than he became profuſe and luxurious. When once he had entered a tavern, or engaged in a ſcheme of pleaſure, he never retired till want of money obliged him to ſome new expedient. If he was entertained in a family, nothing was any longer to be regarded there but amuſements and jollity: wherever Savage entered he immediately expected that order and buſineſs ſhould fly before him, that all ſhould thenceforward be left to hazard, and that no dull principle of domeſtic management ſhould be oppoſed to his inclination, or intrude upon his gaiety. . . . . .

His diſtreſſes, however afflictive, never dejected him; in his loweſt ſtate he wanted not ſpirit to aſſert the natural dignity of wit, and was always ready to repreſs that inſolence which ſuperiority of fortune incited, and to trample that reputation which roſe upon any other baſis than that of merit: he never admitted any groſs familiarities, or ſubmitted to be treated otherwiſe than as an equal. Once, when he was without lodging, meat, or clothes, one of his friends, a man not indeed remarkable for moderation in his

interval of his profperity were always encouraging him to great undertakings, by encomiums on his genius, and aſſurances of ſucceſs, now received any mention of his deſigns with coldneſs; thought that the ſubjects on which he propoſed to write were very difficult; and were ready to inform him that the event of a poem was uncertain; that an author ought to employ much time in the conſideration of his plan, and not preſume to ſit down to write in confidence of a few curſory ideas and a ſuperficial knowledge: difficulties were ſtarted on all ſides, and he was no longer qualified for any performance but The Volunteer Laureat.

Yet even this kind of contempt never depreſſed him, for he always preſerved a ſteady confidence in his own capacity, and believed nothing above his reach which he ſhould at any time earneſtly endeavour to attain. He formed ſchemes of the ſame kind with regard to knowledge and to fortune, and flattered himſelf with advances to be made in ſcience, as with riches to be enjoyed in ſome diſtant period of his life. For the acquiſition of knowledge he was indeed far better qualified than for that of riches, for he was naturally inquiſitive, and deſirous of the converſation of thoſe from whom any information was to be obtained, but by no means ſolicitous to improve thoſe opportunities that were ſometimes offered of raiſing his fortune; and he was remarkably retentive of his ideas, which,

when once he was in poſſeſſion of them, rately forſook him; a quality which could never be communicated to his money.

While he was thus wearing out his life in expectation that the Queen would ſome time recollect her promiſe, he had recourſe to the uſual practice of writers, and publiſhed propoſals for printing his Works by ſubſcription, to which he was encouraged by the ſucceſs of many who had not a better right to the favour of the public; but, whatever was the reaſon, he did not find the world equally inclined to favour him; and he obſerved, with ſome diſcontent, that though he offered his Works at half a guinea, he was able to procure but a ſmall number in compariſon with thoſe who ſubſcribed twice as much to Duck.

Nor was it without indignation that he ſaw his propoſals neglected by the Queen, who patroniſed Mr. Duck's with uncommon ardour, and incited a competition among thoſe who attended the court who ſhould moſt promote his intereſt, and who ſhould firſt offer a ſubſcription. This was a diſtinction to which Mr. Savage made no ſcruple of aſſerting that his birth, his misfortunes, and his genius, gave him a fairer title than could be pleaded by him on whom it was conferred.

Savage's applications were, however, not univerſally unſucceſsful, for ſome of the nobility countenanced his deſign, encouraged his propoſals, and ſub-

ſcribed with great liberality; he related of the Duke of Chandos particularly, that upon receiving his propoſals he ſent him ten guineas.

But the money which his ſubſcriptions afforded him was not leſs volatile than that which he received from his other ſchemes; whenever a ſubſcription was paid him he went to a tavern, and as money ſo collected is neceſſarily received in ſmall ſums, he never was able to ſend his poems to the preſs, but for many years continued his ſolicitation, and ſquandered whatever he obtained.

This project of printing his Works was frequently revived; and as his propoſals grew obſolete new ones were printed with freſher dates. To form ſchemes for the publication was one of his favourite amuſements, nor was he ever more at eaſe than when, with any friend who readily fell in with his ſchemes, he was adjuſting the print, forming the advertiſements, and regulating the diſpoſition of his new edition, which he really intended ſome time to publiſh, and which, as long as experience had ſhewn him the impoſſibility of printing the volume together, he at laſt determined to divide into weekly or monthly numbers, that the profits of the firſt might ſupply the expenſes of the next.

Thus he ſpent his time in mean expedients and tormenting ſuſpenſe, living for the greateſt part in fear of proſecutions from his creditors, and, conſequently,

skulking in obscure parts of the Town, of which he was no stranger to the remotest corners. But wherever he came his address secured him friends, whom his necessities soon alienated, so that he had perhaps a more numerous acquaintance than any man ever before attained, there being scarcely any person eminent on any account to whom he was not known, or whose character he was not in some degree able to delineate.

To the acquisition of this extensive acquaintance every circumstance of his life contributed: he excelled in the arts of conversation, and therefore willingly practised them: he had seldom any home, or even a lodging, in which he could be private, and therefore was driven into public-houses for the common conveniencies of life and supports of nature: he was always ready to comply with every invitation, having no employment to withhold him, and often no money to provide for himself; and by dining with one company he never failed of obtaining an introduction into another.

Thus dissipated was his life, and thus casual his subsistence; yet did not the distraction of his views hinder him from reflection, nor the uncertainty of his condition depress his gaiety. When he had wandered about, without any fortunate adventure by which he was led into a tavern, he sometimes retired into the fields, and was able to employ his mind in study, or amuse it with pleasing imaginations, and seldom

appeared to be melancholy, but when some fudden misfortune had juſt fallen upon him, and even then, in a few moments, he would diſentangle himſelf from his perplexity, adopt the ſubject of converſation, and apply his mind wholly to the objects that others preſented to it.

This life, unhappy as it may be already imagined, was yet imbittered in 1738 with new calamities. The death of the Queen deprived him of all the proſpects of preferment with which he ſo long entertained his imagination; and as Sir Robert Walpole had before given him reaſon to believe that he never intended the performance of his promiſe, he was now abandoned again to fortune.

He was, however, at that time ſupported by a friend; and as it was not his cuſtom to look out for diſtant calamities, or to feel any other pain than that which forced itſelf upon his ſenſes, he was not much afflicted at his loſs, and perhaps comforted himſelf that his penſion would be now continued without the annual tribute of a panegyric.

Another expectation contributed likewiſe to ſupport him: he had taken a reſolution to write a ſecond tragedy upon the ſtory of Sir Thomas Overbury, in which he preſerved a few lines of his former play, but made a total alteration of the plan, added new incidents, and introduced new characters; ſo that it was a new tragedy, not a revival of the former.

Many of his friends blamed him for not making choice of another ſubject; but, in vindication of himſelf, he aſſerted that it was not eaſy to find a better, and that he thought it his intereſt to extinguiſh the memory of the firſt tragedy, which he could only do by writing one leſs defective upon the ſame ſtory, by which he ſhould entirely defeat the artifice of the bookſellers, who, after the death of any author of reputation, are always induſtrious to ſwell his works, by uniting his worſt productions with his beſt.

In the execution of this ſcheme, however, he proceeded but ſlowly, and probably only employed himſelf upon it when he could find no other amuſement; but he pleaſed himſelf with counting the profits, and perhaps imagined that the theatrical reputation which he was about to acquire would be equivalent to all that he had loſt by the death of his patroneſs.

He did not, in confidence of his approaching riches, neglect the meaſures proper to ſecure the continuance of his penſion, though ſome of his favourers thought him culpable for omitting to write on her death; but on her birth-day next year he gave a proof of the ſolidity of his judgment and the power of his genius. He knew that the track of elegy had been ſo long beaten that it was impoſſible to travel in it without treading in the footſteps of thoſe who had gone before him, and that therefore it was neceſſary, that he might diſtinguiſh himſelf from the herd

of encomiaſts, to find out ſome new walk of funeral panegyric.

This difficult taſk he performed in ſuch a manner, that his poem may be juſtly ranked among the beſt pieces that the death of princes has produced. By transferring the mention of her death to her birth-day he has formed a happy combination of topics, which any other man would have thought it very difficult to connect in one view, but which he has united in ſuch a manner, that the relation between them appears natural; and it may be juſtly ſaid, that what no other man would have thought on it now appears ſcarcely poſſible for any man to miſs.

The beauty of this peculiar combination of images is ſo maſterly that it is ſufficient to ſet this poem above cenſure; and therefore it is not neceſſary to mention many other delicate touches which may be found in it, and which would deſervedly be admired in any other performance.

To theſe proofs of his genius may be added, from the ſame poem, an inſtance of his prudence, an excellence for which he was not ſo often diſtinguiſhed; he does not forget to remind the King, in the moſt delicate and artful manner, of continuing his penſion.

With regard to the ſucceſs of this addreſs he was for ſome time in ſuſpenſe, but was in no great degree ſolicitous about it, and continued his labour upon his

new tragedy with great tranquillity, till the friend who had for a considerable time supported him, removing his family to another place, took occasion to dismiss him. It then became necessary to inquire more diligently what was determined in his affair, having reason to suspect that no great favour was intended him, because he had not received his pension at the usual time.

It is said that he did not take those methods of retrieving his interest which were most likely to succeed, and some of those who were employed in the Exchequer cautioned him against too much violence in his proceedings; but Mr. Savage, who seldom regulated his conduct by the advice of others, gave way to his passion, and demanded of Sir Robert Walpole, at his levee, the reason of the distinction that was made between him and the other pensioners of the Queen with a degree of roughness, which perhaps determined him to withdraw what had been only delayed.

Whatever was the crime of which he was accused or suspected, and whatever influence was employed against him, he received soon after an account that took from him all hopes of regaining his pension; and he had now no prospect of subsistence but from his play, and he knew no way of living for the time required to finish it.

So peculiar were the misfortunes of this man, de-

priv'd of an eſtate and title by a particular law, expoſed and abandoned by a mother, defrauded by a mother of a fortune which his father had allotted him, he entered the world without a friend; and though his abilities forced themſelves into eſteem and reputation he was never able to obtain any real advantage, and whatever proſpects aroſe were always intercepted as he began to approach them. The King's intentions in his favour were fruſtrated; his Dedication to the Prince, whoſe generoſity on every other occaſion was eminent, procured him no reward; Sir Robert Walpole, who valued himſelf upon keeping his promiſe to others, broke it to him without regret; and the bounty of the Queen was, after her death, withdrawn from him, and from him only.

Such were his misfortunes, which yet he bore not only with decency but with cheerfulneſs, nor was his gaiety clouded even by his laſt diſappointments, though he was in a ſhort time reduced to the loweſt degree of diſtreſs, and often wanted both lodging and food. At this time he gave another inſtance of the unſurmountable obſtinacy of his ſpirit; his clothes were worn out, and he received notice that at a coffeehouſe ſome clothes and linen were left for him; the perſon who ſent them did not, I believe, inform him to whom he was to be obliged, that he might ſpare the perplexity of acknowledging the benefit;

but though the offer was so far generous it was made with some neglect of ceremonies, which Mr. Savage so much resented that he refused the present, and declined to enter the house till the clothes that had been designed for him were taken away.

His distress was now publicly known, and his friends, therefore, thought it proper to concert some measures for his relief; and one of them wrote a letter to him, in which he expressed his concern "for "the miserable withdrawing of his pension;" and gave him hopes, that in a short time he should find himself supplied with a competence "without any "dependence on those little creatures, which we are "pleased to call The Great."

The scheme proposed for this happy and independent subsistence was, that he should retire into Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a-year, to be raised by a subscription, on which he was to live privately, in a cheap place, without aspiring any more to affluence, or having any farther care of reputation.

This offer Mr. Savage gladly accepted, though with intentions very different from those of his friends; for they proposed that he should continue an exile from London for ever, and spend all the remaining part of his life at Swansea; but he designed only to take the opportunity which their scheme offered him of retreating for a short time, that he might prepare his play for the stage, and his other Works for the

preſs, and then to return to London to exhibit his tragedy, and live upon the profits of his own labour.

With regard to his Works, he propoſed very great improvements, which would have required much time, or great application; and when he had finiſhed them he deſigned to do juſtice to his ſubſcribers by publiſhing them, according to his propoſals.

As he was ready to entertain himſelf with future pleaſures, he had planned out a ſcheme of life for the country, of which he had no knowledge but from paſtorals and ſongs. He imagined that he ſhould be tranſported to ſcenes of flowery felicity, like thoſe which one poet has reflected to another, and had projected a perpetual round of innocent pleaſures, of which he ſuſpected no interruption from pride, or ignorance, or brutality.

With theſe expectations he was ſo enchanted, that when he was once gently reproached by a friend for ſubmitting to live upon a ſubſcription, and adviſed rather by a reſolute exertion of his abilities to ſupport himſelf, he could not bear to debar himſelf from the happineſs which was to be found in the calm of a cottage, or loſe the opportunity of liſtening, without intermiſſion, to the melody of the nightingale, which he believed was to be heard from every bramble, and which he did not fail to mention as a very important part of the happineſs of a country life.

While this ſcheme was ripening his friends direct-

ed him to take a lodging in the liberties of the Fleet, that he might be ſecure from his creditors, and ſent him every Monday a guinea, which he commonly ſpent before the next morning, and truſted, after his uſual manner, the remaining part of the week to the bounty of Fortune.

He now began very ſenſibly to feel the miſeries of dependence: thoſe by whom he was to be ſupported began to preſcribe to him with an air of authority, which he knew not how decently to reſent nor patiently to bear; and he ſoon diſcovered, from the conduct of moſt of his ſubſcribers, that he was yet in the hands of "Little creatures."

Of the inſolence that he was obliged to ſuffer he gave many inſtances, of which none appeared to raiſe his indignation to a greater height than the method which was taken of furniſhing him with clothes. Inſtead of conſulting him, and allowing him to ſend a tailor his orders for what they thought proper to allow him, they propoſed to ſend for a tailor to take his meaſure, and then to conſult how they ſhould equip him.

This treatment was not very delicate, nor was it ſuch as Savage's humanity would have ſuggeſted to him on a like occaſion; but it had ſcarcely deſerved mention had it not, by affecting him in an uncommon degree, ſhewn the peculiarity of his character. Upon hearing the deſign that was formed he came

to the lodging of a friend with the moſt violent agonies of rage; and being aſked what it could be that gave him ſuch diſturbance, he replied with the utmoſt vehemence of indignation, "that they had ſent for "a tailor to meaſure him."

How the affair ended was never inquired for fear of renewing his uneaſineſs. It is probable that, upon recollection, he ſubmitted with a good grace to what he could not avoid, and that he diſcovered no reſentment where he had no power.

He was, however, not humbled to implicit and univerſal compliance; for when the gentleman who had firſt informed him of the deſign to ſupport him by a ſubſcription attempted to procure a reconciliation with the Lord Tyrconnel, he could by no means be prevailed upon to comply with the meaſures that were propoſed.

A letter was written for him to Sir William Lemon, to prevail upon him to interpoſe his good offices with Lord Tyroonnel, in which he ſolicited Sir William's aſſiſtance "for a man who really needed it as "much as any man could well do;" and informed him that he was retiring "forever to a place where "he ſhould no more trouble his relations, friends, or "enemies;" he confeſſed that his paſſion had betrayed him to ſome conduct with regard to Lord Tyrconnel "for which he could not but heartily aſk his pardon;" and as he imagined Lord Tyrconnel's paſſion might

be yet so high that he would not "receive a letter "from him," begged that Sir William would endeavour to soften him; and expressed his hopes that he would comply with his request, and that "so small "a relation would not harden his heart against him."

That any man should presume to dictate a letter to him was not very agreeable to Mr. Savage, and therefore he was, before he had opened it, not much inclined to approve it; but when he read it he found it contained sentiments entirely opposite to his own, and, as he asserted, to the truth; and therefore, instead of copying it, wrote his friend a letter full of masculine resentment and warm expostulations. He very justly observed that the style was too supplicatory, and the representation too abject, and that he ought at least to have made him complain with "the "dignity of a gentleman in distress." He declared that he would not write the paragraph in which he was to ask Lord Tyrconnel's pardon, for "he despised "his pardon; and therefore could not heartily, and "would not hypocritically, ask it." He remarked, that his friend made a very unreasonable distinction between himself and him; for, says he, when you mention men of high rank "in your own character," they "are those little creatures whom we are pleased to call "The Great;" but when you address them "in mine," no servility is sufficiently humble. He then, with great propriety, explained the ill consequences which might

he expected from such a letter, which his relations would print in their own defence, and which would for ever be produced as a full answer to all that he should allege against them; for he always intended to publish a minute account of the treatment which he had received. It is to be remembered, to the honour of the gentleman by whom this letter was drawn up, that he yielded to Mr. Savage's reasons, and agreed that it ought to be suppressed.

After many alterations and delays a subscription was at length raised, which did not amount to fifty pounds a-year, though twenty were paid by one gentleman; such was the generosity of mankind, that what had been done by a player without solicitation could not now be effected by application and interest! and Savage had a great number to court and to obey for a pension less than that which Mrs. Oldfield paid him without exacting any servilities!

Mr. Savage, however, was satisfied and willing to retire, and was convinced that the allowance, though scanty, would be more than sufficient for him, being now determined to commence a rigid economist, and to live according to the exactest rules of frugality; for nothing was in his opinion more contemptible than a man who, when he knew his income, exceeded it: and yet he confessed that instances of such folly were too common, and lamented that some men were not to be trusted with their own money.

Full of theſe faintaſy reſolutions he left London in July 1739, having taken leave, with great tenderneſs, of his friends, and parted from the Author of this Narrative with tears in his eyes. He was furniſhed with fifteen guineas, and informed, that they would be ſufficient not only for the expenſe of his journey but for his ſupport in Wales for ſome time; and that there remained but little more of the firſt collection. He promiſed a ſtrict adherence to his maxims of parſimony, and went away in the ſtage-coach; nor did his friends expect to hear from him till he informed them of his arrival at Swanſea.

But when they leaſt expected arrived a letter, dated the 14th day after his departure, in which he ſent them word that he was yet upon the road, and without money, and that he therefore could not proceed without a remittance. They then ſent him the money that was in their hands, with which he was enabled to reach Briſtol, from whence he was to go to Swanſea by water.

At Briſtol he found an embargo laid upon the ſhipping, ſo that he could not immediately obtain a paſſage; and being therefore obliged to ſtay there ſome time, he, with his uſual felicity, ingratiated himſelf with many of the principal inhabitants, was invited to their houſes, diſtinguiſhed at their public feaſts, and treated with a regard that gratified his vanity, and therefore eaſily engaged his affection.

He began very early after his retirement to complain of the conduct of his friends in London, and irritated many of them so much by his letters that they withdrew, however honourably, their contributions; and it is believed that little more was paid him than the twenty pounds a-year which were allowed him by the gentleman who proposed the subscription.

After some stay at Bristol he retired to Swansea, the place originally proposed for his residence, where he lived about a year very much dissatisfied with the diminution of his salary; but contracted, as in other places, acquaintance with those who were most distinguished in that country, among whom he has celebrated Mr. Powel and Mrs. Jones by some verses, which he inserted in The Gentleman's Magazine.

Here he completed his tragedy, of which two acts were wanting when he left London, and was desirous of coming to Town to bring it upon the stage. This design was very warmly opposed, and he was advised by his chief benefactor to put it into the hands of Mr. Thomson and Mr. Mallet, that it might be fitted for the stage, and to allow his friends to receive the profits, out of which an annual pension should be paid him.

This proposal he rejected with the utmost contempt. He was by no means convinced that the judgment of those to whom he was required to submit was superior to his own. He was now determined, as he ex-

pressed it, to be "no longer kept in leading-strings," and had no elevated idea of "his bounty" who proposed to "pension him out of the profits of his own "labour."

He attempted, in Wales, to promote a subscription for his Works, and had once hopes of success; but in a short time afterwards formed a resolution of leaving that part of the country, to which he thought it not reasonable to be confined for the gratification of those who, having promised him a liberal income, had no sooner banished him to a remote corner than they reduced his allowance to a salary scarcely equal to the necessities of life.

His resentment of this treatment, which, in his own opinion at least, he had not deserved, was such that he broke off all correspondence with most of his contributors, and appeared to consider them as persecutors and oppressors; and in the latter part of his life declared, that their conduct toward him since his departure from London "had been perfidiousness "improving on perfidiousness, and inhumanity on "inhumanity."

It is not to be supposed that the necessities of Mr. Savage did not sometimes incite him to satirical exaggerations of the behaviour of those by whom he thought himself reduced to them; but it must be granted that the diminution of his allowance was a great hardship, and that those who withdrew their subscrip-

tion from a man who, upon the faith of their promiſe, had gone into a kind of baniſhment, and abandoned all thoſe by whom he had been before relieved in his diſtreſſes, will find it no eaſy taſk to vindicate their conduct.

It may be alleged, and perhaps juſtly, that he was petulant and contemptuous; that he more frequently reproached his ſubſcribers for not giving him more than thanked them for what he received; but it is to be remembered that this conduct, and this is the worſt charge that can be drawn up againſt him, did them no real injury; and that it therefore ought rather to have been pited than reſented, at leaſt the reſentment it might provoke ought to have been generous and manly; epithets which his conduct will hardly deſerve that ſtarves the man whom he has perſuaded to put himſelf into his power.

It might have been reaſonably demanded by Savage, that they ſhould, before they had taken away what they promiſed, have replaced him in his former ſtate; that they ſhould have taken no advantages from the ſituation to which the appearance of their kindneſs had reduced him, and that he ſhould have been recalled to London before he was abandoned: he might juſtly repreſent that he ought to have been conſidered as a lion in the toils, and demand to be releaſed before the dogs ſhould be looſed upon him.

He endeavoured, indeed, to releaſe himſelf, and,

with an intent to return to London went to Briſtol, where a repetition of the kindneſs which he had formerly found invited him to ſtay. He was not only careſſed and treated, but had a collection made for him of about thirty pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for London; but his negligence did not ſuffer him to conſider that ſuch proofs of kindneſs were not often to be expected, and that this ardour of benevolence was in a great degree the effect of novelty, and might, probably, be every day leſs; and therefore he took no care to improve the happy time, but was encouraged by one favour to hope for another, till at length generoſity was exhauſted, and officiouſneſs wearied.

Another part of his miſconduct was the practice of prolonging his viſits to unſeaſonable hours, and diſconcerting all the families into which he was admitted. This was an error in a place of commerce which all the charms of his converſation could not compenſate; for what trader would purchaſe ſuch airy ſatiſfaction by the loſs of ſolid gain? which muſt be the conſequence of midnight merriment, as thoſe hours which were gained at night were generally loſt in the morning.

Thus Mr. Savage, after the curioſity of the inhabitants was gratified, found the number of his friends daily decreaſing, perhaps without ſuſpecting for what reaſon their conduct was altered; for he ſtill conti-

duced to harass with his nocturnal intrusions those that yet countenanced him, and admitted him to their houses.

But he did not spend all the time of his residence at Bristol in visits or at taverns, for he sometimes returned to his studies, and began several considerable designs. When he felt an inclination to write, he always retired from the knowledge of his friends, and lay hid in an obscure part of the suburbs till he found himself again desirous of company, to which it is likely that intervals of absence made him more welcome.

He was always full of his design of returning to London to bring his tragedy upon the stage; but having neglected to depart with the money that was raised for him, he could not afterwards procure a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey; nor perhaps would a fresh supply have had any other effect than, by putting immediate pleasures in his power, to have driven the thoughts of his journey out of his mind.

While he was thus spending the day in contriving a scheme for the morrow distress stole upon him by imperceptible degrees. His conduct had already wearied some of those who were at first enamoured of his conversation: but he might, perhaps, still have devolved to others, whom he might have entertained with equal success, had not the decay of his clothes made

it no longer conſiſtent with their vanity to admit him to their tables, or to aſſociate with him in public places. He now began to find every man from home at whoſe houſe he called, and was therefore no longer able to procure the neceſſaries of life, but wandered about the town ſlighted and neglected in queſt of a dinner which he did not always obtain.

To complete his miſery he was purſued by the officers for ſmall debts which he had contracted, and was therefore obliged to withdraw from the ſmall number of friends from whom he had ſtill reaſon to hope for favours. His cuſtom was to lie in bed the greateſt part of the day, and to go out in the dark with the utmoſt privacy, and after having paid his viſit return again before morning to his lodging, which was in the garret of an obſcure inn.

Being thus excluded on one hand, and confined on the other, he ſuffered the utmoſt extremities of poverty, and often faſted ſo long that he was ſeized with faintneſs, and had loſt his appetite, not being able to bear the ſmell of meat till the action of his ſtomach was reſtored by a cordial.

In this diſtreſs he received a remittance of five pounds from London, with which he provided himſelf a decent coat, and determined to go to London, but unhappily ſpent his money at a favourite tavern. Thus was he again confined to Briſtol, where he was

every day hunted by bailiffs. In this exigence he once more found a friend, who ſheltered him in his houſe, though at the uſual inconveniencies with which his company was attended; for he could neither be perſuaded to go to bed in the night nor to riſe in the day.

It is obſervable that in theſe various ſcenes of miſery he was always diſengaged and cheerful: he at ſome times purſued his ſtudies, and at others continued or enlarged his epiſtolary correſpondence, nor was he ever ſo far dejected as to endeavour to procure an increaſe of his allowance by any other methods than accuſations and reproaches.

He had now no longer any hopes of aſſiſtance from his friends at Briſtol, who, as merchants, and, by conſequence, ſufficiently ſtudious of profit, cannot be ſuppoſed to have looked with much compaſſion upon negligence and extravagance, or to think any excellence equivalent to a fault of ſuch conſequence as neglect of economy. It is natural to imagine that many of thoſe who would have relieved his real wants were diſcouraged from the exertion of their benevolence by obſervation of the uſe which was made of their favours, and conviction that relief would only be momentary, and that the ſame neceſſity would quickly return.

At laſt he quitted the houſe of his friend, and returned to his lodging at the inn, ſtill intending to ſet

out in a few days for *London*; but on the 10th of January 1742-3, having been at supper with two of his friends, he was, at his return to his lodgings, arrested for a debt of about eight pounds, which he owed at a coffeehouse, and conducted to the house of a sheriff's officer. The account which he gives of this misfortune, in a letter to one of the gentlemen with whom he had supped, is too remarkable to be omitted.

"It was not a little unfortunate for me that I spent "yesterday's evening with you, because the hour "hindered me from entering on my new lodging; "however I have now got one, but such an one as, "I believe, no body would chuse.

"I was arrested at the suit of Mrs. Read just as "I was going up stairs to bed at Mr. Bowyer's, but "taken in so private a manner that I believe no body "at The White Lyon is apprised of it. Though I let "the officers know the strength (or rather weakness) "of my pocket, yet they treated me with the utmost "civility; and even when they conducted me to con"finement, it was in such a manner that I verily be"lieve I could have escaped, which I would rather "be ruined than have done, notwithstanding the "whole amount of my finances was but three-pence "halfpenny.

"In the first place, I must insist that you will in"dustriously conceal this from Mrs. S——s, because

" I would not have her good nature ſuffer that pain " which, I know, ſhe would be apt to feel on this oc- " caſion.

" Next I conjure you, dear Sir! by all the ties of " friendſhip, by no means to have one uneaſy thought " on my account, but to have the ſame pleaſantry of " countenance and unruffled ſerenity of mind which " (God be praiſed!) I have in this, and have had in " a much ſeverer calamity. Furthermore, I charge " you, if you value my friendſhip as truly as I do " your's, not to utter, or even harbour, the leaſt re- " ſentment againſt Mrs. Read. I believe ſhe has " ruined me, but I freely forgive her; and (though " I will never more have any intimacy with her) " would, at a due diſtance, rather do her an act of " good than ill will. Laſtly, (pardon the expreſſion) " I abſolutely command you not to offer me any pe- " cuniary aſſiſtance, nor to attempt getting me any " from any one of your friends. At another time, or " on any other occaſion, you may, dear friend! be " well aſſured I would rather write to you in the ſub- " miſſive ſtyle of a requeſt than that of a peremptory " command.

" However, that my truly valuable friend may not " think I am too proud to aſk a favour, let me entreat " you to let me have your boy to attend me for this " day, not only for the ſake of ſaving me the expenſe

"of porters, but for the delivery of some letters to "people whose names I would not have known to "strangers.

"The civil treatment I have thus far met from "those whose prisoner I am, makes me thankful to "the Almighty that, tho' he has thought fit to visit "me (on my birth-night) with affliction, yet (such "is his great goodness!) my affliction is not without "alleviating circumstances. I murmur not, but am "all resignation to the divine will. As to the world, "I hope that I shall be endued by Heaven with that "presence of mind, that serene dignity in misfortune, "that constitutes the character of a true nobleman; "a dignity far beyond that of coronets, a nobility aris"ing from the just principles of philosophy, refined "and exalted by those of Christianity."——

He continued five days at the officer's, in hopes that he should be able to procure bail; and avoid the necessity of going to prison. The state in which he passed his time, and the treatment which he received, are very justly expressed by him in a letter which he wrote to a friend: "The whole day," says he, "has "been employed in various peoples' filling my head "with their foolish chimerical systems, which has "obliged me coolly (as far as nature will admit) to "digest and accommodate myself to every different "person's way of thinking; hurried from one wild

"ſyſtem to another, till it has quite made a chaos of "my imagination, and nothing done—promiſed— "diſappointed—ordered to ſend every hour from "one part of the town to the other."

When his friends, who had hitherto careſſed and applauded, found that to give bail and pay the debt was the ſame, they all refuſed to preſerve him from a priſon at the expenſe of eight pounds; and therefore after having been for ſome time at the officer's houſe "at an immenſe expenſe," as he obſerves in his letter, he was at length removed to Newgate.

This expenſe he was enabled to ſupport by the generoſity of Mr. Naſh at Bath, who, upon receiving from him an account of his condition, immediately ſent him five guineas, and promiſed to promote his ſubſcription at Bath with all his intereſt.

By his removal to Newgate he obtained at leaſt a freedom from ſuſpenſe, and reſt from the diſturbing viciſſitudes of hope and diſappointment; he now found that his friends were only companions, who were willing to ſhare his gaiety but not to partake of his misfortunes, and therefore he no longer expected any aſſiſtance from them.

It muſt, however, be obſerved of one gentleman, that he offered to releaſe him by paying the debt, but that Mr. Savage would not conſent; I ſuppoſe, becauſe he thought he had been before too burthenſome to him.

He was offered, by ſome of his friends, that a collection ſhould be made for his enlargement; but he "treated the propoſal," and declared, "that he "ſhould again treat it, with diſdain. As to writing "any mendicant letters he had too high a ſpirit, and "determined only to write to ſome miniſters of ſtate "to try to regain his penſion."

He continued to complain of thoſe that had ſent him into the country, and objected to them, that he had "loſt the profits of his play which had been finiſh-"ed three years;" and in another letter declares his reſolution to publiſh a pamphlet, that the world might know how "he had been uſed."

This pamphlet was never written, for he in a very ſhort time recovered his uſual tranquillity, and cheerfully applied himſelf to more inoffenſive ſtudies. He indeed ſteadily declared, that he was promiſed a yearly allowance of fifty pounds and never received half the ſum; but he ſeemed to reſign himſelf to that as well as to other misfortunes, and loſe the remembrance of it in his amuſements and employments.

The cheerfulneſs with which he bore his confinement appears from the following letter, which he wrote January the 30th, to one of his friends in London:

"I now write to you from my confinement in "Newgate, where I have been ever ſince Monday.

"laſt was ſe'nnight, and where I enjoy myſelf with "much more tranquillity than I have known for up- "wards of a twelvemonth paſt, having a room en- "tirely to myſelf, and purſuing the amuſement of my "poetical ſtudies uninterrupted, and agreeable to my "mind. I thank the Almighty I am now all collected "in myſelf; and though my perſon is in confinement "my mind can expatiate on ample and uſeful ſubjects "with all the freedom imaginable. I am now more "converſant with the Nine than ever; and if, inſtead "of a Newgate-bird, I may be allowed to be a bird "of the Muſes, I aſſure you, Sir, I ſing very freely "in my cage; ſometimes indeed in the plaintive "notes of the nightingale, but at others in the cheer- "ful ſtrains of the lark."

In another letter he obſerves, that he ranges from one ſubject to another, without confining himſelf to any particular taſk, and that he was employed one week upon one attempt, and the next upon another.

Surely the fortitude of this man deſerves, at leaſt, to be mentioned with applauſe; and whatever faults may be imputed to him, the virtue of ſuffering well cannot be denied him. The two powers which, in the opinion of Epictetus, conſtituted a wiſe man, are thoſe of bearing and forbearing, which cannot indeed be affirmed to have been equally poſſeſſed by Savage; and indeed the want of one obliged him very fre- quently to practiſe the other.

He was treated by Mr. Dagg, the keeper of the prison, with great humanity; was supported by him at his own table without any certainty of recompense, had a room to himself, to which he could at any time retire from all disturbance, was allowed to stand at the door of the prison, and sometimes taken out into the fields; so that he suffered fewer hardships in prison than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest part of his life.

The keeper did not confine his benevolence to a gentle execution of his office, but made some overtures to the creditor for his release, but without effect, and continued, during the whole time of his imprisonment, to treat him with the utmost tenderness and civility.

Virtue is undoubtedly most laudable in that state which makes it most difficult, and therefore the humanity of a gaoler certainly deserves this public attestation; and the man whose heart has not been hardened by such an employment may be justly proposed as a pattern of benevolence. If an inscription was once engraved to the "honest tollgatherer," less honour ought not to be paid "to the tender gaoler."

Mr. Savage very frequently received visits, and sometimes presents, from his acquaintances, but they did not amount to a subsistence, for the greater part of which he was indebted to the generosity of this

keeper; but theſe favours, however they might endear to him the particular perſons from whom he received them, were very far from impreſſing upon his mind any advantageous ideas of the people of Briſtol, and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himſelf in priſon than in writing a poem called "London and Briſtol delineated."

When he had brought this poem to its preſent ſtate, which, without conſidering the chaſm, is not perfect, he wrote to London an account of his deſign, and informed his friend that he was determined to print it with his name, but enjoined him not to communicate his intention to his Briſtol acquaintance: the gentleman, ſurpriſed at his reſolution, endeavoured to diſſuade him from publiſhing it, at leaſt from prefixing his name, and declared that he could not reconcile the injunction of ſecrecy with his reſolution to own it at its firſt appearance. To this Mr. Savage returned an anſwer, agreeable to his character, in the following terms:

"I received your's this morning, and not without "a little ſurpriſe at the contents. To anſwer a que-"ſtion with a queſtion you aſk me concerning Lon-"don and Briſtol, Why will I add delineated? Why "did Mr. Woolaſton add the ſame word to his Reli-"gion of Nature? I ſuppoſe it was his will and plea-"ſure to add it in his caſe, and it is mine to do ſo in

"my own. You are pleaſed to tell me that you un-
"derſtand not why ſecrecy is enjoined, and yet I in-
"tend to ſet my name to it. My anſwer is—I have
"my private reaſons, which I am not obliged to ex-
"plain to any one. You doubt my friend Mr. S———
"would not approve of it—And what is it to me
"whether he does or not? Do you imagine that
"Mr. S——— is to dictate to me? If any man, who
"calls himſelf my friend, ſhould aſſume ſuch an air,
"I would ſpurn at his friendſhip with contempt. You
"ſay I ſeem to think ſo by not letting him know it.
"—And ſuppoſe I do, what then? perhaps I can
"give reaſons for that diſapprobation very foreign
"from what you would imagine. You go on in
"ſaying, Suppoſe I ſhould not put my name to it—
"My anſwer is, that I will not ſuppoſe any ſuch
"thing, being determined to the contrary; neither,
"Sir, would I have you ſuppoſe that I applied to
"you for want of another preſs, nor would I have
"you imagine that I owe Mr. S——— obligations
"which I do not."

Such was his imprudence, and ſuch his obſtinate adherence to his own reſolutions, however abſurd. A priſoner! ſupported by charity! and, whatever inſults he might have received during the latter part of his ſtay in Briſtol, once careſſed, eſteemed, and preſented with a liberal collection, he could forget on a

ſudden his danger and his obligations to gratify the petulance of his wit, or the eagerneſs of his reſentment, and publiſhed a ſatire, by which he might reaſonably expect that he ſhould alienate thoſe who then ſupported him, and provoke thoſe whom he could neither reſiſt nor eſcape.

This reſolution, from the execution of which it is probable that only his death could have hindered him, is ſufficient to ſhew how much he diſregarded all conſiderations that oppoſed his preſent paſſions, and how readily he hazarded all future advantages for any immediate gratifications. Whatever was his predominant inclination, neither hope nor fear hindered him from complying with it, nor had oppoſition any other effect than to heighten his ardour, and irritate his vehemence.

This performance was, however, laid aſide, while he was employed in ſoliciting aſſiſtance from ſeveral great perſons, and one interruption ſucceeding another hindered him from ſupplying the chaſm, and perhaps from retouching the other parts, which he can hardly be imagined to have finiſhed in his own opinion: for it is very unequal, and ſome of the lines are rather inſerted to rhyme to others than to ſupport or improve the ſenſe; but the firſt and laſt parts are worked up with great ſpirit and elegance.

His time was ſpent in the priſon, for the moſt part,

in ſtudy or in receiving viſits; but ſometimes he deſcended to lower amuſements, and diverted himſelf in the kitchen with the converſation of the criminals; for it was not pleaſing to him to be much without company; and though he was very capable of a judicious choice, he was often contented with the firſt that offered: for this he was ſometimes reproved by his friends, who found him ſurrounded with felons; but the reproof was on that, as on other occaſions, thrown away; he continued to gratify himſelf, and to ſet very little value on the opinion of others.

But here, as in every other ſcene of his life, he made uſe of ſuch opportunities as occurred of benefiting thoſe who were more miſerable than himſelf, and was always ready to perform any offices of humanity to his fellow-priſoners.

He had now ceaſed from correſponding with any of his ſubſcribers except one, who yet continued to remit him the twenty pounds a-year which he had promiſed him, and by whom it was expected that he would have been in a very ſhort time enlarged, becauſe he had directed the keeper to inquire after the ſtate of his debts.

However, he took care to enter his name according to the forms of the court, that the creditor might be obliged to make him ſome allowance if he was continued a priſoner, and when on that occaſion he ap-

peared in the hall was treated with very unuſual reſpect.

But the reſentment of the City was afterwards raiſed by ſome accounts that had been ſpread of the ſatire, and he was informed that ſome of the merchants intended to pay the allowance which the law required, and to detain him a priſoner at their own expenſe. This he treated as an empty menace, and perhaps might have haſtened the publication, only to ſhew how much he was ſuperior to their inſults, had not all his ſchemes been ſuddenly deſtroyed.

When he had been ſix months in priſon he received from one of his friends *, in whoſe kindneſs he had the greateſt confidence, and on whoſe aſſiſtance he chiefly depended, a letter that contained a charge of very atrocious ingratitude, drawn up in ſuch terms as ſudden reſentment dictated. Mr. Savage returned a very ſolemn proteſtation of his innocence, but, however, appeared much diſturbed at the accuſation. Some days afterwards he was ſeized with a pain in his back and ſide, which, as it was not violent, was not ſuſpected to be dangerous; but, growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of July he confined himſelf to his room, and a fever ſeized his ſpirits. The ſymptoms grew every day more formi-

* Mr. Pope.

dable, but his condition did not enable him to procure any assistance. The last time that the keeper saw him was on July the 31st 1743, when Savage, seeing him at his bedside, said, with an uncommon earnestness, "I have something to say to you, Sir;" but, after a pause, moved his hand in a melancholy manner, and finding himself unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, said, "'Tis gone!" The keeper soon after left him, and the next morning he died. He was buried in the churchyard of St. Peter at the expense of the keeper.

Such were the life and death of Richard Savage, a man equally distinguished by his virtues and vices, and at once remarkable for his weaknesses and abilities.

He was of a middle stature, of a thin habit of body, a long visage, coarse features, and melancholy aspect; of a grave and manly deportment, a solemn dignity of mien, but which, upon a nearer acquaintance, softened into an engaging easiness of manners. His walk was slow, and his voice tremulous and mournful. He was easily excited to smiles, but very seldom provoked to laughter

His mind was in an uncommon degree vigorous and active; his judgment was accurate, his apprehension quick, and his memory so tenacious, that he was frequently observed to know what he had learn-

ed from others in a ſhort time better than thoſe by whom he was informed, and could frequently recollect incidents, with all their combination of circumſtances, which few would have regarded at the preſent time, but which the quickneſs of his apprehenſion impreſſed upon him. He had the peculiar felicity that his attention never deſerted him; he was preſent to every object, and regardful of the moſt trifling occurrences: he had the art of eſcaping from his own reflections, and accommodating himſelf to every new ſcene.

To this quality is to be imputed the extent of his knowledge, compared with the ſmall time which he ſpent in viſible endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in curſory converſation with the ſame ſteadineſs of attention as others apply to a lecture, and, amidſt the appearance of thoughtleſs gaiety, loſt no new idea that was ſtarted, nor any hint that could be improved: he had therefore made in coffeehouſes the ſame proficiency as in other ſtudies; and it is remarkable that the writings of a man of little education and little reading have an air of learning ſcarcely to be found in any other performances, but which perhaps as often obſcures as embelliſhes them.

His judgment was eminently exact both with regard to writings and to men. The knowledge of life was indeed his chief attainment, and it is not with-

ont ſome ſatisfaction that I can produce the ſuffrage of Savage in favour of human nature, of which he never appeared to entertain ſuch odious ideas as ſome who perhaps had neither his judgment nor experience have publiſhed, either in oſtentation of their ſagacity, vindication of their crimes, or gratification of their malice.

His method of life particularly qualified him for converſation, of which he knew how to practiſe all the graces. He was never vehement or loud, but at once modeſt and eaſy, open and reſpectful; his language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy upon grave or humorous ſubjects. He was generally cenſured for not knowing when to retire, but that was not the defect of his judgment, but of his fortune; when he left his company he was frequently to ſpend the remaining part of the night in the ſtreet, or at leaſt was abandoned to gloomy reflections, which it is not ſtrange that he delayed as long as he could, and ſometimes forgot that he gave others pain to avoid it himſelf.

It cannot be ſaid that he made uſe of his abilities for the direction of his own conduct: an irregular and diſſipated manner of life had made him the ſlave of every paſſion that happened to be excited by the preſence of its object, and that ſlavery to his paſſions reciprocally produced a life irregular and diſ-

ſipated. He was not maſter of his own motions, nor could promiſe any thing for the next day.

With regard to his economy, nothing can be added to the relation of his life: he appeared to think himſelf born to be ſupported by others, and diſpenſed from all neceſſity of providing for himſelf; he therefore never proſecuted any ſcheme of advantage, nor endeavoured even to ſecure the profits which his Writings might have afforded him.

His temper was, in conſequence of the dominion of his paſſions, uncertain and capricious; he was eaſily engaged, and eaſily diſguſted; but he is accuſed of retaining his hatred more tenaciouſly than his benevolence.

He was compaſſionate both by nature and principle, and always ready to perform offices of humanity; but when he was provoked, and very ſmall offences were ſufficient to provoke him, he would proſecute his revenge with the utmoſt acrimony till his paſſion had ſubſided.

His friendſhip was, therefore, of little value; for though he was zealous in the ſupport or vindication of thoſe whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to truſt him, becauſe he conſidered himſelf as diſcharged by the firſt quarrel from all ties of honour or gratitude; and would betray thoſe ſecrets which, in the warmth of confidence, had been imparted to him.

This practice drew upon him an universal accusation of ingratitude; nor can it be denied that he was very ready to set himself free from the load of an obligation; for he could not bear to conceive himself in a state of dependence, his pride being equally powerful with his other passions, and appearing in the form of insolence at one time and of vanity at another. Vanity, the most innocent species of pride, was most frequently predominant. He could not easily leave off when he had once begun to mention himself or his Works, nor ever read his verses without stealing his eyes from the page, to discover in the faces of his audience how they were affected with any favourite passage.

A kinder name than that of Vanity ought to be given to the delicacy with which he was always careful to separate his own merit from every other man's, and to reject that praise to which he had no claim. He did not forget, in mentioning his performances, to mark every line that had been suggested or amended, and was so accurate as to relate that he owed three words in The Wanderer to the advice of his friends.

His veracity was questioned, but with little reason; his accounts, tho' not indeed always the same, were, generally, consistent. When he loved any man he suppressed all his faults, and when he had been offended by him concealed all his virtues: but his cha-

racters were, generally, true ſo far as he proceeded, though it cannot be denied that his partiality might have ſometimes the effect of falſehood.

In caſes indifferent he was zealous for virtue, truth, and juſtice: he knew very well the neceſſity of goodneſs to the preſent and future happineſs of mankind, nor is there perhaps any writer who has leſs endeavoured to pleaſe by flattering the appetites, or perverting the judgment.

As an author, therefore, and he now ceaſes to influence mankind in any other character, if one piece which he had reſolved to ſuppreſs be excepted, he has very little to fear from the ſtricteſt moral or religious cenſure: and though he may not be altogether ſecure againſt the objections of the critic, it muſt, however, be acknowledged that his Works are the productions of a genius truly poetical, and what many writers who have been more laviſhly applauded cannot boaſt, that they have an original air which has no reſemblance of any foregoing writer; that the verſification and ſentiments have a caſt peculiar to themſelves, which no man can imitate with ſucceſs, becauſe what was nature in Savage would in another be affectation. It muſt be confeſſed that his deſcriptions are ſtriking, his images animated, his fictions juſtly imagined, and his allegories artfully purſued; that his diction is elevated, though ſometimes forced,

and his numbers ſonorous and majeſtic, though frequently ſluggiſh and incumbered. Of his ſtyle the general fault is harſhneſs, and its general excellence is dignity; of his ſentiments the prevailing beauty is ſublimity, and uniformity the prevailing defect.

For his life, or for his Writings, none who candidly conſider his fortune will think an apology either neceſſary or difficult. If he was not always ſufficiently inſtructed in his ſubject, his knowledge was at leaſt greater than could have been attained by others in the ſame ſtate: if his Works were ſometimes unfiniſhed, accuracy cannot reaſonably be exacted from a man oppreſſed with want, which he has no hope of relieving but by a ſpeedy publication. The inſolence and reſentment of which he is accuſed were not eaſily to be avoided by a great mind irritated by perpetual hardſhips, and conſtrained hourly to return the ſpurns of Contempt and repreſs the inſolence of Proſperity; and vanity may, ſurely, be readily pardoned in him, to whom life afforded no other comforts than barren praiſes, and the conſciouſneſs of deſerving them.

Thoſe are no proper judges of his conduct who have ſlumbered away their time on the down of affluence; nor will any wiſe man preſume to ſay, "Had "I been in Savage's condition I ſhould have lived or "written better than Savage."

This relation will not be wholly without its uſe, if thoſe who languiſh under any part of his ſufferings ſhall be enabled to fortify their patience, by reflecting that they feel only thoſe afflictions from which the abilities of Savage did not exempt him; or thoſe who, in confidence of ſuperior capacities or attainments, diſregard the common maxims of life, ſhall be reminded that nothing will ſupply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge uſeleſs, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

TO THOMAS HARRIS, ESQ.

PATENTEE OF THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

SIR,

I BEG leave to inſcribe to you the Writings of Mr. Richard Savage, an author whoſe early love of the drama not the bitterеſt calamities could depreſs. His genius and misfortunes have heretofore gained him the protection of a predeceſſor of your's in the direction of the theatre—Sir Richard Steele, who, like Mr. Harris, poſſeſſed an uncommon ſhare of benevolence: he acted as you would have done: he promoted his intereſt with the utmoſt zeal, related his misfortunes, extolled his merit, and took all opportunities of recommending him. The unfortunate Savage, in return, would have joined with others in acknowledging your worth and merit in directing the moſt rational entertainment of an enlightened people. It requires no common exertion of ſpirit, activity and abilities, to be competitor for the public favour, with a theatre directed by the greateſt dramatic genius our country could ever boaſt: one aſſiſtance you ſhare with that manager, the advice of a numerous group of Newſpaper Wits and Critics, thoſe infallible judges of every art and ſcience, who, with a candour and kindneſs peculiar to themſelves, ſeize every op-

portunity to mark the moſt minute miſtake of manager and actor. If your feelings and doubts ſhould make you reject the advice of ſuch eminent writers, (who have frequently had the greateſt lawyers for their commentators) I truſt you will continue to receive, what I know you ardently wiſh—the approbation of the public. I am,

SIR,

Your obliged friend,

THE EDITOR.

EPISTLES.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

STILL let low wits, who ſenſe nor honour prize,
Sneer at all gratitude, all truth diſguiſe;
At living worth, becauſe alive, exclaim,
Inſult the exil'd, and the dead defame!
Such paint what pity veils in private woes,
And what we ſee with grief with mirth expoſe;
Studious to urge—(whom will mean authors ſpare?)
The child's, the parent's, and the conſort's tear;
Unconſcious of what pangs the heart may rend,
To loſe what they have ne'er deſerv'd—a friend.
Such, ignorant of facts, invent, relate,
Expos'd perſiſt, and anſwer'd ſtill debate;
Such but by foils the cleareſt luſtre ſee,
And deem aſperſing others praiſing thee.

Far from theſe tracks my honeſt lays aſpire,
And greet a generous heart with generous fire.
Truth be my guide! Truth! which thy virtue claims;
This nor the poet nor the patron ſhames.
When party-minds ſhall loſe contracted views,
And hiſt'ry queſtion the recording Muſe,

'Tis this alone to after-times muſt ſhine,
And ſtamp the poet and his theme divine.
Long has my Muſe, from many a mournful cauſe,
Sung with ſmall pow'r, nor ſought ſublime applauſe;
From that great point ſhe now ſhall urge her ſcope,
On that fair promiſe reſt her future hope;
Where policy, from ſtate-illuſion clear,
Can thro' an open aſpect ſhine ſincere;
Where Science, Law, and Liberty, depend,
And own the patron, patriot, and the friend;
(That breaſt to feel, that eye on worth to gaze,
That ſmile to cherith, and that hand to raiſe!)
Whoſe beſt of hearts her beſt of thoughts inflame,
Whoſe joy is bounty, and whoſe gift is fame.
Where for relief flies innocence diſtreſs'd?
To you, who chafe oppreſſion from th' oppreſs'd;
Who, when complaint to you alone belongs,
Forgive your own tho' not a people's wrongs;
Who ſtill make public property your care,
And thence bid private grief no more deſpair.
Aſk they what ſtate your ſhelt'ring care ſhall own?
'Tis youth, 't is age, the cottage, and the throne:
Nor can the priſon 'ſcape your ſearching eye,
Your ear ſtill op'ning to the captive's cry.
Nor leſs was promis'd from thy early ſkill,
Ere pow'r enforc'd benevolence of will:
To friends refin'd, thy private life adher'd,
By thee improving ere by thee preferr'd.

Well hadſt thou weigh'd what truth ſuch friends afford,
With thee reſigning, and with thee reſtor'd:
Thou taught'ſt them all extenſive love to bear,
And now mankind with thee their friendſhips ſhare.

As the rich cloud by due degrees expands,
And ſhow'rs down plenty thick on ſundry lands,
Thy ſpreading worth in various bounty fell,
Made genius flouriſh, and made art excel.

How many, yet deceiv'd, all pow'r oppoſe,
Their fears increaſing as decreaſe their woes;
Jealous of bondage while they freedom gain,
And moſt oblig'd moſt eager to complain?

But well we count our bliſs if well we view,
When pow'r oppreſſion not protection grew;
View preſent ills that puniſh diſtant climes,
Or bleed in mem'ry here from ancient times.

Mark firſt the robe abus'd Religion wore,
Story'd with griefs, and ſtain'd with human gore!
What various tortures, engines, fires, reveal,
Study'd, empow'r'd, and ſanctify'd, by zeal!

Stop here, my Muſe!—peculiar woes deſcry,
Bid them in ſad ſucceſſion ſtrike thy eye.
Lo! to her eye the ſad ſucceſſion ſprings,
She looks, ſhe weeps, and as ſhe weeps ſhe ſings!

See the doom'd Hebrew of his ſtores bereft!
See holy Murder juſtify the theft!
His ravag'd gold ſome uſeleſs ſhrine ſhall raiſe,
His gems on ſuperſtitious idols blaze!

His wife, his babe, deny'd their little home;
Stripp'd, starv'd, unfriended and unpity'd, roam!
Lo! the priest's hand the wafer-god supplies!—
A king by consecrated poison dies!

See Learning range yon' broad ethereal plain
From world to world, and godlike Science gain!
Ah! what avails the curious search sustain'd,
The finish'd toil, the godlike Science gain'd?
Sentenc'd to flames th' expansive wisdom fell,
And truth from Heav'n was forcery from Hell.

See Reason bid each mystic wile retire,
Strike out new light, and mark!—the wise admire!
Zeal shall such heresy, like Learning, hate,
The same their glory, and the same their fate.

Lo! from fought mercy one his life receives,
Life worse than death that cruel Mercy gives:
The man, perchance, who wealth and honours bore,
Slaves in the mine, or cedelefs strains the oar.
So doom'd are these, and such perhaps our doom,
Own'd we a prince, avert it Heav'n! from Rome.

Nor private worth alone false Zeal assails;
Whole nations bleed when bigotry prevails.
What are sworn friendships? what are kindred ties?
What 's faith with heresy? (the zealot cries.)
See! when war sinks the thund'ring cannon's roar,
When wounds, and death, and discord, are no more;
When music bids undreading joys advance,
Swell the soft hour, and turn the swimming dance;

When to crown these the festal sparkling bowl
Lifts the cheer'd senate, and pours out all the soul;
Sudden he sends red Massacre abroad,
Faithless to man, to prove his faith to God.
What pure persuasive eloquence denies,
All-drunk with blood, the arguing sword supplies;
The sword, which to th' assassin's hand is giv'n,
Th' assassin's hand! — pronounc'd the hand of Heav'n!
Sex bleeds with sex, and infancy with age;
No rank, no place, no virtue, stops his rage:
Shall sword, and flame, and devastation, cease
To please with zeal wild zeal! the God of Peace?

Nor less abuse has scourg'd the civil state,
When a king's will became a nation's fate.
Enormous pow'r! nor noble nor serene;
Now fierce and cruel; now but wild and mean.
See titles sold to raise th' unjust supply!
Compell'd the purchase! or be fin'd, or buy!
No public spirit, guarded well by laws,
Uncensur'd censures in his country's cause.
See from the merchant forc'd th' unwilling loan!
Who dares deny, or deem his wealth his own?
Denying, see! where dungeon-damps arise,
Diseas'd he pines, and unassisted dies.
Far more than massacre that fate accurst!
As of all deaths the lingering is the worst.

New courts of censure griev'd with new offence,
Tax'd without pow'r, and fin'd without pretence,

Explain'd at will each ſtatute's wreſted vim,
Till marks of merit were the marks of ſhame;
So monſtrous!—life was the ſeereſt grief,
And the worſt death ſeem'd welcome for relief.
In vain the ſubject ſought redreſs from law,
No ſenate liv'd the partial judge to awe:
Senates were void, and ſenators confin'd
For the great cauſe of Nature and Mankind.
Who kings ſuperior to the people own,
Yet prove the law ſuperior to the throne.
Who can review, without a gen'rous tear,
A Church, a State, ſo inſpious, ſo ſevere?
A land uncultur'd thro' polemic jars,
Rich!—but with carnage from inteſtine wars!
The hand of Induſtry employ'd no more,
And Commerce flying to ſome ſafer ſhore;
All property reduc'd, to pow'r a prey,
And Senſe and Learning chas'd by Zeal away?
Who honours not each dear departed ghoſt
That ſtrove for Liberty ſo won, ſo loſt,
So well regain'd when godlike William rode,
And firſt entail'd the bleſſing George beſtows?
May Walpole ſtill the growing triumph raiſe,
And bid theſe emulate Eliza's days;
Still ſerve a prince who, o'er his people great,
As far tranſcends in virtue as in ſtate!
The Muſe purſues thee to thy rural ſeat;
Ev'n there ſhall Liberty inſpire retreat.

When ſolemn cares in flowing wit are drown'd,
And ſportive chat and ſocial laughs go round;
Ev'n then, when paſſing mirth begins to fail,
The converſe varies to the ſerious tale;
The tale pathetic ſpeaks ſome wretch that owes
To ſome deficient law relieſleſs woes
What inſtant pity warms thy gen'rous breaſt!
How all the legiſlator ſtands confeſt!
Now ſprings the hint! 't is now improv'd to thought!
Now ripe! and now to public welfare brought!
New bills, which regulating means beſtow,
Juſtice preſerve, yet ſoft'ning mercy know:
Juſtice ſhall low vexations wiles decline,
And ſtill thrive moſt when lawyers moſt repine;
Juſtice from jargon ſhall refin'd appear,
To knowledge thro' our native language clear:
Hence we may learn, no more deceiv'd by law,
Whence wealth and life their beſt aſſurance draw.

The freed inſolvent, with induſtrious hand,
Strives yet to ſatisfy the juſt demand:
Thus ruthleſs men, who would his pow'rs reſtrain,
Oft' what ſeverity would loſe obtain.

Theſe, and a thouſand gifts, thy thought acquires,
Which Liberty benevolent inſpires.
From Liberty the fruits of law increaſe,
Plenty, and joy, and all the arts of peace.
Abroad the merchant, while the tempeſts rave,
Adventr'ous ſails, nor fears the wind and wave;

At home, untir'd, we find th' auſpicious hand
With flocks, and herds, and harveſts, bleſs the land;
While there the peaſant glads the grateful ſoil,
Here mark the ſhipwright, there the maſon toil,
Hew, ſquare, and rear, magnificent, the ſtone,
And give our oaks a glory not their own!
What life demands by this obeys her call,
And added elegance conſummates all.
Thus ſtately cities, ſtatelier navies, riſe,
And ſpread our grandeur under diſtant ſkies.
From Liberty each nobler ſcience ſprung,
A Bacon brighten'd, and a Spenſer ſung;
A Clarke and Locke new tracks of truth explore,
And Newton reaches heights unreach'd before.
What Trade ſees property that wealth maintain
Which Induſtry no longer dreads to gain;
What tender conſcience kneels with fears reſign'd,
Enjoys her worſhip, and avows her mind;
What genius now from want to fortune climbs,
And to ſafe ſcience ev'ry thought ſublimes;
What Royal Pow'r, from his ſuperior ſtate,
Sees public happineſs his own create;
But kens thoſe patriot-ſouls to which he owes
Of old each ſource whence now each bleſſing flows?
And if ſuch ſpirits from their heav'n deſcend,
And, blended, flame to point one glorious end;
Flame from one breaſt, and thence on Britain ſhine,
What love, what praiſe, O Walpole! then is thine?

TO MR. JOHN DYER, A PAINTER,

Advising him to draw a certain

NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PERSON.

Occasioned by seeing his

PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED CLIO*.

FORGIVE an artless, an officious, friend,
Weak when I judge, but willing to command;
Fall'n as I am, by no kind fortune rais'd,
Depress'd, obscur'd, unpity'd, and unprais'd;
Yet when these well-known features I peruse,
Some warmth awakes—some embers of a Muse.

Ye Muses, Graces, and ye Loves! appear;
Your queen, your Venus, and your Clio, is here;
In such pure fires her rising thoughts refine,
Her eyes with such commanding sweetness shine,
Such vivid tinctures sure thro' ether glow,
Stain summer clouds, or gild the wat'ry bow;
If life Pygmalion's ivory fav'rite fir'd,
Sure some enamour'd god this draught inspir'd!
Or, if you rashly caught Promethean flame,
Shade the sweet theft, and mar the beauteous frame!
Yet if those cheering lights the prospect fly,
Ah!—let no pleasing view the loss supply:

* See Dyer's Poems.

Some dreary den, ſome deſert waſte, prepare,
Wild as my thoughts, or dark as my deſpair.
But ſtill, my Friend! ſtill the ſweet object ſtays,
Still ſtream your colours rich with Clio's rays!
Sure at each kindling touch your canvaſs glows!
Sure the full form, inſtinct with ſpirit, grows!
Let the dull artiſt puzzling rules explore,
Dwell on the face, and gaze the features o'er;
You eye the ſoul—there genuine nature find;
You thro' the meaning muſcles ſtrike the mind.
Nor can one view ſuch boundleſs pow'r confine,
All Nature opens to an art like thine!
Now rural ſcenes in ſimple grandeur riſe,
Vales, hills, lawns, lakes, and vineyards, feaſt our eyes!
Now halcyon Peace a ſmiling aſpect wears!
Now the red ſcene, with war and ruin glares!
Here Britain's fleets o'er Europe's ſeas preſide!
There long-loſt cities rear their ancient pride!
You from the grave can half redeem the ſlain,
And bid great Julius charm the world again;
Mark out Pharſalia's, mark out Munda's, fray,
And image all the honours of the day.
But if new glories moſt our warmth excite,
If toils untry'd to nobleſt aims invite,
Would you in envy'd pomp unrival'd reign,
Oh! let Horatius grace the canvaſs plain;
His form might ev'n idolatry create,
In lineage, titles, wealth, and worth, elate:

Empires to him might virgin honours owe,
From him arts, arms, and laws, new influence know:
For him kind suns on fruits and grains shall shine,
And future gold lie ripening in the mine:
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which in due statues to his fame shall rise.
Thro' those bright features Cæsar's spirit trace,
Each conqu'ring sweetness, each imperial grace;
All that is soft, or eminently great,
In love, in war, in knowledge, or in state.

Thus shall your colours like his worth amaze;
Thus shall you charm, enrich'd with Clio's praise:
Clear, and more clear, your golden genius shines,
While my dim lamp of life obscure declines:
Dull'd in damp shades it wastes, unseen, away,
While your's, triumphant, grows one blaze of day.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. JOHN DYER,

AUTHOR OF GRONGAR HILL,

In answer to his from the country *.

Now various birds in melting concert sing,
And hail the beauty of the op'ning spring;
Now to thy dreams the nightingale complains,
Till the lark wakes thee with her cheerful strains;
Wakes, in thy verse and friendship, ever kind!
Melodious comfort to my jarring mind.

* See Dyer's Poems.

Oh! could my soul thro' depths of knowledge see,
Could I read Nature and mankind like thee,
I should o'ercome or bear the shocks of Fate,
And ev'n draw envy to the humblest state.
Thou canst raise honour from each ill event,
From shocks gain vigour, and from want content.
Think not light poetry my life's chief care;
The Muse's mansion is at best but air;
But if more solid works my meaning forms,
Th' unfinish'd structures fall by Fortune's storms!
Oft' have I said we falsely those accuse
Whose godlike souls life's middle state refuse.
Self-love, I cry'd, there seeks ignoble rest;
Care sleeps not calm when millions wake unblest;
Mean let me shrink, or spread sweet shade o'er all,
Low as the shrub, or as the cedar tall!—
'Twas vain! 't was wild!—I sought the middle state,
And found the good, and found the truly great.
Tho' verse can never give my soul her aim,
Tho' action only claims substantial fame;
Tho' Fate denies what my proud wants require,
Yet grant me, Heav'n! by knowledge to aspire.
Thus to inquiry let me prompt the mind,
Thus clear dimm'd Truth, and bid her bless mankind;
From the pierc'd orphan thus draw shafts of grief,
Arm Want with patience, and teach Wealth relief!
To serve lov'd Liberty inspire my breath!
Or, if my life be useless, grant me death;

For he who useless in life survey'd,
Burthens that world his duty bids him aid.
Say, what have honours to allure the mind,
Which he gains most who least has serv'd mankind?
Titles, when worn by fools, I dare despise;
Yet they claim homage when they crown the wise.
When high distinction marks deserving heirs,
Desert still dignifies the mark it wears.
But who to birth alone would honours owe?
Honours, if true, from seeds of merit grow:
Those trees with sweetest charms invite our eyes
Which from our own ingraftment fruitful rise.
Still we love best what we with labour gain,
As the child 's dearer for the mother's pain.
The great I would not envy nor deride,
Nor stoop to swell a vain superior's pride,
Nor view an equal's hope with jealous eyes,
Nor crush the wretch beneath who wailing lies.
My sympathizing breast his grief can feel,
And my eye weep the wound I cannot heal.
Ne'er among friendships let me sow debate,
Nor by another's fall advance my fate;
Nor misuse wit against an absent friend:
Let me the virtues of a foe defend!
In wealth and want true minds preserve their weight;
Meek tho' exalted, tho' disgrac'd elate;
Gen'rous and grateful, wrong'd or help'd they live;
Grateful to serve, and gen'rous to forgive.

This may they learn who close thy life attend,
Which, dear in mem'ry, still instructs thy friend.
Tho' cruel distance bars my grosser eye,
My soul, clear sighted, draws thy virtue nigh;
Thro' her deep woe that quick'ning comfort gleams,
And lights up fortitude with friendship's beams.

VERSES TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY,

Expecting him to correct it.

I.

As the soul, stripp'd of mortal clay,
Grows all divinely fair,
And boundless roves the Milky Way,
And views sweet prospects there;

II.

This hero, clogg'd with drossy lines,
By thee new vigour tries;
As thy correcting hand refines,
Bright scenes around him rise.

III.

Thy touch brings the wish'd stone to pass
So sought, so long foretold;
It turns polluted lead or brass
At once to purest gold.

THE FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

O my lov'd Hill! O thou by Heav'n design'd
To charm, to mend, and to adorn, mankind!
To thee my hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, tend,
Thou brother, father, nearer yet!—thou Friend!
If worldly friendships of cement divide
As int'rests vary, or as whims preside;
If leagues of Lux'ry borrow Friendship's light,
Or leagues subversive of all social right;
O say, my Hill! in what propitious sphere
Gain we the Friend, pure, knowing, and sincere?
'Tis where the worthy and the wise retire;
There Wealth may learn its use, may Love inspire;
There may young Worth the noblest end obtain,
In want may friends, in friends may knowledge gain,
In knowledge bliss; for wisdom virtue finds,
And brightens mortal to immortal minds.
Kind then my wrongs if love like your's succeed,
For you, like Virtue, are a friend indeed!
Oft' when you saw my youth wild error know,
Reproof, soft hinted, taught the blush to glow.
Young and unform'd, you first my genius rais'd,
Just fruit'd when faulty, and when mad'rate prais'd.
Me shunn'd, me ruin'd, such a Mother's rage!
You sung, till Pity wept o'er ev'ry page.

You call'd my lays and wrongs to early fame;
Yet, yet th' obdurate mother felt no shame.
Pierc'd as I was, your counsel soften'd care,
To ease turn'd anguish, and to hope despair.
The man who never wound afflictive feels,
He never felt the balmy worth that heals.
Welcome the wound when bless'd with such relief!
For deep is felt the Friend when felt in grief.
From you shall never, but with life, remove
Aspiring genius, condescending love.
When some with cold superior looks redress,
Relief seems insult, and confirms distress;
You! when you view the man with wrongs besieg'd,
While warm you act th' obliger seem the oblig'd.
All-winning, mild to each of lowly state;
To equals free; unservile to the great;
Greatness you honour, when by worth acquir'd;
Worth is by worth in ev'ry rank admir'd.
Greatness you scorn when titles insult speak;
Proud to vain Pride, to honour'd Meekness meek.
That worthless bliss which others court you fly;
That worthy woe they shun attracts your eye.
But shall the Muse resound alone your praise?
No—let the public Friend exalt her lays!
O trace that Friend with me!—he 's your's!—he 's mine!—
The world's—beneficent behold him shine!
Is wealth his sphere? If riches, like a tide,
From either India pour their golden pride;

Rich in good works, him others' wants employ;
He gives the widow's heart to sing for joy.
To orphans, pris'ners, shall his bounty flow,
The weeping family of Want and Woe.
Is knowledge his? Benevolently great,
In leisure active, and in care sedate;
What aid his little wealth perchance denies,
In each hard instance his advice supplies.
With modest truth he sets the wand'ring right,
And gives religion pure primeval light;
In love diffusive, as in light refin'd,
The lib'ral emblem of his Maker's mind.
Is pow'r his orb? He then, like pow'r divine,
On all, tho' with a varied ray, will shine.
Ere pow'r was his, the man he once carest
Meets the same faithful smile and mutual breast:
But asks his friend some dignity of state;
His friend, unequal to th' incumbent weight?
Asks it a stranger, one whom parts inspire
With all a people's welfare would require?
His choice admits no pause; his gift will prove
All private well absorb'd in public love.
He shields his country when for aid she calls;
Or, should she fall, with her he greatly falls:
But as proud Rome, with guilty conquest crown'd,
Spread slav'ry, death, and desolation, round,
Should e'er his country for dominion's prize
Against the sons of men a faction rise,

Glory in her's is in his eye diſgrace;
The Friend of truth, the Friend of human race.
Thus to no one, no ſect, no clime, confin'd,
His boundleſs love embraces all mankind;
And all their virtues in his life are known,
And all their joys and ſorrows are his own!
Theſe are the lights where ſtands that Friend confeſt;
This, this the ſpirit which informs thy breaſt.
Thro' Fortune's cloud thy genuine worth can ſhine;
What wouldſt thou not were wealth and greatneſs thine?

TO THE EXCELLENT MIRANDA,

CONSORT OF AARON HILL, ESQ.

On reading her Poems.

Each ſoft'ning chaſm of Clio's ſmiling ſong,
Montague's ſoul, which ſhines divinely ſtrong,
Theſe blend, with graceful eaſe, to form thy rhyme,
Tender yet chaſte, ſweet-ſounding yet ſublime.
Wiſdom and wit have made thy works their care,
Each paſſion glows refin'd by precept there.
To fair Miranda's form each Grace is kind;
The Muſes and the Virtues tune thy mind.

TO MRS. ELIZA HAYWOOD,

ON HER NOVEL CALLED

THE RASH RESOLVE.

Doom'd to a fate which damps the poet's flame,
A Muſe unfriended greets thy riſing name;
Unvers'd in envy's or in flatt'ry's phraſe,
Greatneſs ſhe flies, yet merit claims her praiſe;
Nor will ſhe at her withering wreath repine,
But ſmile, if Fame and Fortune cheriſh thine.

The Sciences in thy ſweet genius charm,
And with their ſtrength thy ſex's ſoftneſs arm.
In thy full figures painting's force we find;
As muſic fires, thy language lifts the mind:
Thy pow'r gives form, and touches into life
The paſſions imag'd in their bleeding ſtrife:
Contraſted ſtrokes true art and fancy ſhow,
And lights and ſhades indivisely mixture flow.
Hope attacks Fear, and Reaſon, Love's control,
Jealouſy wounds, and Friendſhip heals the ſoul:
Black Falſehood wears bright Gallantry's diſguiſe,
And the gilt cloud enchants the fair one's eyes.
Thy dames in grief and frailties lovely ſhine,
And when moſt mortal half appear divine;
If, when ſome godlike fav'rite paſſion ſways,
The willing heart too fatally obeys,

Great minds lament what cruel cenſure blames,
And ruin'd virtue gen'rous pity claims,
Eliza ſtill impaint Love's pow'rful queen!
Let love, ſoft love, exalt each ſwelling ſcene.
Arm'd with keen wit, in Fame's wide liſts advance;
Spain yields in fiction, in politeneſs France.
Such orient light as the firſt poets knew
Flames from thy thought, and brightens ev'ry view!
A ſtrong, a glorious, a luxuriant fire,
Which warms cold wiſdom into wild deſire!
Thy fable glows ſo rich thro' ev'ry page,
What moral's force can the fierce heat aſſwage?
And yet—but fay if ever doom'd to prove
The ſad, the dear, perplexities of love!
Where ſeeming tranſport ſoftens ev'ry pain,
Where fancy'd freedom waits the wilaning chain;
Varying from pangs to viſionary joys,
Sweet is the fate, and charms as it deſtroys!
Say then—if love to ſudden rage gives way,
Will the ſoft paſſion not reſume its ſway?
Charming and charm'd, can Love from Love retire?
Can a cold convent quench th' unwilling fire?
Precept, if human, may our thoughts refine;
More we admire, but cannot prove divine.

AN EPISTLE TO MRS. OLDFIELD,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

While to your charms unequal verse I raise,
Aw'd I admire and tremble as I praise;
Here Art and Genius new refinement need,
Lift'ning they gaze, and as they gaze accede!
Can Art or Genius, or their pow'rs combin'd,
But from corporeal organs sketch the mind?
When sound embody'd can with shape surprise,
The Muse may emulate your voice and eyes.

Mark, rival arts perfection's point pursue!
Each rivals each but to excel in you!
The bust and medal bear the meaning face,
And the proud statue aids the picture's grace;
Imag'd at length, the buny'd Heroine, known,
Still seems to wound, to smile or frown in stone!
As art would art, or metal stone surpass,
Her soul strikes, gleaming, thro' Corinthian brass!
Serene the saint in smiling silver shines,
And cherubs weep in guld o'er-painted shrines!
If long-lost forms from Raphael's pencil glow,
Wondrous in warmth the mimic colours flow;
Each look, each attitude, new grace displays;
Your voice and motion life and music raise.

Thus Cleopatra in your charms refines;
She lives, she speaks, with force improv'd she shines!

Fair, and more fair, you ev'ry grace tranſmit;
Love, learning, beauty, elegance, and wit.
Cæſar, the world's unrivall'd maſter, ſir'd,
In her imperial ſoul his own admir'd!
Philippi's victor wore her winning chain,
And felt not empire's loſs in Beauty's gain.
Could the pale heroes your bright influence know
Or catch the ſilver accents as they flow,
Drawn from dark reſt by your enchanting ſtrain,
Each ſhade were lur'd to life and love again.

Say, ſweet Inſpirer! were each annal known,
What living greatneſs ſhines there not your own!
If the griev'd Muſe by ſome lov'd empreſs roſe,
New ſtrength, new grace, it to your influence owes;
If Pow'r by war diſtinguiſh'd height reveals,
Your nobler pride the wounds of Fortune heals.
Then could an empire's cauſe demand your care,
The ſoul that juſtly thinks would greatly dare.

Long has feign'd Venus mock'd the Muſe's praiſe;
You dart, divine Ophelia! genuine rays.
Warm thro' thoſe eyes enliv'ning raptures roll,
Sweet thro' each ſtriking feature ſtreams your ſoul!
The ſoul's bright meanings heighten beauty's fires;
Your looks, your thoughts, your deeds, each grace inſpires!

Know, then, if rank'd with monarchs here you ſtand,
What Fate declines you from the Muſe demand;
Each grace that ſhone of old in each fam'd fair,
Or may in modern dames refinement wear;

Whate'er juſt, emulative, thoughts purſue,
Is all confirm'd, is all ador'd, in you!
If godlike boſoms pant for pow'r to bleſs,
If 't is a monarch's glory to redreſs;
In conſcious majeſty you ſhine ſerene,
In thought a heroine, and in act a queen.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

BESSY COUNTESS OF ROCHFORD,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS,

When with child.

As when the ſun walks forth in flaming gold,
Mean plants may ſmile, and humble flow'rs unfold,
The low-laid lark the diſtant ether wings,
And as ſhe ſoars her daring anthem ſings;
So when thy charms celeſtial views create,
My ſmiling ſong ſurmounts my gloomy fate;
Thy angel-embryo prompts my tow'ring lays,
Claims my fond wiſh, and fires my future praiſe:
May it, if male, its grandſire's image wear,
Or in its mother's charms confeſs the fair!
At the kind birth may each mild planet wait;
Soft be the pain, but prove the bleſſing great!
Hail, Rivers! hallow'd Shade! deſcend from reſt!
Deſcend, and ſmile to ſee thy Rochford bleſt:

Weep not the ſcenes thro' which my life muſt run,
Tho' Fate, fleet-footed, ſcents thy languid ſon.
The bar that, dark'ning, croſs'd my creſted claim,
Yields at her charms, and brightens in their flame:
That blood which, honour'd, in thy Rochford reigns,
In cold unwilling wand'rings trac'd my veins:
Want's wint'ry realm froze hard around my view,
And Scorn's keen blaſts a cutting anguiſh blew.
To ſuch ſad weight my gath'ring griefs were wrought,
Life ſeem'd not life but when convuls'd with thought!
Decreed beneath a mother's frown to pine,
Madneſs were eaſe to mis'ry form'd like mine!

Yet my Muſe waits thee thro' the realms of day,
Where lambent lightnings round thy temples play.
Sure my fierce woes will, like thoſe fires, refine,
Thus loſe their torture, and thus glorious ſhine!
And now the Muſe heav'n's milky path ſurveys,
With thee 'twixt peerleſs worlds it wond'ring ſtrays,
Worlds which, unnumber'd as thy virtues, roll
Round ſuns—fix'd, radiant emblems of thy ſoul!
Hence lights refracted run thro' diſtant ſkies,
Changeful on azure plains in quiv'ring dyes!
So thy mind darted thro' its earthy frame
A wide, a various, and a glitt'ring flame.

Now a new ſcene enormous luſtre brings,
Now ſeraphs ſhade thee round with ſilver wings;
In angel forms thou ſeeſt thy Rochford ſhine;
In each ſweet form is trac'd her beauteous line!

Such was her ſoul, ere this ſelected mould
Sprung at thy wiſh, the ſparkling life t' infold!
So amidſt cherubs ſhone her ſon refin'd,
Ere infant fleſh the new-form'd ſoul eaſhrin'd!
So ſhall a ſequent race from Rochford riſe,
The world's fair pride—deſcendents of the Skies.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY.

Polly! from me, tho' now a love-ſick youth,
Nay, tho' a poet, hear the voice of Truth.
Polly! you 're not a beauty, yet you 're pretty;
So grave yet gay, ſo filly yet ſo witty;
A heart of ſoftneſs, yet a tongue of ſatire;
You 'ave cruelty, yet ev'n with that good-nature:
Now you are free, and now reſerv'd a while;
Now a forc'd frown betrays a willing ſmile.
Reproach'd for abſence, yet your ſight deny'd;
My tongue you ſilence, yet my ſilence chide.
How would you praiſe me ſhould your ſex defame!
Yet, ſhould they praiſe, grow jealous, and exclaim.
If I deſpair, with ſome kind look you bleſs;
But if I hope, at once all hope ſuppreſs.
You ſcorn, yet ſhould my paſſion change or fail,
Too late you 'd whimper out a ſofter tale.
You love, yet from your lover's wiſh retire;
Doubt yet diſcern, deny and yet deſire.
Such, Polly! are your ſex—part truth part fiction;
Some thought, much whim, and all a contradiction.

EPISTLE TO DAMON AND DELIA.

HEAR, Damon! Delia! hear, in candid lays,
Truth without anger, without flatt'ry praiſe.
A bookiſh mind, with pedantry unfraught,
Oft' a ſedate yet never gloomy thought;
Prompt to rejoice when others pleaſure know,
And prompt to feel the pang for others' woe;
To ſoften faults to which a foe is prone,
And in a friend's perfection praiſe your own;
A will ſincere, unknown to ſelfiſh views,
A heart of love, of gallantry a Muſe;
A delicate yet not a jealous mind;
A paſſion ever fond yet never blind,
Glowing with am'rous yet with guiltleſs fires,
In ever-eager never groſs deſires;
A modeſt honour, ſacred to contain
From tattling vanity when ſmiles you gain;
Conſtant, moſt pleas'd when beauty moſt you pleaſe;
Damon! your picture's ſhown in tints like theſe.
Say, Delia! muſt I chide you or commend?
Say, muſt I be your flatt'rer or your friend?
To praiſe no graces in a rival fair,
Nor your own foibles in a ſiſter ſpare;
Each lover's billet bant'ring to reveal,
And never known one ſecret to conceal;
Young, fickle, fair, a levity inborn,
To treat all ſighing ſlaves with flippant ſcorn;

An eye expreſſive of a wand'ring mind,
Nor this to read nor that to think inclin'd;
Or when a book or thought from whim retards,
Intent on ſongs or novels, dreſs or cards;
Choice to ſelect the party of delight,
To kill time, thought, and fame, in frolic flight;
To flutter here, to flurry there, on wing;
To talk, to teaze, to ſimper, or to ſing;
To prude it, to coquette it—him to truſt
Whoſe vain looſe life ſhould caution or diſguſt;
Him to diſlike whoſe modeſt worth ſhould pleaſe;—
Say, is your picture ſhown in tints like theſe?
Your's!—you deny it—Hear the point then try'd,
Let Judgment, Truth, the Muſe, and Love, decide.
What! your's!—Nay, faireſt Trifler! frown not ſo:
Is it? the Muſe with doubt—Love anſwers No:
You ſmile—Is 't not? Again the queſtion try—
Yes Judgment thinks, and Truth will Yes reply.

TO MISS M—— H——,

SENT WITH MR. POPE'S WORKS.

See female vice and female folly here
Rally'd with wit polite or laſh'd ſevere:
Let Pope preſent ſuch objects to our view;
Such are, my Fair! the full reverſe of you.
Rapt when, to Loddon ſtream* from Windſor's ſhades
He ſings the modeſt charms of ſylvan maids,

* Alluding to the epiſode of Loddona in Windſor Foreſt.

Dear Burford's hills in Mem'ry's eye appear,
And Luddal's spring * still murmurs in my ear:
But when you cease to bless my longing eyes,
Dumb is the spring, the joyless prospect dies:
Come then, my Charmer! come; here transport reigns;
New health, new youth, inspirits all my veins.
Each hour let intercourse of hearts employ,
Thou life of loveliness! thou soul of joy!
Love wakes the birds—oh! hear each melting lay;
Love warms the world—come, Charmer! come away.
But hark!—immortal Pope resumes the lyre!
Diviner airs diviner flights inspire:
Hark where an angel's language tunes the line!
See where the thoughts and looks of angels shine!
Here he pour'd all the music of your tongue,
And all your looks and thoughts unconscious sung.

SENT TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

WITH THE WANDERER, A POEM.

Alluding to an Episode where a young man turns hermit for the loss of his wife Olympia.

When with delight fond Love on Beauty dwelt,
While this the youth and that the fair expreſt,
Faint was his joy compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Biddy's presence blest.

* A spring near Burford.

Tell her, my Muſe! in ſoft, ſad, ſighing, breath,
If ſhe his piercing grief can pitying ſee,
Worſe than to him was his Olympia's death
From her each moment's abſence is to me.

TO JOHN POWELL, ESQ.

BARRISTER AT LAW.

In me long abſent, long with anguiſh fraught,
In me, tho' ſilence long has deaden'd thought,
Yet mem'ry lives, and calls the Muſe's aid,
To ſnatch our friendſhip from oblivion's ſhade.
As ſoon the ſun ſhall ceaſe the world to warm,
As ſoon Llanneily's Fair * that world to charm,
As grateful ſenſe of goodneſs, true like thine,
Shall e'er deſert a breaſt ſo warm as mine.
When imag'd Cambria ſtrikes my mem'ry's eye,
(Cambria! my darling ſcene!) I, ſighing, cry
Where is my Powell? dear Aſſociate!—where?
To him I would unboſom ev'ry care;
To him who early felt from beauty pain,
Gall'd in a plighted faithleſs virgin's chain.
At length, from her ungen'rous fetters freed,
Again he loves! he woos! his hopes ſucceed!
But the gay bridegroom, ſtill by Fortune croſs,
Is, inſtant, in the weeping widower loſt.

* Mrs. Bridget Jones.

Her, his ſole joy! her from his boſom torn,
What feeling heart but learns, like his, to mourn?
Can Nature, then, ſuch ſudden ſhocks ſuſtain?
Nature thus ſtruck, all reaſon pleads in vain!
Tho' late, from reaſon yet he draws relief,
Dwells on her memory, but diſpels his grief.
Love, wealth, and fame, (tyrannic paſſions all!)
No more inflame him, and no more enthral.
He ſeeks no more in Rufus' Hall renown,
Nor envies Pelf the jargon of the gown;
But, pleas'd with competence, on rural plains
His wiſdom courts that eaſe his worth obtains.
Would private jars, which ſudden riſe, increaſe?
His candour ſmiles all diſcord into peace.
To party ſtorms is public weal reſign'd?
Each ſteady patriot virtue ſteers his mind.
Calm on the beach, while madd'ning billows rave,
He gains philoſophy from ev'ry wave;
Science from ev'ry object round he draws,
From various nature, and from Nature's laws.
He lives o'er ev'ry paſt hiſtoric age;
He calls forth ethics from the fabled page.
Him evangelic truth to thought excites,
And him by turns each claſſic Muſe delights.
With wit well-natur'd, wit, that would diſdain
A pleaſure riſing from another's pain;
Social to all, and moſt of bliſs poſſeſt;
When moſt he renders all around him bleſt;

To unread 'ſquires illiterately gay,
Among the learn'd as learned full as they;
With the polite all, all-accompliſh'd eaſe,
By Nature form'd without deceit to pleaſe.
Thus ſhines thy youth; and thus my friend, elate
In bleſs as well as worth, is truly great.
Me ſtill ſhould ruthleſs Fate, unjuſt, expoſe
Beneath thoſe clouds that rain unnumber'd woes;
Me to ſome nobler ſphere ſhould Fortune raiſe,
To wealth conſpicuous and to laurell'd praiſe;
Unaker'd yet be love and friendſhip mine;
I ſtill am Chloe's, and I ſtill am thine.

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From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Feb. 19. 1780.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

BELL'S EDITION.

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COMPLETE, FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

SAVAGE VOL. II.

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And failing sits, while Muses tune their Lyres

Wimbledon Sc. 1780

Hay Jay Kauffman del. Bartolozzi sculp.

London, Printed for John Bell, at the British Library, Strand, Sept. 25. 1780.

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Why were my studious hours oppos'd by need?
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Did I sooth vice, or venal strokes betray
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&c. &c. &c.

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To try the ſtill compar'd with active life;
To prove by theſe the ſons of men may owe
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TO THE RIGHT HON.

JOHN LORD VISC. TYRCONNEL,

BARON CHARLEVILLE, AND LD. BROWNLOWE, K. BATH.

MY LORD,

PART of this Poem had the honour of your Lordſhip's peruſal when in manuſcript, and it was no ſmall pride to me when it met with approbation from ſo diſtinguiſhing a judge: ſhould the reſt find the like indulgence, I ſhall have no occaſion (whatever its ſucceſs may be in the world) to repent the labour it has coſt me.—But my intention is not to purſue a diſcourſe on my own performance; no, my Lord, it is to embrace this opportunity of throwing out ſentiments that relate to your Lordſhip's goodneſs, the generoſity of which, give me leave to ſay, I have greatly experienced.

I offer it not as a new remark, that dependence on the great, in former times, generally terminated in diſappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called ſuch) was, in its very nature, ungenerous: it was perhaps withheld, through an indolent or wilful neglect, till thoſe who lingered in the want of it grew almoſt paſt the ſenſe of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, muſt have been acquired too by ſome previous act of guilt in the receiver, the conſequence of which was remorſe and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependence on your Lordſhip and the preſent Miniſtry is an aſſurance of ſucceſs. I am perſuaded diſtreſs, in many other inſtances, affects your ſoul with a compaſſion that always

ſhews itſelf in a manner moſt humane and active; that to forgive injuries and confer benefits is your delight; and that to deſerve your friendſhip is to deſerve the countenance of the beſt of men. To be admitted into the honour of your Lordſhip's converſation (permit me to ſpeak but juſtice) is to be elegantly introduced into the moſt inſtructive as well as entertaining parts of literature; it is to be furniſhed with the fineſt obſervations upon human nature, and to receive from the moſt unaſſuming, ſweet and winning candour, the worthieſt and moſt polite maxims—ſuch as are always enforced by the actions of your own life. I could alſo take notice of your many public-ſpirited ſervices to your country in parliament, and your conſtant attachment to Liberty and the royal illuſtrious houſe of our moſt gracious ſovereign; but, my Lord, believe me, your own deeds are the nobleſt and fitteſt orators to ſpeak your praiſe, and will elevate it far beyond the power of a much abler writer than I am.

I will therefore turn my view from your Lordſhip's virtues to the kind influence of them, which has been ſo lately ſhed upon me, and then, if my future morals and writings ſhall gain any approbation from men of parts and probity, I muſt acknowledge all to be the product of your Lordſhip's goodneſs to me. I muſt, in fine, ſay with Horace,

Quod ſpiro, et placeo, (ſi placeo) tuum eſt.

I am, with the higheſt gratitude and veneration,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful and devoted ſervant,

RICHARD SAVAGE.

MISCELLANIES.

THE WANDERER.

A VISION.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

Nulla mihi nova mi facies inopinave surgit. VIRG.

CANTO I.

FAIN would my verſe, Tyrconnel! boaſt thy name,
Brownlowe! at once my ſubject and my fame.
Oh! could that ſpirit which thy boſom warms,
Whoſe ſtrength ſurpriſes, and whoſe goodneſs charms;
That various worth! could that inſpire my lays,
Envy ſhould ſmile, and Cenſure learn to praiſe:
Yet, tho' unequal to a ſoul like thine,
A gen'rous ſoul, approaching to divine!
When bleſs'd beneath ſuch patronage I write,
Great my attempt, tho' hazardous my flight.
O'er ample Nature I extend my views;
Nature to rural ſcenes invites the Muſe:
She flies all public care, all venal ſtrife,
To try the ſtill compar'd with active life;

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I offer it not as a new remark, that dependence on the great, in former times, generally terminated in disappointment; nay, even their bounty (if it could be called such) was, in its very nature, ungenerous: it was perhaps withheld, through an indolent or wilful neglect, till those who lingered in the want of it grew almost past the sense of comfort. At length it came, too often, in a manner that half cancelled the obligation, and, perchance, must have been acquired too by some previous act of guilt in the receiver, the consequence of which was remorse and infamy.

But that I live, my Lord, is a proof that dependence on your Lordship and the present Ministry is an assurance of success. I am persuaded distress, in many other instances, affects your soul with a compassion that always

From nerve to nerve fierce flies th' exulting pain!—
And are we of this mighty fabric vain?
Now my blood chills! scarce thro' my veins it glides!
Sure on each blaſt a ſhiv'ring ague rides!
Warn'd, let me this bleak eminence forſake,
And to the vale a diff'rent winding take!
Half I deſcend; my ſpirits faſt decay;
A terrace now relieves my weary way.
Cloſe with this ſtage a precipice combines,
Whence ſtill the ſpacious country far declines:
The herds ſeem inſects in the diſtant glades,
And men diminiſh'd, as at noon their ſhades!
Thick on this top, o'ergrown, for walks are ſeen
Gray leafleſs wood, and winter-greens between!
The redd'ning berry deep-ting'd holly ſhows,
And matted miſſletoe the white beſtows!
Tho' loſt the banquet of autumnal fruits,
Tho' on broad oaks no vernal umbrage ſhoots,
Theſe boughs the ſilenc'd ſhiv'ring ſongſters ſeek,
Theſe foodful berries fill the hungry beak!
Beneath appears a place all outward bare,
Inward the dreary manſion of Deſpair!
The water of the mountain road, half-ſtray'd,
Breaks o'er it wild, and falls a brown caſcade.
Has Nature this rough naked piece deſign'd
To hold inhabitants of mortal kind?
She has. Approach'd, appears a deep deſcent,
Which opens in a rock a large extent;

And hark!—its hollow entrance reach'd, I hear
A trampling ſound of footſteps haſt'ning near!
A death-like chilneſs thwarts my panting breaſt:
Soft! the wiſh'd object ſtands at length confeſt!
Of youth his form!—but why with anguiſh bent?
Why pin'd with ſallow marks of diſcontent?
Yet Patience, lab'ring to beguile his care,
Seems to raiſe hope, and ſmiles away deſpair;
Compaſſion in his eye ſurveys my grief,
And in his voice invites me to relief.
"Preventive of thy call, behold my haſte,"
He ſays, "nor let warm thanks thy ſpirits waſte!
"All fear forget!—Each portal I poſſeſs
"Duty wide opens to receive diſtreſs."
Oblig'd I follow, by his guidance led,
The vaulted roof re-echoing to our tread!
And now, in ſquar'd diviſions, I ſurvey
Chambers ſequeſter'd from the glare of day;
Yet needful lights are taught to intervene
Thro' rifts, each forming a perſpective ſcene.
In front a parlour meets my ent'ring view,
Oppos'd a room to ſweet refection due:
Here my chill'd veins are warm'd by chippy fires,
Thro' the bor'd rock above the ſmoke expires:
Neat, o'er a homely board, a napkin 's ſpread,
Crown'd with a heapy caniſter of bread:
A maple cup is next diſpatch'd, to bring
The comfort of the ſalutary ſpring:

Nor mourn we absent blessings of the vine,
Here laughs a frugal bowl of rosy wine;
And savory cates, upon clear embers cast,
Lie hissing, till snatch'd off; a rich repast!
Soon leap my spirits with enliven'd pow'r,
And in gay converse glides the fearful hour.
The hermit thus: "Thou wonder'st at thy fare:
"On me yon' city, kind, bestows her care:
"Meat for keen famine, and the gen'rous juice
"That warms chill'd life, her charities produce.
"Accept without reward; unask'd 't was mine:
"Here what thy health requires as free be thine.
"Hence learn that God, (who, in the time of need,
"In frozen deserts can the raven feed)
"Well-fought, will delegate some pitying breast,
"His second means, to succour man distrest."
He paus'd; deep thought upon his aspect gloom'd;
Then he, with smile humane, his voice resum'd.
"I'm just inform'd, (and laugh me not to scorn)
"By one unseen by thee, thou 'rt English born.
"Of England I—To me the British state
"Rises, in dear memorial, ever great!
"Here stand we conscious—diffidence suspend!
"Free flow our words!—Did ne'er thy Muse extend
"To grots, where Contemplation smiles serene,
"Where angels visit, and where joys convene?
"To groves where more than mortal voices rise,
"Catch the rapt soul, and waft it to the skies?

" This cave—yon' walks—But, ere I more unfold,
" What artful ſcenes thy eyes ſhall here behold
" Think ſubjects of my toil: nor wond'ring gaze;
" What cannot Induſtry completely raiſe?
" Be the whole earth in one great landſcape found,
" By Induſtry is all with beauty crown'd!
" He, he alone, explores the mine for gain,
" Hues the hard rock, or harrows up the plain;
" He forms the ſword to ſmite; he ſheaths the ſteel;
" Draws health from herbs, and ſhews the balm to heal;
" Or with loom'd wool the native robe ſupplies,
" Or bids young plants in future foreſts riſe;
" Or fells the monarch oak, which, borne away,
" Shall, with new grace, the diſtant ocean ſway;
" Hence golden Commerce views her wealth increaſe,
" The bliſsful child of Liberty and Peace:
" He ſcoops the ſtubborn Alps, and, ſtill employ'd,
" Fills with ſoft fertile mould the ſteril void;
" Slop'd up white rocks ſmall yellow harveſts grow,
" And green on terrac'd ſtages vineyards blow!
" By him fall mountains to a level ſpace,
" An iſthmus ſinks, and ſunder'd ſeas embrace!
" He founds a city on the naked ſhore,
" And Deſolation ſtarves the tract no more:
" From the wild waves he won the Belgic land;
" Where wide they foam'd her towns and traffics ſtand;
" He clear'd, manur'd, enlarg'd, the furtive ground,
" And firms the conqueſt with his fenceful mound:

" Ev'n mid the wat'ry world his Venice roſe,
" Each fabric there as Pleaſure's ſeat he ſhows!
" There marts, ſports, councils, are for action ſought,
" Landſcapes for health, and ſolitude for thought.
" What wonder then I, by his potent aid,
" A manſion in a barren mountain made?
" Part thou haſt view'd—If further we explore,
" Let Induſtry deſerve applauſe the more.
" No frowning care yon' bleſs'd apartment ſees,
" There Sleep retires, and finds a couch of eaſe:
" Kind dreams, that fly remorſe, and pamper'd wealth,
" There ſhed the ſmiles of Innocence and Health.
" Mark!—here deſcends a grot, delightful ſeat!
" Which warms ev'n winter, tempers ſummer heat!
" See!—gurgling from a-top a ſpring diſtils!
" In mournful meaſures wind the dripping rills;
" Soft cooes of diſtant doves, receiv'd around,
" In ſoothing mixture ſwell the wat'ry ſound;
" And hence the ſtreamlets ſeek the terrace' ſhade,
" Within, without, alike to all convey'd.
" Paſs on—New ſcenes, by my creative pow'r,
" Invite Reflection's ſweet and ſolemn hour."
We enter'd where, in well-rang'd order, ſtood
Th' inſtructive volumes of the wiſe and good.
" Theſe friends," ſaid he, " tho' I depart mankind,
" Good angels never would permit behind.
" Each genius youth conceals or time diſplays
" I know; each work ſome ſeraph here conveys;

" Retirement thus preſents my ſearchful thought
" What Heav'n inſpir'd, and what the Muſe has
" What Young ſatiric and ſublime has writ, [taught;
" Whoſe life is virtue, and whoſe Muſe is wit.
" Rapt I foreſee thy Mallet's * early aim
" Shine in full worth, and ſhoot at length to fame:
" Sweet fancy's bloom in Fenton's lay appears,
" And the ripe judgment of inſtructive years:
" In Hill is all that gen'rous ſouls revere,
" To Virtue and the Muſe for ever dear:
" And, Thomſon! in this praiſe thy merit ſee;
" The tongue that praiſes merit praiſes thee."
" Theſe ſtorn," ſaid I, " the verſe-wright of their
" Vain of a labour'd, languid, uſeleſs, page; [age,
" To whoſe dim faculty the meaning ſong
" Is glaring or obſcure when clear and ſtrong;
" Who in cant phraſes gives a work diſgrace,
" His wit and oddneſs of his tone and face;
" Let the weak malice, nurs'd to an eſſay,
" In ſome low libel a mean heart diſplay;
" Thoſe who once prais'd, now undeceiv'd, deſpiſe,
" It lives contemn'd a day, then harmleſs dies.
" Or ſhould ſome nobler bard their worth unpraiſe,
" Deſerting morals that adorn his lays,
" Alas! too oft each ſcience ſhews the ſame,
" The great grow jealous of a greater name.
" Ye Bards! the frailty mourn, yet brave the ſhock;
" Has not a Stillingfleet oppos'd a Locke?

* He had then juſt written The Excurſion.

" Oh! ſtill proceed, with ſacred rapture fir'd;
" Unenvy'd had he liv'd if unadmir'd."
" Let Envy," he reply'd, " all ireful riſe,
" Envy purſues alone the brave and wiſe;
" Maro and Socrates inſpire her pain,
" And Pope, the monarch of the tuneful train!
" To whom be Nature's and Britannia's praiſe!
" All their bright honours ruſh into his lays!
" And all that glorious warmth his lays reveal,
" Which only poets, kings, and patriots, feel!
" Tho' gay as Mirth, as curious Thought ſedate,
" As Elegance polite, as Pow'r elate;
" Profound as Reaſon, and as Juſtice clear;
" Soft as Compaſſion, yet as Truth ſevere;
" As Bounty copious, as Perſuaſion ſweet,
" Like Nature various, and like Art complete;
" So fine her morals, ſo ſublime her views,
" His life is almoſt equall'd by his Muſe.
" O Pope!—ſince Envy is decreed by Fate,
" Since ſhe purſues alone the wiſe and great,
" In one ſmall emblematic landſcape ſee
" How vaſt a diſtance 'twixt thy foe and thee!
" Truth from an eminence ſurveys our ſcene;
" (A hill, where all is clear and all ſerene)
" Rude earth-bred ſtorms o'er meaner vallies blow,
" And wand'ring miſts roll, black'ning, far below;
" Dark and debas'd, like them, is Envy's aim,
" And clear and eminent, like Truth, thy fame."

Thus I. "From what dire cauſe can envy ſpring?
"Or why emboſom we a viper's ſting?
"'Tis Envy ſtings our darling paſſion pride."
"Alas!" the man of mighty ſoul reply'd,
"Why chuſe we mis'ries? Moſt derive their birth
"From one bad ſource—we dread ſuperior worth;
"Preferr'd, it ſeems a ſatire on our own;
"Then heedleſs to excel we meanly mean:
"Then we abſtract our views, and envy ſhow,
"Whence ſprings the mis'ry Pride is doom'd to know.
"Thus folly pain creates: by wiſdom's pow'r
"We ſhun the weight of many a reſtleſs hour—
"Lo! I meet wrong; perhaps the wrong I feel
"Tends, by the ſcheme of things, to public weal.
"I of the whole am part—the joy men ſee
"Muſt circulate, and ſo revolve to me.
"Why ſhould I then of private loſs complain?
"Of loſs that proves perchance a brother's gain?
"The wind that binds one bark within the bay
"May waft a richer freight its wiſh'd-for way.
"If rains redundant flood the abject ground,
"Mountains are but ſupply'd when vales are drown'd;
"If with ſoft moiſture ſwell'd the vale looks gay,
"The verdure of the mountain fades away.
"Shall clouds but at my welfare's call deſcend?
"Shall Gravity for me her laws ſuſpend?
"For me ſhall ſuns their noon-tide courſe forbear?
"Or motion not ſubſiſt to influence air?

" Let the means vary, be they froſt or flame,
" Thy end, O Nature! ſtill remains the ſame.
" Be this the motive of a wiſe man's care—
" To ſhun deſerving ills, and learn to bear."

CANTO II.

While thus a mind humane and wiſe he ſhows,
All eloquent of truth his language flows:
Youth, tho' depreſs'd, thro' all his form appears,
Thro' all his ſentiments the depth of years.
Thus he—" Yet farther induſtry behold,
" Which conſcious waits new wonders to unfold.
" Enter my chapel next—Lo! here begin
" The hallow'd rites that check the growth of ſin.
" When firſt we met, how ſoon you ſeem'd to know
" My boſom, lab'ring with the throbs of woe!
" Such racking throbs!—Soft! when I rouſe theſe
" On my chill'd mind pale Recollection glares! [cares,
" When moping Frenzy ſtrove my thoughts to ſway,
" Here prudent labours chas'd her pow'r away.
" Full, and rough-riſing from yon' ſculptur'd wall,
" Bold prophets nations to repentance call! [groan!
" Meek martyrs ſmile in flames! gor'd champions
" And muſe-like cherubs tune their harps in ſtone!
" Next ſhadow'd light a rounding force beſtows,
" Swells into life, and ſpeaking action grows!

" Here pleasing melancholy subjects find
" To calm, amuse, exalt, the pensive mind!
" This figure tender grief like mine implies,
" And semblant thoughts that earthly pomp despise.
" Such penitential Magdalene reveals;
" Loose-veil'd, in negligence of charms she kneels:
" Tho' dress, near stor'd, its vanity supplies,
" The vanity of dress unheeded lies:
" The sinful world in sorrowing eye she keeps,
" As o'er Jerusalem Messiah weeps;
" One hand her bosom smites, in one appears
" The lifted lawn that drinks her falling tears.
" Since, evil outweighs good, and sways mankind,
" True fortitude assumes the patient mind:
" Such prov'd Messiah's, tho' to suff'ring born,
" To penury, repulse, reproach, and scorn.
" Here, by the pontil, mark his flight design'd,
" The weary'd virgin by a stream reclin'd,
" Who feeds the child: her looks a charm express,
" A modest charm! that dignifies distress!
" Boughs o'er their heads with blushing fruits depend,
" Which angels to her hushed comfort bend:
" Hence by the smiling infant seems discern'd,
" Trifles, concerning Him, all heav'n concern'd.
" Here the transfigur'd Son from earth retires;
" See! the white form in a bright cloud aspires!
" Full on his followers bursts a flood of rays,
" Prostrate they fall beneath th' o'erwhelming blaze!

" Like noon-tide ſummer-ſuns the rays appear,
" Unſuff'rable, magnificent, and near!
" What ſcene of agony the garden brings!
" The cup of gall! the ſuppliant King of kings!
" The crown of thorns! the croſs, that felt him die!
" Theſe, laſſguid in the ſketch, unfiniſh'd lie.
" There, from the dead centurions ſee him riſe,
" See! but ſtruck down with horrible ſurpriſe!
" As the firſt glory ſeem'd a ſunrat noon,
" This caſts the ſilver ſplendour of the moon.
" Here peopled day th' aſcending God ſurveys!
" The glory varies as the myriads gaze!
" Now ſoften'd, like a ſun at diſtance ſeen,
" When thro' a cloud bright-glancing, yet ſerene!
" Now faſt-increaſing to the crowd amaz'd,
" Like ſome vaſt meteor high in ether rais'd!
" My labour yon' high-vaulted altar ſtains
" With dies that emulate ethereal plains:
" The convex glaſs, which in that op'ning glows,
" Mid circling rays a pictur'd Saviour ſhows!
" Bright it collects the beams, which, trembling all,
" Back from the God a ſhow'ry radiance fall:
" Lightning the ſcene beneath, a ſcene divine!
" Where ſaints, clouds, ſeraphs, intermingl'd ſhine!
" Here water-falls, that play melodious round,
" Like a ſweet organ, ſwell a lofty ſound;
" The ſolemn notes bid earthly paſſions fly,
" Lull all my cares, and lift my ſoul on high.

"This monumental marble—this I rear
"To one—Oh! ever mourn'd!—Oh! ever dear."
He ſtopp'd—pathetic ſighs the pauſe ſupply,
And the prompt tear ſtarts, quiv'ring, on his eye!
I look'd—two columns near the wall were ſeen,
An imag'd beauty ſtretch'd at length between.
Near the wept fair her harp Cecilia ſtrung,
Leaning from high a liſt'ning angel hung;
Friendſhip, whoſe figure at the feet remains,
A phœnix with irradiate creſt ſuſtains:
This grac'd one palm, while one extends t' impart
Two foreign hands that claſp a burning heart:
A pendent veil two hov'ring ſeraphs raiſe,
Which op'ning heav'n upon the roof diſplays;
And two, benevolent, leſs diſtant, hold
A vaſe, collective of perfumes uproll'd:
Theſe from the heart, by Friendſhip held, ariſe,
Odorous as incenſe gath'ring in the ſkies.
In the fond pelican is love expreſt,
Who opens to her young her tender breaſt.
Two mated turtles hov'ring hang in air,
One by a falcon ſtruck—in wild deſpair
The hermit cries—"So death, alas! deſtroys
"The tender conſort of my cares and joys!"
Again ſoft tears upon his eyelid hung,
Again check'd ſounds dy'd, flutt'ring, on his tongue.
Too well his pining inmoſt thought I know;
Too well ev'n ſilence tells the ſtory'd woe;

To his my ſighs, to his my tears, reply;
I ſtray o'er all the tomb a wat'ry eye.
Next on the wall her ſcenes of life I gaz'd,
The form back-leaning, by a globe half-rais'd;
Cherubs a proffer'd crown of glory ſhow,
Ey'd wiſtful by th' admiring fair below.
In action eloquent diſpos'd her hands,
One ſhows her breaſt, in rapture one expands!
This the fond hermit ſeiz'd—o'er all his ſoul
The ſoft, wild, wailing, am'rous, paſſion ſtole!
In ſtedfaſt gaze his eyes her aſpect keep,
Then turn away, a while dejected weep;
Then he reverts them; but reverts in vain,
Dimm'd with the ſwelling grief that ſtreams again.
" Where now is my philoſophy?" he cries,
" My joy, hope, reaſon, my Olympia dies!
" Why did I e'er that prime of bleſſings know?
" Was it, ye cruel Fates! t' imbitter woe?
" Why would your bolts not level firſt my head?
" Why muſt I live to weep Olympia dead?
" —Sir, I had once a wife! fair bloom'd her youth,
" Her form was beauty, and her ſoul was truth!
" Oh! ſhe was dear! how dear what words can ſay?
" She dies!—my heav'n at once is ſnatch'd away!
" Ah! what avails that by a father's care
" I roſe a wealthy and illuſtrious heir?
" That early in my youth I learn'd to prove
" Th' inſtructive, pleaſing, academic grove?

" That in the senate eloquence was mine?
" That valour gave me in the field to shine?
" That love show'r'd blessings too—far more than all
" High-rapt Ambition e'er could happy call?
" Ah! what are these, which ev'n the wise adore?
" Lost is my pride!—Olympia is no more!
" Had I, ye persecuting Pow'rs! been born
" The world's cold pity, or at best its scorn;
" Of wealth, of rank, of kindred warmth, bereft,
" To want, to shame, to ruthless censure left,
" Patience or pride to this relief supplies,
" But a lost wife!—there! there distraction lies!
" Now three sad years I yield me all to grief,
" And fly the hated comfort of relief:
" Tho' rich, great, young, I leave a pompous seat,
" (My brother's now) to seek some dark retreat;
" Mid cloister'd solitary tombs I stray,
" Despair and Horror lead the cheerless way!
" My sorrow grows to such a wild excess,
" Life, injur'd life! must wish the passion less.
" Olympia!—My Olympia 's lost! (I cry)
" Olympia's lost, the hollow vaults reply!
" Louder I make my lamentable moan,
" The swelling echoes learn like me to groan;
" The ghosts to scream, as thro' lone aisles they sweep,
" The shrines to shudder, and the saints to weep!
" Now grief and rage, by gath'ring sighs suppress'd,
" Swell my full heart, and heave my lab'ring breast;

" With ſtruggling ſtarts each vital ſtring they ſtrain,
" And ſtrike the tott'ring fabric of my brain:
" O'er my ſunk ſpirits frowns a vap'ry ſcene,
" Woe's dark retreat, the madding maze of Spleen!
" A deep damp gloom o'erſpreads the murky cell;
" Here pining thoughts and ſecret terrors dwell:
" Here learn the great mental wants to feign,
" Unpleaſing truths here mortify the vain;
" Here Learning, blinded firſt, and then beguil'd,
" Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!
" Here firſt Credulity on Reaſon won,
" And here falſe Zeal myſterious rants begun:
" Here Love impearls each moment with a tear,
" And Superſtition owes to Spleen her fear!
" Fantaſtic lightnings, thro' the dreary way,
" In ſwift ſhort ſignals flaſh the burſting day;
" Above, beneath, acroſs, around, they fly,
" A dire deception ſtrikes the mental eye!
" By the blue fires pale phantoms grin ſevere,
" Shrill fancy'd echoes wound th' affrighted ear,
" Air-baniſh'd ſpirits flag in fogs profound,
" And, all obſcene, ſhed baneful damps around;
" Now whiſpers, trembling in ſome feeble wind,
" Sigh out prophetic fears, and freeze the mind!
" Loud laughs the hag—the mocks complaint
" Unroofs the den, and lets in more than day: away,
" Swarms of wild fancies, wing'd in various flight,
" Seek emblematic ſhades and myſtic light:

" Some drive with rapid steeds the shining car,
" These nod from thrones; those thunder in the war;
" Till tir'd, they turn from the delusive show,
" Start from wild joy, and fix in stupid woe!
" Here the lone hour a blank of life displays,
" Till now bad thoughts a fiend more active raise;
" A fiend in evil moments ever nigh,
" Death in her hand, and frenzy in her eye!
" Her eye all red, and sunk—a robe she wore
" With life's calamities embroider'd o'er;
" A mirror in one hand collective shows,
" Vary'd and multiply'd, that group of woes:
" This endless foe to gen'rous toil and pain
" Lolls on a couch for ease, but lolls in vain;
" She muses o'er her woe-embroider'd vest,
" And self-abhorrence heightens in her breast.
" To shun her care the force of sleep she tries,
" Still wakes her mind, tho' slumbers doze her eyes:
" She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from place to place,
" With restless, thoughtful, interrupted, pace;
" Now eyes the sun, and curses ev'ry ray,
" Now the green ground, where colour fades away:
" Dim spectres dance: again her eye she rears;
" Then from the blood-shot ball wipes purpled tears;
" Then presses hard her brow, with mischief fraught,
" Her brow half bursts with agony of thought:"
" From me," she cries; " pale Wretch! thy comfort claim,
" Born of Despair, and Suicide my name!

" Why ſhould thy life a moment's pain endure? 217
" Here ev'ry object proffers grief a cure." [ſhoot;"
" She points where leaves of hemlock black'ning
" Fear not! pluck! eat," ſaid ſhe, " the ſovereign root?
" Then Death revers'd ſhall bear his ebon lance, 221
" Soft o'er thy ſight ſhall ſwim the ſhadowy trance;
" Or leap yon' rock, poſſeſs a wat'ry grave,
" And leave wild ſorrow to the wind and wave!
" Or mark—this poniard thus from mis'ry frees!"
" She wounds her breaſt—the guilty ſteel I ſeize. 226
" Straight where ſhe ſtruck a ſmoking ſpring of gore
" Wells from the wound, and floats the crimſon'd floor.
" She faints, ſhe fades!—calm thoughts the deed re-
" And now, unſtartling, fix the dire reſolve; [volve,
" Death drops his terrors, and, with charming wiles,
" Winning and kind, like my Olympia, ſmiles! 232
" He points the paſſage to the ſeats divine,
" Where poets, heroes, ſainted lovers, ſhine."
" I come, Olympia!—my rear'd arm extends; 235
" Half to my breaſt the threat'ning point deſcends;
" Straight thunder-rocks the land, new lightnings
play,
" When, lo! a voice reſounds"—" Ariſe! away!
" Away! not murmur at th' afflictive rod,
" Nor tempt the vengeance of an angry God! 240
" Fly'ſt thou from Providence for vain relief?
" Such ill-ſought eaſe ſhall draw avenging grief.
" Honour, the more obſtructed, ſtronger ſhines,
" And zeal by perſecution's rage refines.

" By woe the soul to daring action swells;
" By woe in paintless patience it excels;
" From patience prudent, dear, experience springs,
" And traces knowledge thro' the course of things.
" Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success,
" Renown—whate'er men covet and caress."
The vanish'd fiend thus sent a hollow voice,
" Would'st thou be happy? straight be death thy choice.
" How mean are those who passively complain,
" While active souls, more free, their fetters strain!
" Tho' knowledge thine, hope, fortitude, success,
" Renown—whate'er men covet and caress,
" On earth success must in its turn give way,
" And ev'n perfection introduce decay:
" Never the world of spirits thus—their rest
" Untouch'd, entire,—once happy, ever blest!"
Earnest the heav'nly voice responsive cries,
" Oh! listen not to subtilty unwise;
" Thy guardian saint, who mourns thy hapless fate,
" Heav'n grants to prop thy virtue ere too late.
" Know, if thou wilt thy dear-lov'd wife deplore,
" Olympia waits thee on a foreign shore,
" There in a cell thy last remains be spent;
" Away! deceive Despair, and find Content!"
" I heard, obey'd, nor more of Fate complain'd;
" Long seas I measur'd, and this mountain gain'd:
" Soon to a yawning rift Chance turn'd my way,
" A den it prov'd where a huge serpent lay;

" Flame-ey'd he lay:—he rages now for food,
" Meets my firſt glance, and meditates my blood.
" His bulk, in many a gather'd orb uproll'd,
" Rears ſpire on ſpire. His ſcales, bedropt with gold,
" Shine burniſh'd in the ſun. Such height they gain,
" They dart green luſtre on the diſtant main.
" Now wreath'd in dreadful ſlope, he ſtoops his creſt,
" Furious to fix on my unſhielded breaſt!
" Juſt as he ſprings my ſabre ſmites the foe;
" Headleſs he falls beneath th' unerring blow!
" Wrath yet remains, tho' ſtrength his fabric leaves,
" And the meant hiſs the gaſping mouth deceives,
" The length'ning trunk ſlow-looſens ev'ry fold,
" Lingers in life, then ſtretches ſtiff and cold.
" Juſt as th' invet'rate ſon of miſchief ends,
" Comes a white dove, and near the ſpot deſcends:
" I hail this omen; all bad paſſions ceaſe,
" Like the ſlain ſnake, and all within is peace.
" Next to religion this plain roof I raiſe,
" In duteous rites my hallow'd tapers blaze;
" I bid dne incenſe on my altars ſmoke,
" Then at this tomb my promis'd love invoke.
" She hears, ſhe comes!—My heart what raptures warm!
" All my Olympia ſparkles in the form!
" No pale, wan, livid, mark of death ſhe bears;
" Each roſeate look a quick'ning tranſport wears:
" A robe of light, high wrought, her ſhape inveſts,
" Upon'd the ſwelling beauty of her breaſts:

" Her auburn hair each flowing ring resumes,
" In her fair hand Love's branch of myrtle blooms:
" Silent a while each well-known charm I trace,
" Then thus," while nearer she avoids th' embrace,
" Thou dear deceit!—must I a shade pursue?
" Dazzled I gaze—thou swimm'st before my view!
" Dipp'd in ethereal dews, her hough divine
" Sprinkles my eyes, which, strengthen'd, bear the
" Still thus I urge, (for still the shadowy bliss shine:
" Shuns the warm grasp, nor yields the tender kiss,)
" Oh! fly not—fade not; listen to Love's call:
" She lives! no more I 'm man!—I 'm spirit all!
" Then let me snatch thee!—press thee!—take me
" Oh! close!—yet closer!—closer to my soul! (whole!
" Twice round her waist my eager arms entwin'd,
" And twice deceiv'd my frenzy clasp'd the wind!
" Then thus I rav'd—Behold thy husband kneel,
" And judge, O judge! what agonies I feel!
" Oh! be no longer, if unkind, thus fair;
" Take Horror's shape, and fright me to despair!
" Rather than thus, unpitying, see my moan,
" Far rather frown, and fix me here in stone!
" But mock not thus!"—" Alas! (the charmer said,
Smiling, and in her smile soft radiance play'd)
" Alas! no more eluded strength employ
" To clasp a shade!—what more is mortal joy?
" Man's bliss is, like his knowledge, but surmis'd;
" One ignorance, the other pain disguis'd!

" Thou wert (had all thy wish been still poſſeſt)
" Supremely curs'd from being greatly bleſt;
" For, oh! ſo fair, ſo dear, was I to thee,
" Thou hadſt forgot thy God to worſhip me;
" This he foreſaw, and ſnatch'd me to the tomb;
" Above I flouriſh in unfading bloom.
" Think me not loſt; for thee I Heav'n implore,
" Thy guardian angel, tho' a wife no more.
" I, when abſtracted from this world you ſeem,
" Hint the pure thought, and frame the heav'nly dream;
" Cloſe at thy ſide, when morning ſtreaks the air,
" In Muſic's voice I wake thy mind to pray'r.
" By me thy hymns, like pureſt incenſe, riſe,
" Fragrant with grace, and pleaſing to the Skies.
" And when that form ſhall from its clay refine,
" (That only bar betwixt my ſoul and thine)
" When thy lov'd ſpirit mounts to realms of light,
" Then ſhall Olympia aid thy earlieſt flight;
" Mingled we'll flame in raptures that aſpire
" Beyond all youth, all ſenſe, and all deſire."
" She ended: ſtill ſuch ſweetneſs dwells behind,
" Th' enchanting voice ſtill warbles in my mind:
" But, lo! th' unbody'd viſion fleets away—
" —Stay, my Olympia—I conjure thee, ſtay!
" Yet ſtay—for thee my mem'ry learns to ſmart;
" Sure ev'ry vein contains a bleeding heart!
" Sooner ſhall ſplendour leave the blaze of day
" Than love ſo pure, ſo vaſt, as mine, decay:

" From the ſame heav'nly ſource its luſtre came,
" And glows immortal with congenial flame.
" Ah!—let me not with fires neglected burn;
" Sweet miſtreſs of my ſoul! return, return.
" Alas!—ſhe 's fled—I traverſe now the place
" Where my enamour'd thoughts her footſteps trace:
" Now o'er the tomb I bend my drooping head,
" There tears the eloquence of ſorrow ſhed;
" Sighs choke my words, unable to expreſs
" The pangs, the throbs, of ſpeechleſs tenderneſs.
" Not with more ardent, more tranſparent, flame
" Call dying ſaints on their Creator's name
" Than I on her's;—but thro' yon' yielding door
" Glides a new phantom o'er th' illumin'd floor:
" The roof ſwift kindles from the beaming ground,
" And floods of living luſtre flame around:
" In all the majeſty of light array'd,
" Awful it ſhines!—'t is Cato's honour'd ſhade!
" As I the heav'nly viſitant purſue,
" Sublimer glory opens to my view.
" He ſpeaks—But, oh! what words ſhall dare repeat
" His thoughts!—they leave me fir'd with patriot heat!
" More than poetic raptures now I feel,
" And own that godlike paſſion public zeal!
" But from my frailty it receives a ſtain,
" I grow, unlike my great inſpirer, vain;
" And burn, once more, the buſy world to know,
" And would in ſcenes of action foremoſt glow;

" Where proud Ambition points her dazzling rays,
" Where coronets and crowns attractive blaze,
" When my Olympia leaves the realms above,
" And lures me back to solitary love.
" She tells me truth, prefers an humble state,
" That genuine greatness shuns the being great;
" That mean are those who false-term'd honour prize,
" Whose fabrics from their country's ruin rise;
" Who look the traitor, like the patriot, fair,
" Who to enjoy the vineyard wrong the heir,
" I hear!—thro' all my veins new transports roll;
" I gaze!—warm love comes rushing on my soul:
" Ravish'd I gaze!—again her charms decay;
" Again my manhood to my grief gives way!
" Cato returns—Zeal takes her course to reign!
" But zeal is in ambition lost again!
" I 'm now the slave of fondness!—now of pride!
" —By turns they conquer, and by turns subside!
" These balanc'd each by each, the golden mean
" Betwixt them found gives happiness serene;
" This I 'll enjoy!"—He ended!—I reply'd,
" O Hermit! thou art worth severely try'd!
" But had not innate grief produc'd thy woes,
" Men, barb'rous men! had prey'd on thy repose.
" When seeking joy we seldom sorrow miss,
" And often mis'ry points the path to bliss.
" The soil most worthy of the thrifty swain
" Is wounded thus ere trusted with the grain;

" The ſtruggling grain muſt work obſcure its way
" Ere the firſt green ſprings upward to the day;
" Upſprung, ſuch weedlike coarſeneſs it betrays
" Flocks on th' abandon'd blade permiſſive graze,
" Then ſhoots the wealth, from imperfection clear,
" And thus a grateful harveſt crowns the year."

CANTO III.

THUS free our ſocial time from morning flows
Till riſing ſhades attempt the day to cloſe.
Thus my new friend: " Behold the light's decay;
" Back to yon' city let me point thy way.
" South-weſt, behind yon' hill, the ſloping ſun
" To ocean's verge his fluent courſe has run;
" His parting eyes a wat'ry radiance ſhed,
" Glance thro' the vale, and tip the mountain's head,
" To which oppos'd the ſhadowy gulfs below,
" Beauteous, reflect the party-colour'd ſnow.
" Now dance the ſtars where Veſper leads the way,
" Yet all ſaint glimm'ring with remains of day;
" Orient the queen of Night emits her dawn,
" And throws, unſeen, her mantle o'er the lawn:
" Up the blue ſteep her crimſon orb now ſhines,
" Now on the mountain top her arm reclines,
" In a red creſcent ſeen: her zone now gleams,
" Like Venus, quiv'ring in reflecting ſtreams:

" Yet cold! sing, yet round burning up the air,
" From the white cliff her feet flow-rifing glare!
" See! flames condens'd now vary her attire,
" Her face a broad circumference of fire:
" Dark fire seen kindled in nocturnal blaze;
" Thro' ranks of pines her broken lustre plays;
" Here glares, there brown-projecting shade bestows,
" And, glitt'ring, sports upon the spangled snows.
" Now silver turn her beams!—yon' den they gain;
" The big rouz'd lion shakes his brindled mane.
" Fierce, fleet, gaunt monsters, all prepar'd for gore,
" Rend woods, vales, rocks, with wide-refounding roar.
" O dire prefage!—But fear not thou, my Friend!
" Our steps the guardians of the just attend.
" Homeward I'll wait thee on.—And now survey
" How men and spirits chase the night away!
" Yon' nymphs and swains am'rous mirth advance;
" To breathing music move the circling dance:
" Here the bold youth in deeds adventurous glow,
" Skimming in rapid sleds the crackling snow.
" Not when Tydides won the funeral race,
" Shot his light car along in swifter pace.
" Here the glaz'd way with iron feet they dare,
" And glide, well-pois'd, like Mercuries in air.
" There crowds, with stable tread and levell'd eye,
" Lift and dismiss the quoits that whirling fly.
" With force superior, not with skill so true,
" The pond'rous disk from Grecian sinews flew.

"Where neighb'ring hills some cloudy sheet sustain,
"Freez'd o'er the nether vale a pensile plain;
"Cross the roof'd hollow roll the massy round,
"The crack'd ice rattles, and the rocks resound!
"Censures, disputes, and laughs, alternate rise,
"And deaf'ning clangour thunders up the skies."
Thus, amid crowded images, serene,
From hour to hour we pass'd from scene to scene:
Fast wore the night: full long we pac'd our way;
Vain steps! the city yet far distant lay:
While thus the Hermit, ere my wonder spoke,
Methought, with new amusement, silence broke.
"Yon' amber-hu'd cascade, which fleecy flies
"Thro' rocks, and strays along the trackless skies,
"To frolic faicies marks the mazy ring;
"Forth to the dance from little cells they spring,
"Measur'd to pipe or harp—and next they stand,
"Marshall'd beneath the moon, a radiant band!
"In frost-work now delight the sportive kind,
"Now court wild fancy in the whistling wind.
"Hark! the funereal bell's deep-sounding toll,
"To bliss, from mis'ry, calls some righteous soul!
"Just freed from life, life swift-ascending fire,
"Glorious it mounts, and gleams from yonder spire!
"Light claps its wings!—it views, with pitying sight,
"The friendly mourner pay the pious rite;
"The plume high wrought, that black'ning nods in air,
"The slow-pac'd weeping pomp, the solemn prayer,

" The decent tomb, the verse that Sorrow gives,
" Where to remembrance sweet fair Virtue lives.
" Now to mid-heav'n the whiten'd moon inclines,
" And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines,
" With noiseless gloom the plains are delag'd o'er;
" See!—from the north what dreaming meteors pour!
" Beneath Bootes springs the radiant train,
" And quiver thro' the axle of his wain.
" O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
" Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
" Cross ether swift glance the vivid fires!
" As swift again each pointed flame retires!
" In Fancy's eye encount'ring armies glare,
" And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air!
" Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
" A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state.
" Thus comets, dreadful visitants! arise
" To them wild omens! science to the wise!
" These mark the comet to the sun incline,
" While deep-red flames around its centre shine!
" While its fierce rear a winding trail displays,
" And lights all ether with the sweepy blaze!
" Or when, compell'd, it flies the torrid zone,
" And shoots by worlds unnumber'd and unknown,
" By worlds, whose people, all aghast with fear,
" May view that minister of vengeance near!
" Till now, the transient glow, remote and lost,
" Decays, and darkens 'mid involving frost!

"Or when it, sun-ward, drinks rich beams again,
"And burns imperious on th' ethereal plain,
"The learn'd one curious eyes it from afar,
"Sparkling thro' night a new illustrious star!"
The moon, descending, saw us now pursue
The various talk—the city near in view.
"Here from still life," he cries, "avert thy sight,
"And mark what deeds adorn or shame the night;
"But, heedful, each immodest prospect fly,
"Where Decency forbids Inquiry's eye:
"Man were not man without love's wanton fire,
"But reason's glory is to quell desire.
"What are thy fruits, O Lust! short blessings, bought
"With long remorse, the seed of bitter thought;
"Perhaps some babe to dire diseases born,
"Doom'd for another's crimes thro' life to mourn,
"Or murder'd to preserve a mother's fame,
"Or cast obscure, the child of want and shame!
"False pride! what riots on our conduct steal,
"From the world's eye one frailty to conceal!
"Ye cruel Mothers!—Soft! those words command;
"So near shall Cruelty and Mother stand?
"Can the dove's bosom snaky venom draw?
"Can it soot sharpen like the vulture's claw?
"Can the fond goat, to render fleecy dam,
"Howl like the wolf, to tear the kid or lamb?
"Yes, there are Mothers!—There I fear'd his aim,
And, conscious, trembled at the coming name;

Then, with a ſigh, his iſſuing words oppos'd;
Straight with a falling tear the ſpeech he cloſ'd.
That tenderneſs which ties of blood deny
Nature repaid me from a ſtranger's eye.
Pale grew my cheeks!—But now to gen'ral views
Our converſe turns, which thus my friend renews.
" Yon' manſion, made by beaming tapers gay,
" Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day;
" From lumin'd windows glancing on the eye,
" Around, athwart, the friſking ſhadows fly:
" There midnight riot ſpreads illuſive joys,
" And fortune, health, and dearer time, deſtroys;
" Soon Death's dark agent to luxuriant Eaſe
" Shall wake ſharp warnings in ſome fierce diſeaſe.
" O Man! thy fabric 's like a well-form'd ſtate;
" Thy thoughts, firſt-rank'd, were ſure deſign'd the great;
" Paſſions plebeians are, which faction raiſe;
" Wine, like pour'd oil, excites the raging blaze;
" Then giddy Anarchy's rude triumphs riſe;
" Then ſov'reign Reaſon from her empire flies:
" That ruler once depos'd, Wiſdom and Wit
" To Noiſe and Folly, Place and Pow'r, ſubmit;
" Like a frail bark thy weaken'd mind is toſt,
" Unſteer'd, unbalanc'd, till its wealth is loſt.
The miſer-ſpirit eyes the ſpendthrift heir,
" And mourns, too late, effects of ſordid care;
" His treaſures fly to cloy each fawning ſlave,
" Yet grudge a ſtone to dignify his grave!

" For this low-thoughted craft his life employ'd;
" For this, tho' wealthy, he no wealth enjoy'd;
" For this he grip'd the poor, and alms deny'd,
" Unfriended liv'd, and unlamented dy'd; [store
" Yet smile, griev'd Shade! when that unprosp'rous
" Fast lessens when gay hours return no more;
" Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
" Men once oblig'd, like him, ungrateful all!
" Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
" And prove his only wise, unfast'ring, friend.
" Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
" While plotting Mischief keeps reserv'd her court.
" Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
" Stream flames voluminous enwrapp'd with smoke!
" In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tow'r,
" Lean on its brow, and, like destruction, low'r!
" From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
" Each bold bad spectre claps her sounding wings:
" And straight beneath a summon'd trait'rous band,
" On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
" From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
" Glides thro' the roof, and o'er the council glows:
" The villains, close beneath th' infection pent,
" Feel, all possess'd, their rising galls ferment,
" And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
" For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
" But Justice marks their ways; she waves in air
" The sword high-threat'ning, like a comet's glare.

"While here dark Villany herself deceives,
"There studious Honesty our view relieves.
"A feeble taper, from yon' lonesome room,
"Scatt'ring thin rays, just glimmers thro' the gloom:
"There sits the sapient Bard in musiful mood,
"And glows impassion'd for his country's good;
"All the bright spirits of the just, combin'd,
"Inform, refine, and prompt his towring mind!
"He takes the gifted quill from hands divine,
"Around his temples rays refulgent shine!
"Now rapt, now more than man!—I see him climb,
"To view this speck of earth from worlds sublime!
"I see him now o'er Nature's works preside!
"How clear the Vision! and the scene how wide!
"Let some a name by adulation raise,
"Or scandal, meaner than a venal praise,
"My Muse," he cries, "a nobler prospect view!
"Thro' Fancy's wilds some moral's point pursue,
"From dark deception clear-drawn truth display,
"As from black Chaos rose resplendent day;
"Awake Compassion, and bid Terror rise;
"Bid humble sorrows strike superior eyes;
"So pamper'd Pow'r, unconscious of distress,
"May see, be mov'd, and, being mov'd, redress.
"Ye Traitors! Tyrants! fear his stinging lay;
"Ye Pow'rs unlov'd, unpity'd in decay!
"But know, to you sweet-blossom'd Fame he brings,
"Ye Heroes, Patriots, and paternal Kings!

"O Thou! who form'd, who rais'd the poet's art,
"(Voice of thy will!) unerring force impart;
"If wailing Worth can gen'rous warmth excite,
"If verse can gild instruction with delight,
"Inspire his honest Muse with orient flame,
"To rise, to dare, to reach the noblest aim!
"But, O my Friend! mysterious is our fate;
"How mean his fortune, tho' his mind elate!
"Æneas-like he passes thro' the crowd,
"Unsought, unseen, beneath misfortune's cloud!
"Or seen with slight regard; unprais'd his name;
"His after-honour, and our after-shame.
"The doom'd defect to Av'rice stands confest;
"Her eyes averted are, and steel'd her breast:
"Envy asquint the future wonder eyes;
"Bold Insult, pointing, hoots him as he flies;
"While coward Censure, skill'd in darker ways,
"Hints sure detraction in dissembled praise!
"Hunger, thirst, nakedness, there grievous fall!
"Unjust derision too!—that tongue of gall!
"Slow comes Relief, with no mild charms endu'd,
"Usher'd by Pride, and by Reproach pursu'd;
"Forc'd Pity meets him with a cold respect,
"Unkind as Scorn, ungen'rous as Neglect.
"Yet, suff'ring Worth! thy fortitude will shine;
"Thy foes are Virtue's, and her friends are thine!
"Patience is thine, and peace thy days shall crown,
"Thy treasure prudence, and thy claim renown;

"Myriads unborn shall mourn thy hapless fate,
"And myriads grow by thy example great! [sound,
"Hark! from the watch-tow'r roll the trumpet's
"Sweet thro' still night proclaiming safety round!
"Yon' shade illustrious quits the realms of rest,
"To aid some orphan of its race distrest,
"Safe winds him thro' the subterraneous way,
"That mines yon' mansion, grown with ruin gray,
"And marks the wealth you suspected ground,
"Where, green with rush, long-bury'd coins abound.
"This plaintive ghost, from earth when newly fled,
"Saw those the living trusted wrong the dead;
"He saw, by fraud abus'd, the lifeless hand
"Sign the false deed that alienates his land;
"Heard on his fame injurious censure thrown,
"And mourn'd the beggar'd orphan's bitter groan;
"Commission'd now the falsehood he reveals,
"To justice soon th' enabled heir appeals;
"Soon by this wealth are costly pleas maintain'd,
"And by discover'd truth lost right regain'd.
"But why, (may some inquire) why kind success,
"Since mystic Heav'n gives mis'ry oft' to bless?
"Tho' mis'ry leads to happiness and truth,
"Unequal to the load, this languid youth,
"Unstrengthen'd virtue scarce his bosom fir'd,
"And fearful from his growing wants retir'd.
"Oh! let none censure, (if untry'd by grief,
"If, amidst woe, untempted by relief)

" He stoop'd reluctant to low arts of shame;
" Which then, ev'n then he scorn'd, and blush'd to
" Heav'n sees and makes th' imperfect Worth its care,
" And cheers the trembling heart unform'd to bear.
" Now rising fortune elevates his mind,
" He shines unclouded, and adorns mankind.
" So in some engine that denies a vent
" If unrespiring in some creature pent,
" It sickens, droops, and pants, and gasps for breath,
" Sad o'er the sight with shadowy mists of death;
" If then kind air pours powerful in again,
" New heats, new pulses, quicken ev'ry vein;
" From the clear'd, lifted, life-rekindled, eye
" Dispers'd, the dark and dampy vapours fly.
" From trembling tombs the ghosts of greatness rise,
" And o'er their bodies hang with wistful eyes,
" Or discontented stalk, and mix their howls
" With howling wolves, their screams with screaking owls.
" The interval 'twixt night and morn is nigh flown.
" Winter more nitrous chills the shadow'd sky;
" Spring with soft heats no more give borders green,
" Nor smoking breathe along the whiten'd scene;
" While steamy currents, sweet in prospect, charm
" Like veins blue-winding on a fair one's arm.
" Now Sleep to Fancy parts with half his power,
" And broken slumbers drag the restless hour:
" The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
" And in dire dreams the conscious murd'rer fears;

"Shews the yet-spouting wound, th' enfanguin'd floor,
"The walls yet smoking with the spatter'd gore;
"Or shricks to dozing Justice, and reveals
"The deed which fraudful Art from Day conceals;
"The delve obscene, where no suspicion pries,
"Wherb the disfigur'd corse unshrouded lies;
"The sure, the striking proof, so strong maintain'd,
"Pale Guilt starts self-convicted when arraign'd.
"These spirits Treason of its pow'r divest,
"And turn the peril from the patriot's breast:
"Those solemn thought inspire, or bright descend
"To snatch in Vision sweet the dying friend.
"But we deceive the gloom; the matin bell
"Summons to pray'r!—Now breaks th' enchanter's spell!
"And now—But yon' fair spirit's form survey!
"'Tis she!—Olympia beckons me away!
"I haste!—I fly!—Adieu!—and when you see
"The youth who bleeds with fondness, think on me:
"Tell him my Tale, and be his pain carest;
"By love I tortur'd was, by love I'm blest.
"When worshipp'd woman we entranc'd behold,
"We praise the Maker in his fairest mould;
"The pride of nature, harmony combin'd,
"And light immortal to the soul refin'd!
"Deprived of charming woman! soon we miss
"The prize of friendship and the life of bliss!
"Still thro' the shades Olympia dawning breaks!
"What bloom, what brightness, lustres o'er her cheeks!

"Again she calls—I dare no longer stay!
"A kind farewell—Olympia! I obey."
He turn'd, nor longer in my sight remain'd;
The mountain he, I, fase, the city gain'd.

CANTO IV.

Still o'er my mind wild Fancy holds her sway,
Still on strange visionary land I stray:
Now scenes crowd thick, now indistinct appear,
Swift glide the months, and turn the varying year.
Near the Bull's horn light's rising monarch draws;
Now on its back the Pleiades he thaws;
From vernal heat pale Winter fore'd to fly,
Northward retires, yet turns a wat'ry eye,
Then with an agaish breath nips infant blooms,
Deprives unfolding spring of rich perfumes,
Shakes the slow-circling blood of human race,
And in sharp livid looks contracts the face;
Now o'er Norwegian hills he strides away,
Such slipp'ry paths Ambition's steps betray:
Turning, with sighs, far spiral fits he sees,
Which bow obedient to the southern breeze;
Now from yon Zembian rock his crest he shrouds,
Like Fame's, obscur'd amid the whit'ning clouds,
Thence his lost empire is with tears deplor'd;
Such tyrants fled o'er Liberty restor'd:

Beneath his eye (that throws malignant light
Ten times the measur'd round of mortal sight)
A waste pale glimm'ring, like a moon that wanes,
A wild expanse of frozen sea contains:
It cracks!—vast floating mountains beat the shore!
Far off he hears those icy ruins roar,
And from the hideous crash distracted flies,
Like one who feels his dying infant's cries.
Near, and more near, the rushing torrents sound,
And one great rift runs thro' the vast profound
Swift as a shooting meteor, groaning loud,
Like deep-roll'd thunder thro' a rending cloud.
The late dark pole now feels unsetting day:
In hurricanes of wrath he whirls his way.
O'er many a polar Alp to Frost he goes;
O'er crackling vales, embrown'd with melting snows;
Here bears flak tenants of the barren space,
Few men, unsocial these—a barb'rous race!
At length the cave appears, the race is run:
Now he recounts vast conquests lost and won,
And tale-ful in th' embrace of Frost remains,
Barr'd from our climes, and bound in icy chains.

Mean-while the sun his beams on Cancer throws,
Which now beneath his warmest influence glows:
From glowing Cancer fall'n, the king of Day
Red thro' the kindling Lion shoots his ray:
The tawny harvest pays the earlier plough,
And mellowing fruitage loads the bending bough.

'Tis day-spring. Now green lab'rinths I frequent,
Where Wisdom oft retires to meet Content.
The mounting lark her warbling anthem lends;
From note to note the ravish'd soul ascends;
As thus it would the Patriarch's ladder climb,
By some good angel led to worlds sublime:
Oft' (legends say) the snake, with waken'd ire,
Like Envy, rears in many a scaly spire;
Then songsters droop, then yield their vital gore,
And innocence and music are no more.
Mild rides the Morn, in orient beauty drest,
An azure mantle and a purple vest,
Which, blown by gales, her gemmy seet display,
Her amber tresses negligently gay:
Collected, now her rosy hand they fill,
And, gently wrung, the pearly dews distil:
The songful Zephyrs, and the laughing Hours,
Breathe sweet, and strew her op'ning way with flow'rs.
The chatt'ring swallows leave their nested care,
Each promising return with plenteous fare:
So the fond swain, who to the market hies,
Stills with big hopes his infant's tender cries.
Yonder two turtles o'er their callow brood
Hang hov'ring ere they seek their guiltless food;
Fondly they bill: now to their morning care,
Like our first Parents, part the am'rous pair;
But, ah!—a pair no more!—With spreading wings
From the high-sounding cliff a vulture springs;

Steady he sails along th' aerial gray,
Swoops down, and bears yon' tim'rous dove away.
Start we who, worse than vultures, Nimrods find,
Men meditating prey on human kind!
Wild beasts to gloomy dens repace their way,
Where their couch'd young demand the slaughter'd prey.
Rooks from their nodding nests black-swarming fly,
And in hoarse uproar tell the fowler nigh.
Now, in his tabernacle roux'd, the Sun
Is warn'd the blue ethereal steep to run;
While on his couch of floating jasper laid,
From his bright eye Sleep calls the dewy shade.
The crystal dome transparent pillars raise,
Whence, beam'd from sapphires, living azure plays;
The liquid floor, inwrought with pearls divine,
Where all his labours in Mosaic shine;
His coronet a cloud of silver white,
His robe with unconsuming crimson bright,
Vary'd with gems, all heav'n's collected store!
While his loose locks descend, a golden show'r.
If to his steps compar'd we tardy find
The Grecian racers who outstripp'd the wind,
Fleet to the glowing race behold him start!
His quick'ning eyes a quivering radiance dart,
And, while this last nocturnal flag is furl'd,
Swift into life and motion look the world.

The sun-flow'r now averts her blooming cheek
From west, to view his eastern lustre break.
What gay creative pow'r his presence brings!
Hills, lawns, lakes, villages—the face of things;
All night beneath successive shadows miss'd
Instant begins in colours to exist!
But absent these from sons of Riot keep,
Lost in impure unmeditating sleep.
T' unlock his fence the new-ris'n swain prepares,
And ere forth-driv'n recounts his fleecy cares;
When, lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey, and fierce invades the fold,
But by the pastor not in vain defy'd,
Like our arch foe by some celestial guide.
Spread on yon' rock the sea-calf I survey,
Bask'd in the sun his skin reflects the day;
He sees yon' tow'r-like ship the waves divide,
And slips again beneath the glassy tide.
The wat'ry herbs, and shrubs, and vines, and flow'rs,
Rear their bentheads, o'ercharg'd with nightly show'rs.
Hail, glorious Sun! to whose attractive fires
The weaken'd vegetative life aspires;
The juices wrought by thy directive force
Thro' plants and trees perform their genial course,
Extend in root, with back unyielding bind
The hearted trunk, or weave the branching rind;
Expand in leaves, in flow'ry blossoms shoot,
Bleed in rich gums, and swell in ripen'd fruit.

From thee, bright universal Pow'r! began
Instinct in brute, and gen'rous love in man.
Talk'd I of love?—Yon' swain, with am'rous air,
Soft swells his pipe to charm the rural fair.
She milks the flocks, then, list'ning to the plays,
Steals in the running brook a conscious gaze.
The trout, that deep in wint'ry caves remains,
Upsprings, and sunward turns its crimson stains.
The tenants of the warren, vainly chas'd,
Now lur'd to ambient fields for green repast,
Seek their small vaulted labyrinths in vain,
Entangling nets betray the skipping train;
Red massacres thro' their republic fly,
And heaps on heaps by ruthless spaniels die.
The fisher, who the lonely beech has stray'd,
And all the live-long night his net-work spread,
Drags in, and bears the loaded share away,
Where flounce, deceiv'd, th' expiring finny prey.
Near Neptune's temple, (Neptune's now no more)
Whose statue plants a trident on the shore,
In sportive rings the gen'rous dolphins wind,
And eye, and think the image human kind:
Dear, pleasant friendship!—See! the pile commands
The vale, and grim as Superstition stands!
Time's hand there leaves its print of mossy green,
With hollows carv'd for snakes and birds obscene.
O Gibbs! whose art the solemn fane can raise,
Where God delights to dwell and man to praise,

When mouldered thus the column falls away,
Like some great prince majestic in decay:
When Ignorance and Scorn the ground shall tread,
Where Wisdom tutor'd and Devotion pray'd,
Where shall thy pompous work our wonder claim?
What but the Muse alone protective thy name?

The sun shines broken thro' yon arch that rears
This once round fabric, half deprived by years,
Which rose a stately colonnade, and crown'd
Encircling pillars, now unfaithful found;
In fragments those the fall of those forebode,
Which nodding, just upheave their crumbling load.
High on yon column, which has better stood,
Like some stripp'd oak, the grandeur of the wood,
The stork inhabits her aerial hut,
By her at liberty and peace secure;
She flies the realms that own despotic kings,
And only spreads o'er free-born states her wings:
The roof is now the daw's or raven's haunt,
And loathsome toads in the dank entrance pant,
Or snakes, that lurk to snap the heedless fly,
And fated bird, that oft' comes flutt'ring by.

An aqueduct across yon vale is laid,
Its channel thro' a ruin'd arch betray'd:
Whirl'd down a steep, it flies with torrent force,
Flashes, and roars, and ploughs a devious course:
Attracted mists a golden cloud commence,
While thro' high-colour'd air strike rays intense:

Betwixt two points, which yon steep mountains show,
Lies a mild bay, to which kind breezes flow.
Beneath a grotto, arch'd for calm retreat,
Leads length'ning in the rock — here his lov'd seat.
Heat never enters here, but Coolness reigns
O'er Zephyrs, and distilling wat'ry veins.
Secluded now I trace th' instructive page,
And live o'er scenes of many a backward age;
Thro' days, months, years, thro' time's whole course
And present stand where time itself begun. [run,

Ye mighty Dead! of just distinguish'd fame,
Your thoughts (ye bright Inhabitants!) here I claim:
Here ancient knowledge opens Nature's springs;
Here truths historic give the hearts of kings:
Hence Contemplation learns white hours to find,
And labours virtue on th' attentive mind.
O lov'd Retreat! thy joys content bestow,
Nor guilt, nor shame, nor sharp repentance know.
What the Fifth Charles long aim'd in pow'r to see,
That happiness he found reserv'd in thee.

Now let me change the page — Here Tully weeps,
While in Death's icy arms his Tullia sleeps,
His daughter dear! — Retir'd I see him mourn,
By all the frenzy now of anguish torn.
Wild his complaint: nor sweeter Sorrow's strains
When Singer for Alexis lost complains.
Each friend condoles, expostulates, reproves;
More than a father raving Tully loves;

Or Sallust censures thus—Unheeding blame
He schemes a temple to his Tullia's name.
Thus o'er my hermit once did grief prevail,
Thus rose Olympia's tomb, his moving Tale;
The sighs, tears, frantic starts, that banish rest,
And all the bursting sorrows of his breast.
But, hark! a sudden pow'r attunes the air;
Th' enchanting sound enamour'd breezes bear;
Now low, now high, they sink or lift the song,
Which the cave echoes sweet, and sweet the creeks prolong.
I listen'd, gaz'd, when, wondrous to behold!
From ocean steam'd a vapour gath'ring roll'd;
A blue round spot on the mid-roof it came,
Spread broad, and redden'd into dazzling flame:
Full-orb'd it shone, and dimm'd the swimming sight,
While doubling objects danc'd with darkling light.
Amaz'd I stood!—amaz'd I still remain!
What earthly pow'r this wonder can explain?
Gradual, at length, the lustre dies away;
My eyes restor'd a mortal form survey.
My Hermit-friend! 'Tis he!—"All hail!" he cries,
"I see, and would alleviate, thy surprise.
"The vanish'd meteor was Heav'n's message meant
"To warn thee hence: I knew the high intent.
"Hear, then; In this sequester'd cave, retir'd,
"Departed saints converse with men inspir'd;

" 'Tis facred ground, nor can thy mind endure,
" Yet unprepar'd, an intercourfe fo pure.
" Quick let us hence.—And now extend thy views
" O'er yonder lawn, there find the heav'n-born Muſe!
" Or ſeek her where ſhe trufts her tuneful tale
" To the mid ſilent wood or vocal vale;
" Where trees half check the light with trembling ſhades,
" Cloſe in deep glooms, or open clear in glades;
" Or where ſurrounding viſtas far deſcend,
" The landſcape vary'd at each leſſ'ning end;
" She, only ſhe, can mortal thought refine,
" And raiſe thy voice to viſitants divine."

CANTO V.

WE left the cave. "Be Fear," ſaid I, "defy'd!
" Virtue (for thou art Virtue) is my guide."
By time-worn ſteps a ſteep aſcent we gain,
Whoſe ſummit yields a proſpect o'er the plain;
There, bench'd with turf, an oak our ſeat extends,
Whoſe top a verdant branch'd pavilion bends;
Viſtas with leaves diverſify the ſcene,
Some pale, ſome brown, and ſome of lively green.
Now from the full-grown day a beamy ſhow'r
Gleams on the lake, and gilds each gloſſy flow'r;
Gay inſects ſparkle in the genial blaze,
Various as light, and countleſs as its rays;

They dance on ev'ry stream, and pictur'd play,
Till by the war'ry racer snatch'd away.
Now from yon' range of rocks strong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flow'ry plains around;
King-cups beneath far-striking colours glance,
Bright as th' ethereal glows the green expanse:
Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the sight,
Like these effulging yellow streams of light:
From the same rocks fall rills with soften'd force,
Meet in yon' mead, and well a river's source;
Thro' her clear channel shine her finny shoals,
O'er sands like gold the liquid crystal rolls;
Dimm'd in yon' coarser moor her charms decay,
And shape thro' rustling reeds a ruffled way;
Near willows short and bushy shadows throw;
Now lost the seems thro' nether tracks to flow,
Yet at yon' point winds out in silver state,
Like virtue from a labyrinth of fate.
In length'ning rows prone from the mountains run,
The flocks—their fleeces glist'ning in the sun;
Her streams they seek, and 'twixt her neighb'ring trees
Recline in various attitudes of ease;
Where the herds sip the little scaly fry,
Swift from the shore in scatt'ring myriads fly.
Each liv'ry'd cloud that round th' horizon glows
Shifts in odd scenes, like earth, from whence it rose:
The bee hums wanton in yon' jasmine bow'r,
And circling settles, and despoils the flow'r:

Melodious there the plumy songsters meet,
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd retreat:
Near polish'd pinnacles in prospect gay,
Time-batter'd towers frown awful in decay;
The sun plays glitt'ring on the rocks and spires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.

Here Mirth and Fancy's wanton train advance,
And to light measures turn the swimming dance;
Sweet flow'rah'd Melancholy next appears,
Pompous in grief, and eloquent of tears;
Here Meditation thinks, in azure dress,
All starr'd with gems, in sun adorns her tress;
Religion, to whose lifted rapt'rous eyes
Seraphic hosts descend from op'ning skies;
Beauty, who sways the heart, and charms the sight,
Whose tongue is music, and whose smile delight;
Whose brow is majesty, whose bosom peace,
Who bade Creation be, and Chaos cease;
Whose breath perfumes the spring, whose eye divine
Kindled the sun, and gave its light to shine;
Here in thy likeness, fair Ophelia* seen,
She throws kind lustre o'er th' enliven'd green:
Next her Description, rob'd in various hues,
Invites attention from the pensive Muse;
The Muse!—she comes! resin'd the Passions wait,
And Precept, ever winning, wise, and great;

* Mrs. Oldfield.

The Muse! a thousand spirits wing the air
(Once men, who made like her mankind their care)
Enamour'd round her press the inspiring throng,
And swell to ecstasy her solemn song.

Thus in the dame each nobler grace we find,
Fair Wortley's angel-accent, eyes, and mind:
Whether her sighs the dew-bright dawn surveys,
The noon's dry heat, or ev'ning's temper'd rays,
The hours of storm or calm, the gleby ground,
The coral'd sea, gem'd rock, or sky profound;
A Raphael's fancy animates each line,
Each image strikes with energy divine;
Bacon and Newton in her thought conspire,
Nor sweeter than her voice is Handel's lyre.

My Hermit thus: "She beckons us away;
"Oh! let us swift the high behest obey!"

Now two'a lane, which mingling tracks have crost,
The way unequal, and the landscape lost,
We rove. The warblers lively tunes essay,
The lark on wing, the linnet on the spray,
While music trembles in their songful throats,
The bullfinch whistles soft his flute-like notes;
The bolder blackbird swells sonorous lays,
The varying thrush commands a tuneful maze;
Each a wild length of melody pursues,
While the soft murm'ring am'rous wood-dove cooes;
And when in spring these melting mixtures flow,
The cuckoo sends her unison of woe.

But as smooth seas are furrow'd by a storm,
As troubles all our tranquil joys deform;
So loud thro' air unwelcome noises sound,
And harmony 's at once in discord drown'd:
From yon' dark cypress croaks the raven's cry,
As dissonant the daw, jay, chatt'ring pie;
The clam'rous crows abandon'd carnage seek,
And the harsh owl shrills out a sharp'ning shriek.
At the lane's end a high-lath'd gate 's presert'd,
To bar the trespass of a vagrant herd;
Fast by a meagre mendicant we find,
Whose russet rags hang flutt'ring in the wind:
Years bow his back, a staff supports his tread,
And soft white hairs shade thin his palsy'd head.
Poor Wretch!—is this for charity his haunt?
He meets the frequent slight and ruthless taunt.
On slaves of guilt oft' smiles the squand'ring peer,
But passing knows not common bounty here.
Vain Thing! in what dost thou superior shine?
His our first sire; what race more ancient thine?
Less backward trac'd, he may his lineage draw
From men whose influence kept the world in awe;
Whose worthless sons, like thee, perchance consum'd
Their ample store, their line to want was doom'd.
So thine may perish by the course of things,
While his from beggars re-ascend to kings.
Now, Lazar! as thy hardships I peruse,
On my own state instructed would I muse.

When I view Greatness! my lot lament,
Compar'd to thee I snatch supreme content:
I might have felt, did Heav'n not gracious deal,
A fate which I must mourn to see thee feel.
But, soft! the cripple our approach descries,
And to the gate, tho' weak, officious hies.
I spring preventive, and unbar the way,
Then, turning, with a smile of pity, say,
"Here, Friend! — this little copper alms receive,
"Instance of will, without the pow'r to give.
"Hermit, if here with pity we reflect,
"How must we grieve when Learning meets neglect?
"When godlike souls endure a mean restraint;
"When generous will is curb'd by tyrant Want?
"He truly feels what to distress belongs
"Who to his private adds a people's wrongs;
"Merit's a mark at which disgrace is thrown,
"And ev'ry injur'd virtue is his own.
"Such their own pangs with patience here endure,
"Yet there weep wounds they are deny'd to cure;
"Thus rich in poverty, thus humbly great,
"And tho' depress'd superior to their fate.
"Minions in pow'r, and misers 'mid their store,
"Are mean in greatness, and in plenty poor.
"What's pow'r or wealth? were they not form'd for
"A spring for virtue, and from wrongs a shade? [aid,
"In pow'r we savage Tyranny behold;
"And wily Av'rice owns polluted gold.

" From golden sands her pride could Dibys raise?
" Could she who spreads no pasture claim our praise?
" Loath'd were her wealth where rabid monsters breed,
" Where serpents pamper'd on her venom feed;
" No shelt'ry trees invite the Wand'rer's eye,
" No fruits, no grain, no gums, her traffic supply;
" On her vast wilds no lovely prospects run,
" But all lies barren, tho' beneath the sun."
My Hermit thus! I know thy soul believes
" 'Tis hard Vice triumphs, and that Virtue grieves;
" Yet oft' affliction purifies the mind,
" Kind benefits oft' flow from means unkind.
" Were the whole known that we uncertain suppose,
" Doubtless would beauteous symmetry disclose.
" The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
" In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
" Lead-colour'd clouds, in scatt'ring fragments seen,
" Shew, tho' in broken views, the blue serene.
" Severe distresses industry inspire;
" Thus captives oft excelling arts acquire,
" And boldly struggle thro' a state of shame
" To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
" Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
" And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
" We pass thro' want to wealth, thro' dismal strife
" To calm content, thro' death to endless life.

" Libya thou nam'st—Let Afric's wastes appear,
" Curs'd by those heats that fructify the year,
" Yet the same suns her orange-groves befriend,
" Where clust'ring globes in shining rows depend:
" Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are
roll'd,
" There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold:
" Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprise
" Still prove a God just, merciful, and wise:
" Sad wintry blasts, that strip the autumn, bring
" The milder beauties of a flow'ry spring.
" Ye sulph'rous Fires! in jaggy lightnings break;
" Ye Thunders rattle! and ye Nations shake!
" Ye Storms of riving flame the forest tear!
" Deep crack the Rocks! rent Trees be whirl'd in air!
" Reft at a stroke some stately fane we' ll mourn,
" Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead uptorn;
" Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
" Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn;
" Then all were lost!—Or should we floating view
" The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew;
" Plague, Fever, Frenzy, close engend'ring lie,
" Till the sewed ruptures clear the sully'd sky."
Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcell'd tracts to various uses wrought:
Here hard'ning ripeness the first blooms behold,
There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold:

Here swelling pease on leafy stalks are seen,
Mix'd flow'rs of red and azure shine between,
Whose waving beauties, heighten'd by the sun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run:
There the next produce of a genial show'r,
The bean fresh blossoms in a speckled flow'r,
Whose morning-dews when to the sun resign'd,
With undulating sweets embalm the wind:
Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless grain:
There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield:
The mulberry, in fair summer-green array'd,
Full in the midst starts up a silky shade:
For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds;
The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds:
As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces, leave,
Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave:
Hence to adorn the fair in texture gay
Sprigs, fruits, and flow'rs, on figur'd vestments play;
But Industry prepares them oft' to please
The guilty pride of vain luxuriant Ease.
Now frequent dusty gales offensive blow,
And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
Windward we shift. Near down th' ethereal steep
The lamp of day hangs hov'ring o'er the deep.
Dun shades, in rocky shapes, up ether roll'd,
Project long shaggy points deep-ting'd with gold:

Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye;
Their blue-veil'd yellow thro' a sky serene,
In swelling mixture form a floating green;
Streak'd thro' white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
And the breeze freshens as the heat declines.

Yon' crooked sunny roads change rising views
From brown to sandy-red and chalky hues:
One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing steeds,
Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke, along unequal ground.
On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ships, barges mark the roughen'd streams,
This way and that they diff'rent points pursue,
So mix the motions, and so shifts the view:
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of Heav'n in gay profusion rise;
Trees rich with gums and fruits, with jewels rocks;
Plains with flow'rs, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks;
Mountains with mines, with oak and cedar woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods;
In dark'ning spots, 'mid fields of various dyes,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow, lies,
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display,
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay,

And thickſet hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon' heath oppos'd the cultur'd ſcene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green;
The native ſtrawberry red-ripe'ning grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the roſe:
There nightingales in unprun'd copſes build,
In ſhaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd:
'Twixt ferns and thiſtles unſown flow'rs amuſe,
And form a lucid chaſe of various hues,
Many half gray with duſt; confus'd they lie,
Scent the ſixth year, and lead the wand'ring eye.
Contemplative, we tread the flow'ry plain,
The Muſe preceding with her heav'nly train:
When, lo! the Mendicant, ſo late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find;
And yet a view more ſtrange our heed demands;
Touch'd by the Muſe's wand transform'd he ſtands:
O'er ſkin late wrinkled inſtant beauty ſpreads,
The late dimm'd eye a vivid luſtre ſheds;
Hairs, once ſo thin, now graceful locks decline,
And rags, now chang'd, in regal veſtments ſhine.
The Hermit thus. "In him the Bard behold,
"Once ſeen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
"The Bard whoſe want ſo multiply'd his woes,
"He ſunk a mortal and a Seraph roſe.
"See!—where thoſe ſtately yew-trees darkling grow,
"And waving o'er yon' graves brown hegrors throw,

" Scornful he passes—there, o'er his sacred dust
" Arise the sculptur'd tomb and labour'd bust;
" Vain pomp! bestow'd by ostentatious Pride,
" Who to a life of want entail'd decay'd."
But thus the Bard. " Are these the gifts of fame?
" Gifts unreceiv'd!—These? ye ungen'rous Great!
" How was I treated when in life forlorn?
" My claim your pity, but my lot your scorn!
" Why were my hidden hours oppos'd by need?
" In me did poverty from guilt proceed?
" Did I contemporary authors wrong,
" And deem their words but as they prais'd my song?
" Did I sooth vice, or venal strokes bestow
" In the low purpos'd loud polemic fray?
" Did e'er my muse immodest warmth contain?
" Or, once licentious, heavenly truths profane?
" Never.—And yet when envy sunk my name,
" Who call'd my shadow'd merit into fame?
" When, undeserv'd, a prison's grate I saw,
" What hand redeem'd me from the wrested law?
" Who cloth'd me naked, or when hungry fed?
" Why crush the living? why extoll'd the dead?—
" But foreign languages adopt my lays,
" And distant nations shame you into praise.
" Why should unenlish'd wit these honours cause?
" Custom, not knowledge, dictates your applause:
" Or think you thus a self-known to raise,
" And mingle your vain glories with my bays?

"Be your's the mould'ring tomb! be mine the lay
"Immortal!"—Thus he scoffs the pomp away.
Tho' words like these unletter'd Pride impeach,
To the meek heart he turns with milder speech.
Tho' now a seraph, oft he deigns to wear
The face of human friendship, oft of care;
To walk disguis'd, an object of relief,
A learn'd, good man, long exercis'd in grief;
Forlorn, a friendless orphan oft to roam,
Craving some kind, some hospitable home;
Or, like Ulysses, low before him stand,
Beseeching Pity's eye and Bounty's hand;
Or, like Ulysses, royal aid request,
Wand'ring from court to court, a king distrest.
Thus varying shapes, the seeming son of Woe
Eyes the cold heart, and hears the gen'rous glow,
Then to the Muse relates each lordly name,
Who deals impartial infamy and fame.
Oft', as when man in mortal state deprest,
His lays taught virtue, which his life confest,
He now forms visionary scenes below,
Inspiring patience in the heart of Woe;
Patience! that softens ev'ry sad extreme,
That casts thro' dungeon-glooms a cheerful gleam,
Disarms Disease of pain, mocks Slander's sting,
And strips of terrors the terrific king,
'Gainst Want, a source for, ills succour lends,
And smiling sees th' ingratitude of friends.

Nor are these tasks to him alone consign'd,
Millions invisible befriend mankind.
When wat'ry structures, seen cros heav'n't' ascend,
Arch above arch in radiant order bend,
Fancy beholds, adown each glitt'ring side
Myriads of missionary seraphs glide;
She sees good angels genial show'rs bestow
From the red convex of the dewy bow:
They smile upon the swains; he views the prize,
Then grateful bends to bless the bounteous skies.
Some winds collect and send propitious gales
Oft' where Britannia's navy spreads her sails,
There ever wafting, on the breath of Fame,
Unequall'd glory in her sov'reign's name:
Some teach young Zephyrs vernal sweets to bear,
And flote the balmy health on ambient air;
Zephyrs that oft', where lovers list'ning lie,
Along the grove in melting music die,
And in lone caves to minds poetic roll
Seraphic whispers that abstract the soul.
Some range the colours as they parted fly,
Clear pointed to the philosophic eye;
The flaming red that pains the dwelling gaze,
The stainless lightsome yellow's gilding rays,
The clouded orange, that betwixt them glows,
And to kind mixture tawny lustre owes;
All-cheering green, that gives the spring its dye,
The bright transparent blue, that robes the sky;

And indigo, which shaded light displays,
And violet, which in the view decays:
Parental hues, whence others all proceed,
An ever-mingling, changeful, countless breed,
Unravell'd, variegated, lines of light,
When blended dazzling in promiscuous white.
Oft' thro' these bows departed spirits range,
New to the skies, admiring at their change;
Each mind a void, as when first born to earth,
Behold a second blank in second birth;
Then, as yon' seraph-band their hearts below,
Each sees him here transcendent knowledge know,
New saints he tutors into truth refin'd,
And tunes to rapt'rous love the new-form'd mind:
He swells the lyre, whose loud melodious lays
Call high hosannas from the voice of Praise;
Tho' one bad age such poesy could wrong,
Now worlds around retentive roll the song;
Now God's high throne the full-voic'd draperies gain,
Celestial hosts returning strain for strain.

Thus he who once knew want without relief
Sees joys resulting from well-suff'ring grief.
Hark! while we talk, a distant patt'ring rain
Resounds!—See! up the broad ethereal plain
Shoots the bright bow!—the seraph flits away;
The Muse, the Graces, from our view decay.
Behind yon' western hill the globe of light
Drops sudden, fast pursu'd by shades of night.

Yon' graves from winter-scenes to mind recall
Rebellion's council and rebellion's fall.
What fiends in sulph'rous car-like clouds upflew!
What midnight treason glar'd beneath their view!
And now the traitors rear their Babel-schemes,
Big, and more big, stupendous mischief seems;
But Justice, rouz'd, superior strength employs,
Their scheme wide shatters, and their hope destroys:
Disjoin'd she wills; the missile ruin flies;
Sudden unnatural debates arise,
Doubt, mutual jealousy, and dumb disgust,
Dark-hinted mutt'rings, and avow'd distrust;
To secret ferment is each heart resign'd,
Suspicion hovers in each clouded mind;
They jar, accus'd accuse, revil'd revile,
And wrath to wrath oppose and guile to guile;
Wrangling they part, themselves themselves betray;
Each dire device starts naked into day;
They feel confusion in the van with fear;
They feel the king of Terrors in the rear.

Of these were three by diff'rent motives fir'd,
Ambition one, and one Revenge inspir'd:
The third, O Mammon! was thy meaner slave;
Thou idol seldom of the great and brave.

Florio, whose life was one continu'd feast,
His wealth diminish'd and his debts increas'd,
Vain pomp and equipage his low desires,
Who ne'er to intellectual bliss aspires;

He, to repair by vice what vice has broke,
Durſt with bold treaſons judgment's rod provoke:
His ſtrength of mind, by luxury half diſſolv'd,
Ill brooks the woe where deep he ſtands involv'd:
He weeps, ſtamps wild, and to and fro now flies,
Now wrings his hands, and ſends unmanly cries,
Arraigns his judge, affirms unjuſt he bleeds,
And now recants, and now for mercy pleads;
Now blames aſſociates, raves with inward ſtrife,
Upbraids himſelf, then thinks alone on life:
He rolls red ſwelling tearful eyes around,
Sore ſmites his breaſt, and ſinks upon the ground:
He wails, he quite deſponds, convulſive lies,
Shrinks from the fancy'd axe, and thinks he dies:
Revives, with hope inquires, ſtops ſhort with fear,
Entreats ev'n flatt'ry, nor the worſt will hear;
The worſt, alas! his doom—What friend replies?
Each ſpeaks with ſhaking head and downcaſt eyes:
One ſilence breaks, then pauſes, drops a tear,
Nor hope affords, nor quite confirms his fear,
But whate kind friendſhip part reſerves unknown
Comes thund'ring in his keeper's ſurly tone.
Enough ſtruck thro' and thro', in ghaſtly ſtare
He ſtands tranſfix'd, the ſtatue of Deſpair;
Nor aught of life nor aught of death he knows,
Till thought returns, and brings return of woes:
Now pours a ſtorm of grief in guſhing ſtreams;
That paſt—collected in himſelf he ſeems,

And with fore'd smile retires—His latent thought
Dark, horrid, as the prison's dismal vault.
If with himself at variance ever wild,
With angry Heav'n how stands he reconcil'd?
No penitential anthems arise;
Nay, he obtests the justice of the Skies.
Not for his guilt, for sentenc'd life, he moans,
His chains rough-clanking to discordant groans,
To bars harsh-grating, heavy-creaking doors,
Hoarse-echoing walls, and hollow-ringing floors;
To thoughts more dissonant, far, far less kind,
One anarchy, one chaos, of the mind.
At length, fatigu'd with grief, on earth he lies,
But soon as sleep weighs down th' unwilling eyes,
Glad liberty appears, no damps annoy,
Treason succeeds, and all transforms to joy:
Proud palaces their glitt'ring fronts display;
Gain he pursues, and Rapine leads the way.
What gold! what gems!—he strains to seize the prize;
Quick flees his touch dissolv'd, a cloud it flies!
Confcious he cries—"And must I wake to weep?
"Ah! yet return, return, delusive sleep!"
Sleep comes, but liberty no more—Unkind,
The dungeon-glooms hang heavy on his mind.
Shrill winds are heard, and howling demons call,
Wide-flying portals seem unhing'd to fall,
Then close with sudden claps, a dreadful din!
He starts, wakes, storms, and all is hell within.

His genius flies—Reflects he now on prayer?
Alas! bad ſpirits turn thoſe thoughts to air.
What ſhall he next? what, ſtraight relinquiſh breath,
To bar a public, juſt, tho' ſhameful, death?
Raſh, horrid thought! yet, now afraid to live,
Murd'rous he ſtrikes—May Heav'n the deed forgive!
Why had he thus falſe ſpirit to rebel,
And why not fortitude to ſuffer well?
Were his ſucceſs, how terrible the blow!
And it recoils on him eternal woe.
Heav'n this affliction then for mercy meant,
That a good end might cloſe a life miſpent.
Where no kind lips the hallow'd dirge reſound,
Far from the compaſs of yon' ſacred ground,
Full in the centre of three meeting ways,
Stak'd thro' he lies—Warn'd let the wicked gaze.
Near yonder fane, where Mis'ry ſleeps in peace,
Whoſe ſpire faſt-leſſens as theſe ſhades increaſe,
Left to the north, whence oft'-brew'd tempeſts roll,
Tempeſts, dire emblems, Coſmo! of thy ſoul;
There mark that Coſmo, much for guile renown'd!
His grave by unhid plants of poiſon crown'd.
When out of pow'r, thro' him the public good,
So ſtrong his factious tribe, ſuſpended ſtood:
In pow'r, vindictive actions were his aim,
And patriots periſh'd by th' ungen'rous flame.
If the beſt cauſe he in the Senate choſe,
Ev'n right in him from ſome wrong motive roſe.

The bad he loath'd, and would the weak despise,
Yet courted for dark ends, and shunn'd the wise.
When ill his purpose, eloquent his strain;
His mailne had a look and voice humane.
His smile, the signal of some vile intent,
A private poniard or empoison'd scent.
Proud, yet to popular applause a slave,
No friend he honour'd, and no foe forgave.
His bloom unfrequent, or unjust to need,
The hire of guilt, of infamy the meed,
But if they chanc'd on learned worth to fall,
Bounty in him was ostentation all.
No true benevolence his thought sublimes,
His noblest actions are illustrious crimes.
Fine parts, which virtue might have rank'd with fame,
Enhance his guilt, and magnify his shame.
When parts in probity in man combine,
In Wisdom's eye how charming must he shine!
Let him, less happy, truth at least impart,
And what he wants in genius bear in heart.

Cosmo, as death draws nigh, no more conceals
That storm of passion which his nature feels;
He feels much fear, more anger, and most pride,
But pride and anger make all fear subside:
Dauntless he meets at length untimely fate,
A desp'rate spirit! rather fierce than great:
Darkling he glides along the dreary coast,
A sullen, wand'ring, self-tormenting, ghost.

Where veiny marble dignifies the ground,
With emblem fair in sculpture rising round,
Just where a crossing length'ning aisle we find,
Full east, whence God returns to judge mankind,
Once-lov'd Horatio sleeps, a mind elate!
Lamented Shade! ambition was thy fate.
Ev'n angels, wond'ring, oft! his worth survey'd;
"Behold a man like one of us!" they said.
Straight heard the Furies, and with envy glar'd,
And to precipitate his fall prepar'd.
First Av'rice came; in vain Self-love the press'd;
The poor he pity'd still, and still redress'd;
Learning was his, and knowledge to commend,
Of arts a patron, and of want a friend.
Next came Revenge; but her essay how vain!
Not hate nor envy in his heart remain;
No previous malice could his mind engage,
Malice, the mother of vindictive Rage.
No—from his life his foes might learn to live;
He held it still a triumph to forgive.
At length Ambition urg'd his country's weal,
Assuming the fair look of Public Zeal;
Still in his breast so gen'rous glow'd the flame,
The vice, when there, a virtue half became.
His pitying eye saw millions in distress,
He deem'd it godlike to have pow'r to bless:
Thus, when unguarded, treason stain'd him o'er,
And virtue and content were then no more.

But when to death by rig'rous Justice doom'd,
His genuine spirit saint-like state resum'd,
Oft' from soft penitence distill'd a tear,
Oft' hope in heav'nly mercy lighten'd fear;
Oft' would a drop from struggling nature fall,
And then a smile of patience brighten all.

He seeks in Heav'n a friend, nor seeks in vain;
His guardian angel swift descends again,
And resolution thus bespeaks a mind
Not scorning life, yet all to death resign'd:
"—Ye Chains! fit only to restrain the will
"Of common desp'rate veterans in ill,
"Tho' rankling on my limbs ye lie, deform'd,
"Did e'er my rising soul your pressure wear?
"No!—free as Liberty, and quick as light,
"To worlds remote she takes unbounded flight.
"Ye Dungeon-glooms! that dim corporeal eyes,
"Could ye once blot her prospect of the skies?
"No!—from her clearer sight ye fled away,
"Like Error, pierc'd by Truth's resistless ray.
"Ye Walls! that witness my repentant moan;
"Ye Echoes! that to midnight sorrows groan;
"Do I, in wrath, to you of Fate complain,
"Or once betray fear's most inglorious pain?
"No!—Hail; twice hail, then, ignominious death!
"Behold how willing glides my parting breath!
"Far greater, better far—ay, far indeed!
"Like me have suffer'd, and like me will bleed.

" Apoſtles, patriarchs, prophets, martyrs, all
" Like me once fell, nor murmur'd at their fall.
" Shall I, whoſe days, at beſt, no ill deſign'd,
" Whoſe virtue ſhone not, tho' I lov'd mankind,
" Shall I, now guilty wretch! ſhall I repine?
" Ah! no; to juſtice let me life reſign.
" Quick, as a friend, would I embrace my foe!
" He taught me patience who firſt taught me woe:
" But friends are foes, they render woe ſevere,
" For me they wail, from me extort the tear.
" Not thoſe, yet abſent, miſſive griefs control;
" Theſe periods weep, thoſe rave, and theſe condole:
" At entrance ſhrieks a friend, with pale ſurpriſe,
" Another panting, proſtrate, ſpeechleſs lies;
" One gripes my hand, one ſobs upon my breaſt;
" Ah! who can bear?—it ſhocks, it murders, reſt!
" And is it yours, alas! my friends, to feel?
" And is it mine to comfort, mine to heal?
" Is mine the patience, yours the boſom ſtrife?
" Ah! would raſh love lure back my thoughts to life?
" Adieu! dear dang'rous Mourners! ſwift depart;
" Ah! fly me; fly!—I tear ye from my heart!
" Ye Saints! whom fears of death could ne'er con-
" In my laſt hour compoſe, ſupport, my ſoul; [trol,
" See my blood waſh repented ſin away;
" Receive, receive me to eternal day!"
With words like theſe the deſtin'd hero dies,
While angels waft his ſoul to happier ſkies.

Diſtinction now gives way; yet on we talk,
Full darkneſs deep'ning o'er the formleſs walk:
Night treads not with light ſtep the dewy gale,
Nor bright diſtends her ſtar-embroider'd veil;
Her leaden feet inclement damps diſtil,
Clouds ſhut her face, black winds her veſture fill;
An earth-born meteor lights the ſable ſkies,
Eaſtward it ſhoots, and, ſunk, forgotten dies:
So Pride, that roſe from duſt to guilty pow'r,
Glares out in vain; ſo duſt ſhall Pride devour.
Fiſhers, who yonder brink by torches gain,
With teethful tridents ſtrike the ſcaly train;
Like ſnakes in eagles' claws, in vain they ſtrive,
When heav'd aloft, and quiv'ring yet alive.
While here methought our time in converſe paſt,
The moon clouds muffled, and the night wore faſt;
At prowling wolves was heard the maſtiff's bay,
And the warn'd maſter's arms forbade the prey.
Thus treaſon ſteals, the patriot thus deſcries,
Forth ſprings the monarch, and the miſchief flies.
Pale glow-worms glimmer'd thro' the depth of night
Scatt'ring, like hope thro' fear, a doubtful light:
Lone Philomela tun'd the ſilent grove,
With penſive pleaſure liſten'd wakeful Love;
Half-dreaming Fancy form'd an angel's tongue,
And Pain forgot to groan, ſo ſweet ſhe ſung:
The Night-crone, with the melody alarm'd,
Now paus'd, now liſten'd, and a while was charm'd;

But like the man whose frequent stubborn will
Resists what kind seraphic sounds instill,
Her heart the love-inspiring voice repell'd,
Her breast with agitating mischief swell'd,
Which clos'd her ear, and tempted to destroy
The tuneful life that charms with virtuous joy.

Now fast we measure back the trackless way,
No friendly stars directive beams display;
But, lo!—a thousand lights shoot instant rays;
Yon' kindling rock reflects the flattling blaze.
"I stand astonish'd"—thus the Hermit cries;
"Fear not, but listen with enlarg'd surprise;
"Still must these hours our mutual converse claim,
"And cease to echo still Olympia's name;
"Grots, rivulets, groves, Olympia's name forget,
"Olympia now no sighing winds repeat.
"Can I be mortal, and these hours no more,
"Those am'rous hours, that plaintive echoes bore?
"Am I the same? ah! no—behold a mind
"Unruffled, firm, exalted, and refin'd!
"Late months, that made the vernal season gay,
"Saw my health languish off in pale decay:
"No racking pain yet gave disease a date,
"No sad presageful thought preluded fate:
"Yet number'd were my days—My destin'd end
"Near, and more near—Nay, ev'ry fear suspend!
"I pass'd a weary, ling'ring, sleepless night,
"Then rose, to walk in morning's earliest light;

" But few my steps—a faint and cheerless few!
" Refreshment from my flagging spirits flew;
" When, lo! retir'd beneath a cypress shade,
" My limbs upon a flow'ry bank I laid,
" Soon by soft-creeping murm'ring winds compos'd,
" A slumber press'd my languid eyes—they clos'd,
" But clos'd not long—methought Olympia spoke;
" Thrice loud she call'd, and thrice the slumber broke:
" I wak'd: forth-gliding from a neighb'ring wood,
" Full in my view the shadowy charmer stood:
" Rapt'rous I started up to clasp the shade,
" But stagger'd, fell, and found my vitals fade:
" A mantling chilness o'er my bosom spread,
" As if that instant number'd with the dead.
" Her voice now sent a far imperfect sound,
" When in a swimming trance my pangs were drown'd.
" Still farther off she call'd—With soft surprise
" I turn'd—but void of strength, and aid to rise;
" Short, shorter, shorter yet, my breath I drew,
" Then up my struggling soul unburthen'd flew.
" Thus from a state where sin and grief abide,
" Heav'n summon'd me to mercy—thus I dy'd."
He said. Th' astonishment with which I start
Like bolted ice runs shiv'ring thro' my heart.
" Art thou not mortal then?" I cry'd. But, lo!
His raiment lightens, and his features glow;
In shady ringlets falls a length of hair;
Embloom'd his aspect shines, enlarg'd his air;

Mild from his eyes enliv'ning glories beam,
Mild on his brow sits majesty supreme;
Bright plumes of ev'ry dye, that round him flow,
Vest, robe, and wings, in vary'd lustre show:
He looks; and forward steps with mien divine;
A grace celestial gives him all to shine:
He speaks—Nature is ravish'd at the sound,
The forests move, and streams stand list'ning round!
Thus he. "As incorruption I assum'd,
"As instant in immortal youth I bloom'd!
"Renew'd, and chang'd, I felt my vital springs
"With diff'rent lights discern'd the form of things;
"To earth my passions fell like mists away,
"And reason open'd in eternal day:
"Swifter than thought from world to world I flew,
"Celestial knowledge shone in ev'ry view.
"My food was truth—what transport could I miss,
"My prospect all infinitude of bliss?
"Olympia met me first, and, smiling gay,
"Onward to mercy led the shining way,
"As far transcendent to her wonted air,
"As her dear wonted self to many a fair!
"In voice and form beauty more beauteous shows,
"And harmony still more harmonious grows.
"She points out souls who taught me Friendship's charms,
"They gaze, they glow, they spring into my arms!
"Well pleas'd, high ancestors my view commands,
"Patrons and patriots all, a glorious band!

" Horatio too, by well-born fate refin'd,
" Shone out, white-rob'd with ſaints, a ſpotleſs mind!
" What once below ambition made him miſs,
" Humility here gain'd, a life of bliſs!
" Tho' late, let ſinners then from ſin depart;
" Heav'n never yet deſpis'd the contrite heart.
" Laſt ſhone, with ſweet exalted luſtre grac'd,
" The Seraph-Bard, in higheſt order plac'd!
" Seers, lovers, legiſlators, prelates, kings,
" All raptur'd, liſten as he raptur'd ſings:
" Sweetneſs and ſtrength his look and lays employ,
" Greet ſmiles with ſmiles, and ev'ry joy with joy:
" Charmful he roſe; his ever-charmful tongue
" Joy to our ſecond hymeneals ſung;
" Still as we paſs'd the bright celeſtial throng
" Hail'd us in ſocial love and heav'nly ſong.
" Of that no more! my deathleſs friendſhip ſee!
" I come an angel to the Muſe and Thee.
" Theſe lights that vibrate, and promiſcuous ſhine,
" Are emanations all of forms divine.
" And here the Muſe, tho' melted from thy gaze,
" Stands among ſpirits, mingling rays with rays.
" If thou wouldſt peace attain my words attend,
" The laſt fond words of thy departed friend!
" True joy 's a ſeraph that to heav'n aſpires,
" Unhurt it triumphs mid' celeſtial choirs:
" But ſhould no cares a mortal ſtate moleſt,
" Life were a ſtate of ignorance at beſt.

" Know then, if ills oblige thee to retire,
" Thoſe ills ſolemnity of thought inſpire.
" Did not the ſoul abroad for objects roam,
" Whence could ſhe learn to call ideas home?
" Juſtly to know thyſelf peruſe mankind;
" To know thy God paint nature on thy mind:
" Without ſuch ſcience of the worldly ſcene
" What is retirement?—empty pride or ſpleen;
" But with it wiſdom. There ſhall cares refine,
" Render'd by contemplation half divine.
" Truſt not the frantic or myſterious guide,
" Nor ſtoop a captive to the ſchoolman's pride:
" On Nature's wonders fix alone thy zeal;
" They dim not reaſon when they truth reveal;
" So ſhall religion in thy heart endure
" From all traditionary falſehood pure;
" So life make death familiar to thy eye;
" So ſhalt thou live as thou may'ſt learn to die;
" And tho' thou view'ſt thy worſt oppreſſor thrive,
" From tranſient woe immortal bliſs derive.
" Farewell!—Nay, ſtop the parting tear—I go,
" But leave the Muſe thy comforter below."
He ſaid: inſtant his pinions upward ſoar,
He leſſ'ning as they riſe till ſeen no more.
While Contemplation weigh'd the myſtic view
The lights all vaniſh'd, and the Viſion flew.

THE BASTARD.

Inſcribed, with all due reverence,

TO MRS. BRETT,

ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

"Deſet nec dare dona Novercam." OVID. MET.

PREFACE.

THE reader will eaſily perceive theſe verſes were begun when my heart was gayer than it has been of late, and finiſhed in hours of the deepeſt melancholy.

I hope the world will do me the juſtice to believe that no part of this flows from any real anger againſt the Lady to whom it is inſcribed. Whatever undeſerved ſeverities I may have received at her hands, would ſhe deal ſo candidly as acknowledge truth, ſhe very well knows, by an experience of many years, that I have ever behaved myſelf towards her like one who thought it his duty to ſupport with patience all afflictions from that quarter. Indeed if I had not been capable of forgiving a Mother, I muſt have bluſhed to receive pardon myſelf at the hands of my ſovereign.

Neither, to ſay the truth, were the manner of my birth all, ſhould I have any reaſon for complaint—When I am a little diſpoſed to a gay turn of thinking,

I conſider, as I was a derelict from my cradle, I have the honour of a lawful claim to the beſt protection in Europe: for being a ſpot of earth to which no body pretends a title, I devolve naturally upon the King, as one of the rights of his royalty.

While I preſume to name his Majeſty, I look back with confuſion upon the mercy I have lately experienced; becauſe it is impoſſible to remember it but with ſomething I would fain forget, for the ſake of my future peace, and alleviation of my paſt misfortune.

I owe my life to the royal pity, if a wretch can with propriety be ſaid to live whoſe days are fewer than his ſorrows, and to whom death had been but a redemption from miſery.

But I will ſuffer my pardon as my puniſhment, till that life, which has ſo graciouſly been given me, ſhall become conſiderable enough not to be uſeleſs in his ſervice to whom it was forfeited. Under influence of theſe ſentiments, with which his Majeſty's great goodneſs has inſpired me, I conſider my loſs of fortune and dignity as my happineſs, to which, as I am born without ambition, I am thrown from them without repining—Poſſeſſing thoſe advantages, my care had been, perhaps, how to enjoy life; by the want of them I am taught this nobler leſſon, to ſtudy how to deſerve it.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

In gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The Muse, exulting, thus her lay began.
Bless'd be the Bastard's birth! thro' wondrous ways
He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint Compliance he!
He! stamp'd in Nature's mint of ecstasy!
He lives to bind, not boast, a gen'rous race,
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face!
His daring hope no sire's example bounds;
His first-born lights no prejudice confounds:
He, kindling from within, requires no flame;
He glories in a Bastard's glowing name!
Born to himself, by no profession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by Fortune fed,
Nor guides nor rules his sov'reign choice control,
His body independent as his soul;
Loos'd to the world's wide range, enjoin'd no aim,
Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name,
Nature's unbounded son! he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.
O Mother! yet no Mother! 't is to you
My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due:
You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause!
From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,
From ties maternal, moral, and divine,
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me from shore,
And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I loſt if, conjugally kind,
By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
Untaught the matrimonial bounds to ſlight,
And coldly conſcious of a huſband's rights;
You had faint drawn me with a form alone,
A lawful lump of life, by force your own!
Then, while your backward will retrench'd deſire,
And unconcurring ſpirits lent no fire,
I had been born your dull domeſtic heir,
Load of your life, and motive of your care;
Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The ſlave of pomp, a cipher in the ſtate,
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And ſlumb'ring in a ſeat by chance my own!
Far nobler huſſings wait the Baſtard's lot!
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot;
Strong as Neceſſity, he ſtarts away,
Climbs againſt wrongs, and brighteas into day!
Thus unprophetic, lately miſriſpir'd,
I ſung: gay flatt'ring Hope my fancy fir'd;
Inly ſecure, thro' conſcious ſcorn of ill,
Nor taught by wiſdom how to balance will,
Raſhly deceiv'd, I ſaw no pits to ſhun,
But thought to purpoſe and to act were one,
Heedleſs what pointed cares pervert his way
Whom caution arms not and whom woes betray;
But now, expos'd, and ſhrinking from diſtreſs,
I fly to ſhelter while the tempeſts preſs;

My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish and the numbers groan.
O Memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again!
Why doth thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to ev'ry blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp and numberless my sorrows fall,
Yet thou repeat'st and multiply'st them all!
Is chance a guilt? that my distast'rous heart
For mischief never meant must ever smart!
Can self-defence be sin?—Ah! plead no more.
What tho' no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy side
Thou hadst not been provok'd—or thou hadst dy'd.
Far be the guilt of homestead blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale Dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! thro' Fate's eye condemn'd to flee:
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young, and unthoughtful then, who knows, one day,
What rip'ning virtues might have made their way!
He might have liv'd till folly dy'd in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame:
He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd,
Both happy, gen'rous, candid, and belov'd;

He might have sav'd some worth; now doom'd to fall,
And I, perchance, in him have murder'd all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain;
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest?—No Mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer;
No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
Is it not mine to snatch some pow'rful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I return'd from death to live in pain?
Or would Imperial Pity save in vain?
Distrust it not.—What blame can mercy find
Which gives at once a life and rears a mind?
Mother, miscall'd, farewell!—of soul severe,
This sad reflection yet may force one tear;
All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!
Queen of a people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this defire,
Who most shall give applause where all admire.

THE PROGRESS OF A DIVINE.

A SATIRE.

All priests are not the same he understood;
Priests are like other folks, some bad some good.
What 's vice or virtue sure admits no doubt;
Then, Clergy! with church mission or without,
When good or bad annex we to your name,
The greater honour or the greater shame.

Mark how a country Curate once could rise,
Tho' neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wise!
Of innkeeper or butcher if begot,
At Cam or Isis bred, imports it not.
A servitor he was—Of hall or college?
Ask not—to neither credit is his knowledge.
Four years thro' foggy ale yet made him see
Just his neck-verse to read and take degree.
A gown with added sleeves he now may wear,
While his round cap transforms into a square.
Him, quite unlearn'd, the butt'ry book shall own,
At pray'rs, tho' ne'er devout, so constant known.
Let testimonials then his worth disclose!
He gains a cassock, beaver, and a rose.
A Curate now, his furniture review,
A few old sermons and a bottle-screw!
"A Curate!—Where? His name," cries one, "re-
"Or tell me this—Is pudding his delight? cite;

" Why, our's loves pudding—Does he ſo?—'tis he!
" A ſervitor!—Sure Curll will find a key."
His Alma Mater now he quite forſakes,
She gave him one degree, and two he takes:
He now the hood and ſleeve of Maſter wears;
" Doctor!" quoth they,—and, lo! a ſcarf he bears;
A ſwelling, ruſſling, gloſſy ſcarf!—yet he
By peer unqualify'd is by degree.

This Curate learns church-dues and law to teaſe,
When time ſhall ſerve for tithes and ſurplice-fees;
When 'ſcapes ſome portion'd girl from guardian's pow'r,
He the ſnug licenſe gets for nuptial hour,
And, rend'ring vain her parents' prudent cares,
To Sharper weds her, and with Sharper ſhares.
Let babes of poverty convulſive lie,
No bottle waits tho' babes unſprinkled die.
Half-office ſerves the ſan'tal, if it bring
No hope of ſcarf, of hatband, gloves, or ring.
Does any wealthy fair deſponding lie,
With ſcrup'lous conſcience, tho' ſhe knows not why?
Would cordial counſel make the patient well?
Our prieſt ſhall raiſe the vapours, not diſpel.
His cant ſome orphan's piteous caſe ſhall bring;
He bids her give the widow's heart to ſing:
He pleads for age in want; and, while ſhe lingers,
Thus ſnares her charity with bird-lime fingers.
Now in the patron's manſion ſee the wight,
Factious for pow'r—a ſon of Levi right!

Servile to 'squires; to vassals proud his mien,
As Codex to inferior clergy seen.
He flatters till you blush; but when withdrawn,
'Tis his to slander, as 't was his to fawn.
He pumps for secrets, pries o'er servants' ways,
And, like a meddling priest, can mischief raise,
And from such mischief thus can plead desert——
'Tis all my patron's int'rest at my heart.——
Deep in his mind all wrongs from others live;
None more need pardon, and none less forgive.
At what does next his erudition aim?
To kill the footed and the feather'd game:
Then this apostle, for a daintier dish,
With line or net shall plot the fate of fish.
In kitchen what the cookmaid calls a cot;
In cellar with the butler brother sot.
Here, too, he corks, in brewhouse hops the beer;
Bright in the hall his parts at Whist appear;
Dext'rous to pack, yet at all cheats exclaiming:
The Priest has av'rice, av'rice itch of gaming,
And gaming fraud.—But fair he strikes the ball,
And at the plain of billiard pockets all.
At tables now!—But, oh! if gammon'd there,
The startling Echoes learn like him to swear!
Tho' ne'er at authors in the study seen,
At bowls sagacious master of the green.
A connoisseur in cunning as a fox
To bet on racers or on battling cocks.

To preach o'er beer, in boroughs to procure
Voters to make the 'squire's election sure;
For this where clowns stare, gape, and grin, and bawl,
Free to buffoon his function to 'em all.
When the clod justice some horse-laugh would raise,
Foremost the dullest of dull jokes to praise;
To say or unsay at his patron's nod,
To do the will of all—save that of God.
His int'rest the most servile part he deems,
Yet much he sways where much to serve he seems;
He sways his patron, rules the lady most,
And as he rules the lady rules the roast.
Old tradesmen must give way to new—his aim
Extorted poundage, once the steward's claim.
Tenants are rais'd, or, as his pow'r increases,
Unless they fine to him renew no leases.
Thus tradesmen, servants, tenants, none are free;
Their loss and murmur are his gain and glee.
Lux'ry he loves; but, like a priest of sense,
Ev'n lux'ry loves not at his own expense.
Tho' harlot passions wanton with his will,
Yet av'rice is his wedded passion still.
See him with napkin o'er his band tuck'd in,
While the rich grease hangs glist'ning on his chin;
Or as the oil from Aaron's beard declines,
Ev'n to his garment-hem soft-trickling shines!
He feeds and feeds, swills soup, and sucks up marrow;
Swills, sucks, and feeds, till leach'rous as a sparrow—

Thy pleasure, Onan! now no more delights,
The lobe amusement of his chaster nights.
He boasts—(let ladies put him to the test)
Strong back, broad shoulders, and a well-built chest.
With stiff'ning nerves now steals he fly away,
Alert, warm, chuckling, ripe for am'rous play;
Ripe to caress the lass he once thought meet
At church to chide when penanc'd in a sheet:
He pants the titillating joy to prove,
The fierce short fallies of luxurious love.
Not fair Cadiere and Confessor than they
In straining transport more lascivious lay.
Conceives her womb while each so melts and thrills?
He plies her now with love, and now with pills:
No more falls penance cloth'd in shame upon her,
These hill her embryo and preserve her honour.
Riches, love, pow'r, his passions then we own;
Can he court pow'r and pant not for renown?
Fool, wise, good, wicked—all desire a name;
Than him young heroes burn not more for fame.
While about ways of heav'n the schoolmen jar,
(The church re-echoing to the wordy war)
The ways of earth he (on his horse astride)
Can with big words contest, with blows decide;
He dares some carrier charg'd with cumb'rous load,
Disputes, dismounts, and boxes, for the road.
Ye hooting Boys! "Oh! well play'd, Parson!" cry;
"Oh! well play'd, Parson!" hooting vales reply.

Winds waft it to cathedral domes around!
Cathedral domes from inmoſt choirs reſound!
The man has many meritorious ways;
He 'll ſmoke his pipe, and London's prelate praiſe.
His public pray'rs, his oaths for George declare;
Yet mental reſervation may forſwear;
For, ſafe with friends, he now, in loyal ſtealth,
Hiccups, and flagg'ring, cries—"King Jemmy's health."
God's word he preaches now, and now profanes;
Now ſwallows camels, and at gnats now ſtrains.
He pities men who, in unrighteous days,
Read, or, what 's worſe, write poetry and plays.
He readeth not what any author ſaith,
The more his merit in implicit faith.
Thoſe who a jot from Mother Church recede,
He damns like any Athanaſian creed.
He rails at Hoadley: ſo can zeal poſſeſs him,
He 's orthodox as G-bſ-n's ſelf.—God bleſs him!
Satan, whom yet, for once, he pays thankſgiving,
Sweeps off th' incumbent now of Fat-gooſe living.
He ſeeks his patron's lady, finds the fair,
And for her int'reſt firſt preſers his pray'r.—
"You poſe me not," ſaid ſhe, "tho' hard the taſk,
'Tho' huſbands ſeldom give what wives will aſk.
"My Deary does not yet to think incline.
"How oft' your neſt you feather, Pert! from mine.

"This pin-money, tho' short, has not betray'd,
"Nor jewels pawn'd, nor tradesmen's bills unpaid;
"Mine is the female fashionable skill,
"To win my wants by cheating at Quadrille.
"You bid me with prim look the world delude;
"Nor sins my Priest demurer than his prude.
"Least thinks my Lord you plant the secret horn,
"That your's his hopeful heir so newly born.
"'Tis mine to tease him first with jealous fears,
"And thunder all my virtue in his ears:
"My virtue rules unquestion'd—Where 's the cue
"For that which governs him to govern you?
"I gave you pow'r the family complain;
"I gave you love; but all your love is gain.
"My int'rest, wealth—for these alone you burn;
"With these you leave me, and with these return:
"Then, as no truant wants excuse for play,
"'Twas duty—duty call'd you far away,
"The sick to visit—some miles off to preach:
"—You come not but to suck one like a leach."
Thus lady-like she wanders from the case,
Keeps to no point, but runs a wild-goose chase.
She talks, and talks—to him her words are wind,
For Fat-goose living fills alone his mind.
He leaves her, to his patron warm applies—
"But, Parson! mark the terms;" his patron cries.
"You' doon you held for me and handmaid Nell,
"The girl now sickens, and she soon will swell.

" My ſpouſe has yet no jealous odd conjecture;
" Oh! ſhield my morning reſt from curtain-lecture.
" Parſon! take breeding Nelly quick to wife,
" And Fat-gooſe living then is your's for life."
Patron and ſpouſe thus mutually beguil'd,
Patron and Prieſt thus own each other's child;
Smock Simony agreed!—Thus, Curate! riſe,
'Tho' neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wiſe.
Vicars (poor Wights!) for loſt impropriation,
Rue, tho' good Proteſtants, the Reformation.
Preferr'd from curate, ſee our ſouls' protector
No murm'ring vicar but rejoicing Rector!
Not hir'd by laymen nor by laymen ſhown,
Church-lands now theirs, and tithes no more his own.
His patron can't revoke but may repent;
To bully now, not pleaſe, our Parſon 's bent.
When from dependence freed (ſuch prieſtly will!)
Prieſts ſoon treat all, but firſt their patrons, ill.
Veſtries he rules—Ye Lawyers! hither draw—
He ſmacks—his people deep are plung'd in law!
Now theſe plague thoſe, this pariſh now ſues that
For burying or maintaining foundling brat.
Now with churchwardens cribs the rev'rend thief
From workhouſe-pittance and collection-brief;
Nay, ſacramental alms purloins as ſure,
And ev'n at altars thus defrauds the poor.
Poor folks he 'll ſhun, but pray by rich if ill,
And watch, and watch—to ſlide into their will;

Then pop, perchance, in consecrated wine,
What speeds the soul he fits for realms divine.
Why could not London this good parson gain?
Before him sepulchres had rent in twain.
Then had he learn'd with sextons to invade,
And strip with sacrilegious hands the dead;
To tear off rings ere yet the finger rots;
To part them, for the vesture-shroud cast lots;
Had made dead skulls for coin the chymist's share,
The female corpse the surgeon's purchas'd ware,
And peering view'd, when for dissection laid,
That secret place which Love has sacred made.
Grudge, Heroes! not your heads in stills inclos'd;
Grudge not, ye Fair! your parts ripp'd up expos'd;
As strikes the choice anatomy our eyes,
As here dead skulls in quick'ning cordials rise,
From Egypt thus a rival traffic springs,
Her vended mummies thus were once her kings;
The line of Ninus now in drugs is roll'd,
And Ptolemy 's himself for balsam sold.
Volumes unread his library compose,
Gay shine their gilded backs in letter'd rows:
Cheap he collects—his friends the dupes are known;
They buy, he borrows, and each book 's his own.
Poor neighbours earn his ale, but earn it dear,
His ale he traffics for a nobler cheer;
For mugs of ale some poach—no game they spare,
Nor pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, nor hare.

This Prieſt, ye Clergy! not fictitious call;
Think him not form'd to repreſent ye all.
Should Satire quirks of vile attornies draw,
Say, would that mean to ridicule all law?
Deſcribe ſome murd'ring quack with want of know-ledge,
Would true phyſicians cry—You mean the college!
Bleſs'd be your cloth!—But if in him 't is curſt,
'Tis as beſt things corrupted are the worſt.

But left with keys the guiltleſs Curll defame,
Be publiſh'd here—Melchiſedeck his name!
Of Oxford too, but her ſtrict terms have dropp'd him,
And Cambridge, *ad eundem*, ſhall adopt him.
Of arts now maſter him the hood confirms;
'Scap'd are his exerciſes, 'ſcap'd his terms;
See the degree of Doctor next excite!
Therſcarf he once uſurp'd becomes his right.
A Doctor! could he diſputants refute?
Not ſo—firſt compromis'd was the diſpute.

At Fat-gooſe living ſeldom he reſides;
A curate there ſmall pittance well provides.
See him at London ſtudiouſly profound,
With bags of gold, not books, encompaſs'd round!
He from the broker how to jobb diſcerns;
He from the ſcriv'ner art of uſ'ry learns;
How to let int'reſt run on int'reſt knows,
And how to draw the mortgage, how foreclоſe;
Tenants and boroughs bought with monſtrous trea-ſure,
Elections turn obedient to his pleaſure;

Like St-bb-ng let him country mobs support,
And then, like St-bb-ng, crave a grace at court!
He sues, he teases, and he perseveres;
Not blushless Henley * less abash'd appears:
His impudence, of proof in ev'ry trial,
Kens no polite, and heeds no plain denial.
A spy, he aims by others' fall to rise;
Vile as Ifcariot U——n, betrays, belies;
And say, what better recommends than this,
Lo! Codex greets him with a holy kiss;
Him thus instructs in controversial stuff,
Him who ne'er argu'd but with kick and cuff.
My Weekly Miscellany be your lore;
Then rise at once the champion of church-pow'r!
The trick of jumbling contradictions know,
In church be high, in politics seem low:
Seek some antagonist, then wound his name;
The better still his life the more defame:
Quote him unfair, and in expression quaint
Force him to father meanings never meant.
Learn but mere names, retentless is your page,
For these enchant the vulgar, those enrage.
Name Church, that mystic spell shall mobs command,
Let Heretic each reas'ning Christian brand:
Cry Schismatic, let men of conscience shrink!
Cry Infidel, and who shall dare to think?

* The worthy orator.

Invoke the Civil pow'r, not ſenſe, for aid;
Aſſert, not argue; menace, not perſuade;
Shew Diſcord and her fiends would ſave the nation,
But her call Peace, her fiends a Convocation!
By me and Webſter finiſh'd thus at ſchool,
Laſt for the pulpit learn this golden rule!
Detach the ſenſe, and pother o'er the text,
And puzzle firſt yourſelf, your audience next.
Ne'er let your doctrine ethic truth impart;
Be that as free from morals as your heart:
Say faith without one virtue ſhall do well,
But without faith all virtues doom to hell!
What is this faith? not what (as Scripture ſhows)
Appeals to reaſon when 't would truth diſcloſe;
This againſt reaſon dare we recommend;
Faith may be true, yet not on truth depend.
'Tis myſtic light—a light which ſhall conceal,
A revelation which ſhall not reveal.
If faith is faith 't is orthodox—In brief,
Belief not orthodox is not belief;
And who has not belief pronounce him plain
No Chriſtian—Codex bids you this maintain.
Thus with much wealth, ſome jargon, and no grace,
To ſeat Epiſcopal our Doctor trace!
Codex, deceiving the ſuperior ear,
Procures the Congè (much miſcall'd) d'Elire.
(Let this the force of our fine precept tell,
That faith without one virtue ſhall do well.)

The Dean and Chapter daring not t' inquire,
Elect him—Why?—to ſhun a præmunire.
Within, without, be tidings roll'd around,
Organs within and bells without reſound.
Lawn-ſleev'd and mitred, ſtand he now confeſt:
See Codex conſecrate—a ſolemn jeſt!
The wicked's pray'rs prevail not—Pardon me,
Who for your Lordſhip's bleſſing bend—no knee.
Like other Prieſts, when to ſmall ſees you ſend 'em,
Let ours hold Fat-goose living *in commendam!*
An officer who ne'er his king revered,
For trait'rous toaſts and cowardice caſhier'd:
A broken 'pothecary, once renown'd
For drugs that poiſon'd half the country round,
From whom warm girls, if pregnant ere they marry,
Take phyſic, and for honour's ſake miſcarry:
A lawyer fam'd for length'ning bills of coſt,
While much he plagu'd mankind, his clients moſt,
To lick up ev'ry neighbour's fortune known,
And then let Lux'ry lick up all his own:
A Cambridge ſoph, who once for wit was held
Eſteem'd, but vicious, and for vice expell'd,
With parts his Lordſhip's lame ones to ſupport
In well-tim'd ſermons, fit to cant at court,
Or accurately pen (a talent better!)
His Lordſhip's ſenate ſpeech and paſt'ral letter:
Theſe four, to purify from ſinful ſtains,
This Biſhop firſt abſolves, and then ordains:

His chaplains theſe! and each of riſing knows
Thoſe righteous arts by which their patron roſe.
See him Lord Spiritual! dead-voting ſeated;
He ſoon (tho' ne'er to heav'n) ſhall be tranſlated.
Would now the mitre circle Rundle's creſt?
See him with Codex ready to proteſt!
Thus holy, holy, holy Biſhop riſe,
Tho' neither learn'd nor witty, good nor wiſe!
Think not theſe lays, ye Clergy! would abuſe;
Thus, when theſe lays commenc'd, premis'd the
All prieſts are not the ſame be underſtood; [Muſe--
Prieſts are like other folk, ſome bad ſome good.
The good no ſanction give the wicked's fame,
Nor with the wicked ſhare the good in ſhame.
Then, wiſe Freethinkers! cry not ſmartly thus---
Is the Prieſt work'd?---the Poet 's one of us!
Freethinkers, bigots, are alike to me,
For theſe miſdeem half-thinking thinking free;
Thoſe ſpeculative without ſpeculation,
Call myſt'ry and credulity ſalvation.
Let us believe with reaſon, and, in chief,
Let our good works demonſtrate our belief.
Faith without virtue never ſhall do well,
And never virtue without faith excel.

OF PUBLIC SPIRIT

IN REGARD TO PUBLIC WORKS:

AN EPISTLE

To his Royal Highneſs

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

Contents.

OF reſervoirs, and their uſe. Of draining fens and building bridges, cutting canals, repairing harbours, and ſtopping inundations, making rivers navigable, building lighthouſes. Of agriculture, gardening, and planting, for the nobleſt uſes. Of commerce. Of public roads. Of public buildings, *viz.* ſquares, ſtreets, manſions, palaces, courts of juſtice, ſenate-houſes, theatres, hoſpitals, churches, colleges; the variety of worthies produced by the latter. Of colonies. The ſlave-trade cenſured, &c.

GREAT hope of Britain!—Here the Muſe eſſays
A theme which to attempt alone is praiſe.
Be her's a zeal of Public Spirit known,
A princely zeal!—a Spirit all your own!
Where never ſcience beam'd a friendly ray,
Where one vaſt blank neglected nature lay,
From Public Spirit there, by arts employ'd,
Creation, varying, glads the cheerleſs void.
Hail, Arts! where ſafety, treaſure, and delight,
On land, on wave, in wondrous works unite:
Thoſe wondrous works, O Muſe! ſucceſſive raiſe,
And point their worth, their dignity, and praiſe.

What tho' no ſtreams, magnificently play'd,
Riſe a proud column, fall a grand caſcade?
Thro' nether pipes, which nobler uſe renowns,
Lo! ductile riv'lets viſit diſtant towns.
Now vaniſh fens, whence vapours riſe no more,
Whoſe aguiſh influence tainted heav'n before:
The ſolid iſthmus ſinks a wat'ry ſpace,
And wonders, in new ſtate, at naval grace.
Where the flood deep'ning rolls, or wide extends,
From road to road yon' arch, connective, bends:
Where ports were choak'd, where mounds in vain aroſe,
There harbours open, and there breaches cloſe;
To keels obedient ſpreads each liquid plain,
And bulwark moles repel the boiſt'rous main.
When the ſunk ſan no homeward ſail befriends,
On the rock's brow the lighthouſe kind aſcends,
And from the ſhoally o'er the gulfy way
Points to the pilot's eye the warning ray.
Count ſtill, my Muſe! (to count what Muſe can
The works of Public Spirit, freedom, peace. [ceaſe?)
By them ſhall plants in foreſts reach the ſkies,
Then loſe their leafy pride, and navies riſe;
(Navies! which to invaſive foes explain
Heav'n throws not round us rocks and ſeas in vain)
The ſail of Commerce in each ſky aſpires,
And Property aſſures what Toil acquires.
Who digs the mine or quarry digs with glee;
No ſlave—his option and his gain are free:

Him the ſame laws the ſame protection yield
Who ploughs the furrow as who owns the field.
Unlike where Tyranny the rod maintains
O'er turfleſs, leafleſs, and uncultur'd plains.
Here herbs of food and phyſic plenty ſhow'rs,
Gives fruits to bluſh, and colours various flow'rs.
Where ſands or ſtony wilds once ſtarv'd the year,
Laughs the green lawn, and nods the golden ear;
White ſhine the fleecy race, which Fate ſhall doom
The feaſt of life, the treaſure of the loom.
On plains now bare ſhall gardens wave their groves,
While ſettling ſongſters woo their feather'd loves;
Where pathleſs woods no grateful op'nings knew,
Walks tempt the ſtep, and viſtas court the view.
See the parterre confeſs expanſive day,
The grot elufive of the noon-tide ray:
Up yon' green ſlope a length of terrace lies,
Whence gradual landſcapes fade in diſtant ſkies.
Now the blue lake reflected heav'n diſplays,
Now darkens, regularly wild, the maze;
Urns, obeliſks, fanes, ſtatues, intervene,
Now centre, now commence, or end the ſcene.
Lo! proud alcoves; lo! ſoft ſequeſter'd bow'rs,
Retreats of ſocial or of ſtudious hours:
Rank above rank here ſhapely greens aſcend,
There others natively groteſque depend:
The rude, the delicate, immingled, tell
How Art would Nature, Nature Art excel,

And how, while theſe their rival charms impart,
Art brightens Nature; Nature brightens Art.
Thus in the various yet harmonious ſpace
Blend order, ſymmetry, and force and grace.
When theſe from Public Spirit ſmile, we ſee
Free-op'ning gates and bow'ry pleaſures free;
For ſure great ſouls one truth can never miſs,
Bliſs not communicated is not bliſs.
Thus Public Spirit, liberty, and peace,
Carve, build, and plant, and give the land increaſe;
From peaſant hands imperial works ariſe,
And Britiſh hence with Roman grandeur vies;
Not grandeur that in pompous whim appears,
That levels hills, that vales to mountains rears,
That alters Nature's regulated grace,
Meaning to deck, but deſtin'd to deface.
Tho' no proud gates, with China's taught to vie,
Magnificently uſeleſs ſtrike the eye;
(Uſeleſs where rocks a ſurer barrier lend,
Where ſeas encircle, and where fleets defend)
What tho' no arch of triumph is aſſign'd
To laurell'd Pride, whoſe ſword has thinn'd mankind?
Tho' no vaſt wall extends from coaſt to coaſt,
No pyramid aſpires, ſublimely loſt?
Yet the ſafe road thro' rocks ſhall winding tend,
And the firm cauſeway o'er the clays aſcend.
Lo! ſtately ſtreets; lo! ample ſquares, invite
The ſalutary gale that breathes delight:

Lo! ſtructures mark the charitable ſoil
For caſual ill, maim'd Valour, feeble Toil,
Worn out with care, infirmity, and age,
The life here ent'ring quitting there the ſtage;
The babe of lawleſs birth, doom'd elſe to moan,
To ſtarve or bleed for errors not his own!
Let the frail mother 'ſcape the fame defil'd,
If from the murd'ring mother 'ſcape the child!
Oh! guard his youth from Sin's alluring voice,
From deeds of dire neceſſity, not choice!
His grateful hand, thus never harmful known,
Shall on the public welfare build his own.

Thus worthy crafts, which low-born life divide,
Give towns their opulence and courts their pride:
Sacred to pleaſure ſtructures riſe elate,
To that ſtill worthy of the wiſe and great:
Sacred to pleaſure then ſhall piles aſcend?
They ſhall—when pleaſure and inſtruction blend.
Let theatres from Public Spirit ſhine,
Such theatres as, Athens! once were thine.
See! the gay Muſe, of pointed wit poſſeſt,
Who wakes the virtuous laugh, the decent jeſt,
What tho' ſhe mock, ſhe mocks with honeſt aim,
And laughs each fav'rite folly into ſhame:
With lib'ral light the tragic charms the age,
In ſolemn-training robes ſhe fills the ſtage;
There human nature, mark'd in diff'rent lines,
Alive in character diſtinctly ſhines:

Quick paſſions change alternate on her face,
Her diction muſic, as her action grace;
Inſtant we catch her terror-giving cares,
Pathetic ſighs and pity-moving tears;
Inſtant we catch her gen'rous glow of ſoul,
Till one great ſtriking moral crowns the whole.

Hence in warm youth, by ſcenes of virtue taught,
Honour exalts and love expands the thought;
Hence pity, to peculiar grief aſſign'd,
Grows wide benevolence to all mankind.

Where various edifice the land renowns,
There Public Spirit plans, exalts, and crowns:
She cheers the manſion with the ſpacious hall,
Bids Painting live along the ſtory'd wall;
Seated, ſhe ſmiling eyes th' unclofing door,
And much ſhe welcomes all, but moſt the poor:
She turns the pillar, or the arch ſhe bends,
The choir ſhe lengthens, or the choir extends:
She rears the tow'r whoſe height the heav'ns admire;
She rears, ſhe rounds, ſhe points, the leſſ'ning ſpire:
At her command the college-roofs aſcend,
(For Public Spirit ſtill is Learning's friend)
Stupendous piles! which uſeful pomp completes;
Thus riſe Religion's and thus Learning's ſeats:
There moral truth and holy ſcience ſpring,
And give the ſage to teach, the bard to ſing;
There ſome draw health from herbs and min'ral veins,
Some ſearch the ſyſtems of the heav'nly plains;

Some call from hiſtory paſt times to view,
And others trace old laws, and ſketch out new;
Thence ſaving rights by legiſlators plann'd,
And guardian patriots thence inſpire the land.
Now grant, ye Pow'rs! one great, one fond, deſire,
And, granting, bid a new Whitehall aſpire!
Far let it lead, by well-pleas'd Thames ſurvey'd
The ſwelling arch and ſtately colonnade;
Bid courts of juſtice, ſenate-chambers, join,
Till various all in one proud work combine!
But now be all the gen'rous goddeſs ſeen,
When moſt diffus'd ſhe ſhines and moſt benign!
Ye ſons of Miſery! attract her view;
Ye ſallow, hollow-ey'd, and meagre Crew!
Such high perfection have our arts attain'd,
That now few ſons of Toil our arts demand?
Then to the Public, to itſelf, we fear
Ev'n willing Induſtry grows uſeleſs here.
Are we too populous at length confeſs'd,
From confluent ſtrangers refug'd and redreſs'd?
Has War ſo long withdrawn his barb'rous train,
That Peace o'erſtocks us with the ſons of men?
So long has plague left pure the ambient air,
That Want muſt prey on thoſe Diſeaſe would ſpare?
Hence beauteous wretches, (Beauty's foul diſgrace!)
Tho' born the pride, the ſhame of human race;
Fair wretches hence, who nightly ſtreets annoy,
Live but themſelves and others to deſtroy;

Hence robbers rise, to theft, to murder, prone,
First driv'n by want, from habit desp'rate grown;
Hence for ow'd trifles oft our jails contain
(Torn from mankind) a miserable train!
Torn from, in spite of Nature's tend'rest cries,
Parental, filial, and connubial, ties:
The trader, when on ev'ry side distrest,
Hence flies to what expedient frauds suggest;
To prop his question'd credit's tott'ring state,
Others he first involves to share his fate,
Then for mean refuge must self-exil'd roam,
Never to hope a friend nor find a home.

This Public Spirit sees; she sees, and feels;
Her breast the throb, her eye the tear, reveals;
(The patriot throb that beats, the tear that flows
For others' welfare and for others' woes)—
"And what can I," she said, "to cure their grief?
"Shall I or point out death or point relief?
"Forth shall I lead them to some happier soil,
"To conquest lead them, and enrich with spoil?
"Bid them convulse a world, make Nature groan,
"And spill in shedding others' blood their own?
"No, no—such wars do thou, Ambition! wage;
"Go, sterilize the fertile with thy rage:
"Whole nations to depopulate is thine,
"To people, culture, and protect, be mine!"
Then range the world, Discov'ry!—Straight he goes
O'er seas, o'er Libya's sands, and Zembla's snows;

He ſettles where kind rays till now have ſmil'd
(Vain ſmile!) on ſome luxuriant houſeleſs wild.
How many ſons of Want might here enjoy
What Nature gives for age but to deſtroy?
"Bluſh, bluſh, O Sun!" ſhe cries, "here vainly found,
"To riſe, to ſet, to roll the ſeaſons round,
"Shall heav'n diſtil in dews, deſcend in rain,
"From earth guſh fountains, rivers flow—in vain?
"There ſhall the wat'ry lives in myriads ſtray,
"And be, to be alone each other's prey?
"Unſought ſhall here the teeming quarries own
"The various ſpecies of mechanic ſtone?
"From ſtructure this, from ſculpture that, confine?
"Shall rocks forbid the latent gem to ſhine?
"Shall mines, obedient, aid no artiſt's care,
"Nor give the martial ſword and peaceful ſhare?
"Ah! ſhall they never precious ore unfold,
"To ſmile in ſilver, or to flame in gold?
"Shall here the vegetable world alone
"For joys, for various virtues, reſt unknown?
"While food and phyſic plants and herbs ſupply,
"Here muſt they ſhoot alone to bloom and die?
"Shall fruits which none but brutal eyes ſurvey
"Untouch'd grow ripe, untaſted drop away?
"Shall here th' irrational, the ſavage kind,
"Lord it o'er ſtores by Heav'n for man deſign'd,
"And trample what mild ſons benignly raiſe,
"While man muſt loſe the uſe and Heav'n the praiſe?

" Shall it then be?—(Indignant here she rose,
Indignant yet humane her bosom glows)—
" No! by each honour'd Grecian, Roman, name,
" By men for virtue deify'd by Fame,
" Who peopled lands, who modell'd infant state,
" And thon bade empire be maturely great;
" By these I swear (be witness Earth and Skies!)
" Fair Order here shall from Confusion rise.
" Rapt, I a future colony survey;
" Come then, ye sons of Mis'ry! come away;
" Let those whose sorrows from neglect are known,
" (Here taught, compell'd, empow'r'd) neglect atone;
" Let those enjoy who never merit woes,
" In youth th' industrious wish, in age repose;
" Allotted acres (no reluctant soil)
" Shall prompt their industry and pay their toil.
" Let families, long strangers to delight,
" Whom wayward Fate dispers'd, by me unite;
" Here live enjoying life, see plenty, peace,
" Their lands increasing as their sons increase.
" As Nature yet is found in leafy glades
" To intermix the walks with lights and shades;
" Or as with good and ill, in chequer'd strife,
" Various the goddess colours human life;
" So in this fertile clime, if yet are seen
" Moors, marshes, cliffs, by turns to intervene,
" Where cliffs, moors, marshes, desolate the view,
" Where haunts the bittern, and where screams the mew;

" Where prowls the wolf, where roll'd the ſerpent
" Shall ſolemn fanes and halls of juſtice riſe,
" And towns ſhall open (all of ſtructure fair!)
" To bright'ning proſpects and to pureſt air;
" Frequented ports and vineyards green ſucceed,
" And flocks increaſing whiten all the mead;
" On ſcience ſcience, arts on arts refine;
" On theſe from high all heav'n ſhall ſmiling ſhine,
" And Public Spirit here a people ſhow
" Free, num'rous, pleas'd, and buſy all below.
" Learn, future natives of this promis'd land,
" What your forefathers ow'd my ſaving hand;
" Learn, when Deſpair ſuch ſudden bliſs ſhall ſee,
" Such bliſs muſt ſhine from Oglethorpe or me!
" Do you the neighb'ring blameleſs Indian aid,
" Culture what he neglects, not his invade;
" Dare not, oh! dare not, with ambitious view,
" Force or demand ſubjection never due.
" Let, by my ſpecious name, no tyrants riſe,
" And cry, while they enſlave, they civiliſe.
" Know Liberty and I are ſtill the ſame,
" Congenial—ever mingling flame with flame.
" Why muſt I Afric's ſable children ſee
" Vended for ſlaves, tho' form'd by Nature free,
" The nameleſs tortures cruel minds invent,
" Theſe to ſubject whom Nature equal meant?
" If theſe you dare (albeit unjuſt ſucceſs
" Empow'rs you now unpuniſh'd to oppreſs)

" Revolving empire you and yours may doom,
" (Rome all ſubdu'd, yet Vandals vanquiſh'd Rome)
" Yes, empire may revolve, give them the day,
" And yoke may yoke, and blood may blood repay."
Thus (ah! how far unequall'd by my lays,
Unſkill'd the heart to melt or mind to raiſe)
Sublime, benevolent, deep, ſweetly clear,
Worthy a Thomſon's Muſe, a Fred'rick's ear,
Thus ſpoke the goddeſs; thus I faintly tell
In what lov'd works Heav'n gives her to excel.
But who her ſons that, to her int'reſt true,
Converſant lead her to a prince like you?
Theſe, Sir! ſalute you from life's middle ſtate,
Rich without gold, and without titles great;
Knowledge of books and men exalts their thought,
In wit accompliſh'd tho' in wiles untaught,
Careleſs of whiſpers meant to wound their name,
Nor ſneer'd nor brib'd from virtue into ſhame;
In letters elegant, in honour bright,
They come, they catch, and they reflect delight.
Mixing with theſe, a few of rank are found
For councils, embaſſies, and camps, renown'd;
Vers'd in gay life, in honeſt maxims read,
And ever warm of heart, yet cool of head:
From theſe the circling glaſs gives wit to ſhine,
The bright grow brighter, and ev'n courts refine;
From theſe ſo gifted, candid, and upright,
Flows knowledge, ſoft'ning into eaſe polite.

Happy the man who such a prince can please!
Happy the prince rever'd by men like these!
His condescensions dignity display,
Grave with the wise, and with the witty gay;
For him fine marble in the quarry lies,
Which in the statues to his fame shall rise;
Ever shall Public Spirit beam his praise,
And the Muse swell it in immortal lays.

THE POET'S DEPENDENCE

ON A STATESMAN.

Some seem to hint, and others proof will bring,
That from neglect my num'rous hardships spring.
"Seek the great man," they cry—'Tis then decreed
In him if I court fortune I succeed.
What friends to second? who for me should sue
Have int'rests partial to themselves in view:
They own my matchless fate compassion draws;
They all wish well; lament, but drop my cause.
There are who ask no pension, want no place,
No title wish, and would accept no grace.
Can I entreat they should for me obtain
The least, who greatest for themselves disdain?
A statesman, knowing this, unkind, will cry,
"Those love him; let those serve him—why should I?"

Say, shall I turn where lucre points my views,
At first desert my friends, at length abuse?
But on less terms in promise he complies;
Years bury years, and hopes on hopes arise:
I trust, am trusted, on my fairy gain,
And woes on woes attend, an endless train.
Be posts dispos'd at will—I have for these
No gold to plead, no impudence to tease.
All secret service from my soul I hate,
All dark intrigues of pleasure or of state.
I have no pow'r election-votes to gain,
No will to hackney out polemic strain;
To shape, as time shall serve, my verse or prose
To flatter thence, nor slur, a courtier's foes;
Nor him to daub with praise if I prevail,
Nor shock'd by him with libels to assail:
Where these are not what claim to me belongs,
Tho' mine the Muse and virtue, birth and wrongs?
Where lives the Statesman so in honour clear
To give where he has nought to hope nor fear?
No—there to seek is but to find fresh pain;
The promise broke, renew'd, and broke again;
To be, as humour deigns, receiv'd, refus'd,
By turns affronted and by turns amus'd;
To lose that time which worthier thoughts require;
To lose the health which should those thoughts inspire;
To starve on hope, or, like chamelions, fare
On ministerial faith, which means but air.

But ſtill, undrooping, I the crew diſdain
Who or by jobs or libels wealth obtain.
Ne'er let me be, thro' thoſe, from want exempt,
In one man's favour, in the world's contempt;
Worſe in my own!—Thro' thoſe to poſts who riſe
Themſelves in ſecret muſt themſelves deſpiſe,
Vile, and more vile, till they at length diſclaim
Not ſenſe alone of glory but of ſhame.
What tho' I hourly ſee the ſervile herd
For meanneſs honour'd, and for guilt preferr'd;
See ſelfiſh paſſion public virtue ſcorn,
And public virtue an enthuſiaſt dream;
See favour'd falſehood, innocence bely'd,
Meekneſs depreſs'd, and pow'r-elated pride?
A ſcene will ſhew, all-righteous viſion haſte!
The meek exalted and the proud debas'd!—
Oh! to be there—to tread that friendly ſhore
Where Falſehood, Pride, and Stateſmen, are no more!
But ere indulg'd—ere Fate my breath ſhall claim,
A poet ſtill is anxious after fame.
What future fame would my ambition crave?
This were my wiſh—could ought my mem'ry ſave;
Say, when in death my ſorrows lie repos'd,
That my paſt life no venal view diſcloſ'd;
Say I well knew, while in a ſtate obſcure,
Without the being baſe the being poor;
Say I had parts too mod'rate to tranſcend,
Yet ſenſe to mean, and virtue not t' offend,

My heart supplying what my head deny'd;
Say that by Pope esteem'd & liv'd and dy'd,
Whose writings the best rules to write could give,
Whose life the nobler science how to live.

THE GENTLEMAN.

ADDRESSED TO JOHN JOLIFFE, ESQ.

A DECENT mien, an elegance of dress,
Words which, at ease, each winning grace express;
A life where love, by wisdom polish'd, shines,
Where wisdom's self again by love refines;
Where we to chance for friendship never trust,
Nor ever dread from sudden whim disgust;
The social manners and the heart humane,
A nature ever great, and never vain;
A wit that no licentious pertness knows;
The sense that unassuming candour shows;
Reason by narrow principles uncheck'd,
Slave to no party, bigot to no sect;
Knowledge of various life, of learning too,
Thence taste, thence truth, which will from taste ensue;
Unwilling censure, tho' a judgment clear,
A smile indulgent, and that smile sincere;
An humble tho' an elevated mind;
A pride its pleasure but to serve mankind;

If theſe eſteem and admiration raiſe,
Give true delight, and gain unflatt'ring praiſe,
In one wiſh'd view th' accompliſh'd man we ſee;
Theſe graces all are thine, and thou art he.

THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

A POEM.

Occaſioned by the departure of

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

Written in the year 1734.

Mild roſe the Morn; the face of Nature bright
Wore one extenſive ſmile of calm and light;
Wide o'er the land did hov'ring Silence reign,
Wide o'er the blue diffuſion of the main;
When, lo! before me, on the ſouthern ſhore,
Stood forth the pow'r whom Albion's ſons adore,
Bleſs'd Liberty! whoſe charge is Albion's iſle,
Whom Reaſon gives to bloom, and Truth to ſmile;
Gives Peace to gladden, ſhelt'ring Law to ſpread,
Learning to lift aloft her laurell'd head;
Rich Induſtry to view, with pleaſing eyes,
Her fleets, her cities, and her harveſts, riſe.
In curious emblems ev'ry art expreſt
Glow'd from the loom, and brighten'd on his veſt:

Science in various lights attention won,
Wav'd on his robe, and glitter'd in the ſun. [claim;
" My words," he cry'd, " my words obſervance
" Reſound, ye Muſes! and receive them, Fame!
" Here was my ſtation when o'er ocean wide
" The great Third William ſtretch'd his naval pride:
" I with my ſacred influence ſwell'd his ſoul,
" Th' enſlav'd to free, th' enſlaver to control.
" In vain did waves diſperſe and winds detain;
" He came, he ſav'd; in his was ſeen my reign.
" How juſt, how great, the plan his ſoul deſign'd
" To humble tyrants, and ſecure mankind!
" Next Marlb'rough in his ſteps ſucceſsful trod;
" This godlike plann'd, that finiſh'd like a god;
" And while Oppreſſion fled to realms unknown,
" Europe was free, and Britain glorious ſhone.
" Where Naſſau's race extenſive growth diſplay'd,
" There Freedom ever found a ſhelt'ring ſhade.
" Still Heav'n is kind.—See! from the princely root
" Millions to bleſs the branch auſpicious ſhoot.
" He lives, he flouriſhes, his honours ſpread,
" Fair virtues blooming on his youthful head:
" Nurſe him, ye heav'nly Dews! ye ſunny Rays!
" Into firm health, fair fame, and length of days."
He paus'd; and caſting o'er the deep his eye,
Where the laſt billow ſwells into the ſky,
Where, in gay viſion, round th' horizon's line
The moving clouds with various beauty ſhine,

As dropping from their bosom, ting'd with gold,
Shoots forth a sail, amusive to behold;
Lo! while its light the glowing wave returns,
Broad like a sun the bark approaching burns:
Near, and more near, great Naffau soon he spy'd,
And beauteous Anna! Britain's eldest pride!
Thus spoke the Genius as advanc'd the sail—
"Hail, blooming Hero! high-born Princess! hail;
"Thy charms thy mother's love of truth display,
"Her light of virtue, and her beauty's ray;
"Her dignity, which, copying the divine,
"Soften'd thro' condescension, learns to shine:
"Greatness of thought, with prudence for its guide,
"Knowledge from nature and from art supply'd,
"To noblest objects pointed various ways,
"Pointed by Judgment's clear unerring rays."
What manly virtues in her mind excel!
Yet on her heart what tender passions dwell!
For, ah! what pangs did late her peace destroy,
To part with thee, so wont to give her joy!
How heav'd her breast! how sadden'd was her mien!
All in the mother then was lost the queen:
The swelling tear then dimm'd her parting view,
The struggling sigh stopp'd short her last adieu:
Ev'n now thy fancy'd perils fill her mind,
The secret rock, rough wave, and rising wind,
The shoal so treach'rous near the tempting land,
Th' ingulfing whirlpool, and the swallowing sand;

Theſe fancy'd perils all, by day, by night,
In thoughts alarm her, and in dreams affright!
For thee her heart unceaſing love declares,
In doubts, in hopes, in wiſhes, and in pray'rs!
Her pray'rs are heard—For me, 't is thine to brave
The ſand, the ſhoal, rock, whirlpool, wind, and wave:
Kind Safety waits to waft thee gently o'er,
And Joy to greet thee on the Belgic ſhore.

May future times, when their fond praiſe would tell
How moſt their fav'rite characters excel,
Howbleſs'd! howgreat!—then may their ſongs declare
So great! ſo bleſs'd!—ſuch Anne and Naſſau were.

THE ANIMALCULE.

A TALE.

Occaſioned by his Grace the Duke of Rutland's receiving the ſmall-pox by inoculation.

I.

In Animalcules, Muſe! diſplay
Spirits of name unknown in ſong.
Reader! a kind attention pay,
Nor think an uſeful comment long.

II.

Far leſs than mites, on mites they prey;
Minuteſt things may ſwarms contain:
When o'er your iv'ry teeth they ſtray,
Then throb your little nerves with pain.

III.

Fluids in drops minutely swell;
These subtile beings each contains;
In the small sanguine globes they dwell,
Roll from the heart, and trace the veins.

IV.

Thro' ev'ry tender tube they rove,
In finer spirits strike the brain,
Wind quick thro' ev'ry fibrous grove,
And seek, thro' pores, the heart again.

V.

If they with purer drops dilate,
And lodge where entity began,
They actuate with a genial heat,
And kindle into future man.

VI.

But when our lives are Nature's due,
Air, seas, nor fire, their frames dissolve,
They matter thro' all forms pursue,
And oft' to genial heats revolve.

VII.

Thus once an Animalcule prov'd,
When man, a patron to the bays,
This patron was in Greece belov'd,
Yet fame was faithless to his praise.

VIII.

In Rome this Animalcule grew
Mecænas, whom the Classics rate;

Among the Gauls it prov'd Richlieu,
In learning, pow'r, and bounty, great.

IX.

In Britain Halifax it rose;
(By Halifax bloom'd Congreve's strains)
And now it rediminish'd glows
To glide thro' godlike Rutland's veins.

X.

A plague there is, too many know,
Too seldom perfect cures befall it;
The Muse may term it Beauty's foe,
In physic the Small-pox we call it.

XI.

From Turks we learn this plague t' assuage,
They, by admitting, turn its course;
Their kiss will tame the tumor's rage;
By yielding they o'ercome the force.

XII.

Thus Rutland did its touch invite,
While, watchful in the ambient air,
This little guardian subtile spright
Did with the poison in repair.

XIII.

Th' infection from the heart it clears;
Th' infection, now dilated thin,
In pearly pimples but appears,
Expell'd upon the surface skin.

XIV.

And now it mould'ring wastes away:
'Tis gone!—doom'd to return no more;
Our Animalcule keeps its stay,
And most new labyrinths explore.

XV.

And now the noble's thoughts are seen,
Unmark'd, it views his heart's desires;
It now reflects what it has been,
And, rapt'rous, at his change admires.

XVI.

Its pristine virtues kept, combine,
To be again in Rutland known;
But they, immers'd, no longer shine,
Nor equal nor increase his own.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF BEAUTY.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. BRIDGET JONES,

A young widow lady of Llanelly, Caermarthenshire.

ONCE Beauty, wishing fond desire to move,
Contriv'd to catch the heart of wand'ring Love.
Come, purest Atoms! Beauty aid implores;
For new soft texture leave ethereal stores.
They come, they crowd, they shining hues unfold,
Be theirs a form which Beauty's self shall mould!

To mould my charmer's form she all apply'd—
Whence Cambria boasts the birth of Nature's pride.
She calls the Graces—Such is Beauty's state,
Prompt at her call th' obedient Graces wait.
First your fair feet they shape, and shape to please;
Each stands design'd for dignity and ease.
Firm on these curious pedestals depend
Two polish'd pillars; which as fair ascend;
From well-wrought knees, more fair, more large, they rise,
Seen by the Muse, tho' hid from mortal eyes:
More polish'd yet your fabric, each sustains
That purest temple where perfection reigns.
A small sweet circle forms your faultless waist,
By Beauty shap'd, to be by Love embrac'd.
Beyond that lest'ning waist two orbs devise;
What swelling charms in fair proportion rise!
Fresh peeping there two blushing buds are found,
Each like a rose, which lilies white surround:
There feeling sense let pitying sighs inspire,
Till panting pity swells to warm desire;
Desire, tho' warm, is chaste; each warmest kiss
All rapture chaste, when Hymen bids the bliss.
Rounding and soft, two taper arms descend;
Two snow-white hands in taper fingers end.
Lo! cunning Beauty on each palm designs
Love's fortune and your own in mystic lines;
And lovely whiteness either arm contains,
Diversify'd with azure-wand'ring veins;

The wand'ring veins conceal a gen'rous flood,
The purple treasure of celestial blood.
Rounding and white your neck, as curious, rears
O'er all a face where Beauty's self appears.
Her soft attendants smooth the spotless skin,
And, smoothly-oval, turn the shapely chin;
The shapely chin to Beauty's rising face
Shall, doubling gently, give a double grace,
And soon sweet op'ning, rosy lips disclose
The well-rang'd teeth in dilly-whiting rows.
Here life is breath'd, and florid life assumes
A breath whose fragrance vies with vernal blooms;
And two fair cheeks give modesty to raise
A beauteous blush at praise, tho' just the praise:
And Nature now, from each kind ray, supplies
Soft element smiles, and love-inspiring eyes;
New graces to those eyes mild shades allow,
Fringe their fair lids, and pencil either brow:
While sense of vision lights up orbs so rare,
May none but pleasing objects visit there!
Two little perches, (which one sense empow'rs
To draw rich scent from aromatic flow'rs)
In structure neat, and deck'd with polish'd grace,
Shall equal first, then heighten, Beauty's face.
To smelling sense, oh! may the flow'ry year
Its first, last, choicest, incense offer here!
Transparent next, two curious crescents bound
The two-fold entrance of inspiring sound,

And granting a new pow'r of ſenſe to hear,
New finer organs form each curious ear,
Form to imbibe what moſt the ſoul can move,
Muſic and reaſon, poeſy and love.
Next on an open front is pleaſing wrought
A penſive ſweetneſs, born of patient Thought:
Above your lucid ſhoulders locks diſplay'd,
Prone to deſcend, ſhall ſoften light with ſhade:
All with a nameleſs air and mien unite,
And as you move each movement is delight:
Tun'd is your melting tongue and equal mind,
At once by knowledge heighten'd and refin'd.
The Virtues next to Beauty's nod incline,
For where they lend not light ſhe cannot ſhine;
Let theſe the temp'rate ſenſe of taſte reveal,
And give while Nature ſpreads the ſimple meal,
The palate pure, to reliſh health deſign'd,
From luxury as taintleſs as your mind.
The Virtues chaſtity and truth impart,
And mould to ſweet benevolence your heart.
Thus Beauty finiſh'd—thus ſhe gains the ſway,
And Love ſtill follows where ſhe leads the way.
From ev'ry gift of Heav'n to charm is thine;
To love, to praiſe, and to adore, be mine.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

A POEM.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG WIDOW LADY.

ADIEU, ye Rocks that witneſs'd once my flame,
Return'd my ſighs, and echo'd Chloe's name!
Cambria, farewell!—my Chloe's charms no more
Invite my ſteps along Llanelly's ſhore;
There no wild dens conceal voracious foes,
The beach no fierce amphibious monſter knows;
No crocodile there fleſh'd with prey appears,
And o'er that bleeding prey weeps cruel tears;
No falſe hyæna, feigning human grief,
There murders him whoſe goodneſs means relief;
Yet tides, conſpiring with unfaithful ground,
Tho' diſtant ſeen, with treach'rous arms ſurround;
There quickſands, thick as Beauty's ſnares, annoy,
Look fair to tempt, and whom they tempt deſtroy.
I watch'd the ſeas, I pac'd the ſands with care,
Eſcap'd, but wildly ruſh'd on Beauty's ſnare.
Ah!—better far, than by that ſnare o'erpow'r'd,
Had ſands ingulf'd me, or had ſeas devour'd.

Far from that ſhore where Syren Beauty dwells,
And wraps ſweet ruin in reſiſtleſs ſpells;
From Cambrian plains, which Chloe's luſtre boaſt,
Me native England yields a ſafer coaſt.

Chloe, farewell!—Now seas, with boist'rous pride,
Divide us, and will ever far divide;
Yet while each plant, which vernal youth resumes,
Feels the green blood ascend in future blooms;
While little feather'd songsters of the air
In woodlands tuneful woo and fondly pair,
The Muse exults, to Beauty tunes the lyre,
And willing Loves the swelling notes inspire.
Sure on this day, when hope attains success,
Bright Venus first did young Adonis bless:
Her charms not brighter, Chloe! sure than thine;
Tho' flush'd his youth, not more his warmth than mine.
Sequester'd far within a myrtle grove,
Whose blooming bosom courts retiring Love;
Where a clear sun the blue serene displays,
And sheds thro' vernal air attemper'd rays;
Where flow'rs their aromatic incense bring,
And fragrant flourish in eternal spring;
There mate to mate each dove responsive coos,
While this assents as that enamour'd woos:
There rills amusive send from rocks around
A solitary, pleasing, murm'ring, sound,
Then form a limpid lake. The lake serene
Reflects the wonders of the blissful scene.
To love the birds attune their chirping throats,
And on each breeze immortal music floats.
There, seated on a rising turf, is seen,
Graceful in loose array, the Cyprian queen;

All freſh and fair, all mild, as Ocean gave
The goddeſs, riſing from the azure wave;
Diſhevell'd locks diſtil celeſtial dews,
And all her limbs divine perfumes diffuſe:
Her voice ſo charms, the plumy warbling throngs,
In liſt'ning wonder loſt, ſuſpend their ſongs.
It ſounds—"Why loiters my Adonis?"—cry,
"Why loiters my Adonis?"—rocks reply.
"Oh! come away!"—they thrice repeating ſay,
And Echo thrice repeats,—"Oh! come away!"—
Kind zephyrs waft them to her lover's ears,
Who inſtant at th' enchanting call appears.
Her placid eye, where ſparkling joy refines,
Benignant with alluring luſtre ſhines.
His locks, which in looſe ringlets charm the view,
Float careleſs, lucid from their amber hue.
A myrtle wreath her roſy fingers frame,
Which from her hand his poliſh'd temples claim;
His temples fair a ſtreaking beauty ſtains,
As ſmooth white marble ſhines with azure veins.
He kneel'd: her ſnowy hand he trembling ſeiz'd,
Juſt lifted to his lip, and gently ſqueez'd;
The meaning ſqueeze return'd, Love caught its lore,
And enter'd at his palm thro' ev'ry pore;
Then ſwell'd her downy breaſts, till then incloſ'd,
Faſt-heaving, half conceal'd and half expos'd:
Soft ſhe reclines. He, as they fall and riſe,
Hangs hov'ring o'er them with enamour'd eyes,

And, warm'd; grows wanton—As he thus admir'd,
He pry'd, he touch'd, and with the touch was fir'd.
Half angry, yet half pleas'd, her frowns beguiles
The boy to fear; but at his fear she smiles.
The youth less tim'rous, and the fair less coy,
Supinely am'rous they reclining toy.
More am'rous still his sanguine meanings stole
In wistful glances to her soft'ning soul;
In her fair eye her soft'ning soul he reads:
To freedom freedom, boon to boon succeeds.
With conscious blush th' impassion'd charmer burns,
And blush for blush th' impassion'd youth returns.
They look, they languish, sigh with pleasing pain,
And wish and gaze, and gaze and wish again.
'Twixt her white parting bosom steals the boy,
And more than hope preludes tumultuous joy;
Thro' ev'ry vein the vig'rous transport ran,
Strung ev'ry nerve, and brac'd the boy to man.
Struggling, yet yielding, half o'erpow'r'd, she pants,
Seems to deny, and yet denying grants.
Quick, like the tendrils of a curling vine,
Fond limbs with limbs in am'rous folds entwine:
Lips press on lips, caressing and caress'd;
Now eye darts flame to eye, and breast to breast:
All she resigns, as dear desires incite,
And rapt he reach'd the brink of full delight.
Her waist compress'd in his exulting arms,
He storms, explores, and rifles all her charms;

Clasps in ecstatic bliss th' expiring fair,
And thrilling, melting, nestling, riots there.
How long the rapture lasts, how soon it fleets,
How oft' it pauses, and how oft' repeats,
What joys they both receive and both bestow
Virgins may guess, but wives experienc'd know:
From joys like these (ah! why deny'd to me?)
Sprung a fresh blooming boy, my Fair! from thee.
May he, a new Adonis, lift his creſt
In all the florid grace of youth confeſt!
Firſt let him learn to liſp your lover's name,
And when he reads, here annual read my flame.
When beauty firſt ſhall wake his genial fire,
And the firſt tingling ſenſe excite deſire;
When the dear object, of his peace poſſeſt,
Gains and ſtill gains on his unguarded breaſt,
Then may he ſay, as he this verſe reviews,
So my bright mother charm'd the poet's Muſe,
His heart thus flutter'd oft' 'twixt doubt and fear,
Lighten'd with hope, and ſadden'd with deſpair.
Say, on ſome rival did ſhe ſmile too kind?
Ah! read—what jealouſy diſtracts his mind!
Smil'd ſhe on him? he imag'd rays divine,
And gaz'd and gladden'd with a love like mine.
How dwelt her praiſe upon his raptur'd tongue!
Ah!--when ſhe frown'd what plaintive notes he ſung!
And could ſhe frown on him—Ah! wherefore, tell;
On him, whoſe only crime was loving well?

Thus may thy ſon his pangs with mine compare,
Then wiſh his mother had been kind as fair.
For him may Love the myrtle wreath entwine,
Tho' the ſad willow ſuits a woe like mine:
Ne'er may the filial hope, like me, complain;
Ah! never ſigh and bleed, like me, in vain.—
When death affords that peace which Love denies,
Ah! no—far other ſcenes my fate ſupplies;
When earth to earth my lifeleſs corſe is laid,
And o'er it hangs the yew or cypreſs ſhade;
When pale I flit along the dreary coaſt,
An hapleſs lover's pining plaintive ghoſt;
Here annual on this dear returning day,
While feather'd choirs renew the melting lay,
May you, my Fair! when you theſe ſtrains ſhall ſee,
Juſt ſpare one ſigh, one tear, to love and me;
Me who, in abſence or in death, adore
Thoſe heav'nly charms I muſt behold no more.

LONDON AND BRISTOL

DELINEATED*.

Two sea-port cities mark Britannia's fame,
And these from commerce diff'rent honours claim.
What diff'rent honours shall the Muses pay,
While one inspires and one untunes the lay?
Now silver Isis bright'ning flows along,
Echoing from Oxford shore each classic song,
Then weds with Thame; and these, O London! see
Swelling with naval pride, the pride of thee!
Wide, deep, unfully'd, Thames meand'ring glides,
And bears thy wealth on mild majestic tides.
Thy ships, with gilded palaces that vie
In glitt'ring pomp, strike wond'ring China's eye;
And thence returning bear, in splendid state,
To Britain's merchants India's eastern freight.
India her treasures from her western shores,
Due at thy feet, a willing tribute pours;
Thy warring navies distant nations awe,
And bid the world obey thy righteous law.
Thus shine thy manly sons of lib'ral mind,
Thy Change deep-busy'd, yet as courts refin'd;
Councils, like senates, that enforce debate
With fluent eloquence and reason's weight;

* The Author preferred this title to that of *London and Bristol compared*, which, when he began the piece, he intended to prefix to it.

Whose patriot virtue lawless Pow'r controls,
Their British emulating Roman souls:
Of these the worthiest still selected stand,
Still lead the senate, and still save the land:
Social, not selfish, here, O Learning! trace
Thy friends, the lovers of all human race.
In a dark bottom sunk, O Bristol! now
With native malice lift thy low'ring brow;
Then as some hell-born sprite in mortal guise
Borrows the shape of Goodness and belies,
All fair, all smug, to you proud hall invite,
To feast all strangers ape an air polite;
From Cambria drain'd, or England's western coast,
Not elegant, yet costly, banquets boast!
Revere, or seem the stranger to revere;
Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but sincere;
Insidious now, our bosom secrets steal,
And these with sly sarcastic sneer reveal.
Present we meet thy sneaking treach'rous smiles;
The harmless absent still thy sneer reviles:
Such as in thee all parts superior find,
The sneer that marks the fool and knave combin'd:
When melting Pity would afford relief,
The ruthless sneer that insult adds to grief.
What friendship canst thou boast? what honours claim?
To thee each stranger owes an injur'd name.
What smiles thy sons must in their foes excite!
Thy sons! to whom all discord is delight;

From whom eternal mutual railing flows;
Who in each other's crimes their own expose:
Thy sons! tho' crafty, deaf to Wisdom's call,
Despising all men, and despis'd by all;
Sons! while thy cliffs a ditch-like river laves,
Rude as thy rocks, and muddy as thy waves,
Of thoughts as narrow as of words immense,
As full of turbulence as void of sense?
Thee, thee, what senatorial souls adorn!
Thy natives, sure, would prove a senate's scorn.
Do strangers deign to serve thee; what their praise?
Their gen'rous services thy murmurs raise.
What fiend malign, that o'er thy air presides,
Around from breast to breast inherent glides,
And as he glides there scatters in a trice
The lurking seeds of ev'ry rank device?
Let foreign youths to thy indentures run,
Each, each will prove, in thy adopted son,
Proud, pert, and dull—tho' brilliant once from schools,
Will scorn all learning's as all virtue's rules;
And tho' by nature friendly, honest, brave,
Turn a sly, selfish, simp'ring, sharping, knave.
Boast petty-courts, where 'stead of fluent ease
Of cited precedents and learned pleas;
Stead of sage counsel in the dubious cause,
Attornies, chatt'ring wild, burlesque the laws—
(So shameless quacks, who doctors' rights invade,
Of jargon and of poison form a trade;

So canting cobblers, while from tubs they teach,
Buffoon the gospel they pretend to preach)
Boast petty courts, whence rules new rigour draw,
Unknown to Nature's and to Statute law;
Quirks that explain all saving rights away
To give th' attorney and the catchpoll prey.
Is there where law too rig'rous may descend,
Or Charity her kindly hand extend?
Thy courts that, shut when Pity would redress,
Spontaneous open to inflict distress.
Try misdemeanours!—all thy wiles employ,
Not to chastise th' offender, but destroy;
Bid the large lawless fine his fate foretel;
Bid it beyond his crime and fortune swell;
Cut off from service due to kindred blood,
To private welfare and to public good,
Pity'd by all but thee, he sentenc'd lies,
Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies.
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Boast swarming vessels, whose plebeian state
Owes not to merchants but mechanics freight;
Boast nought but pedlar fleets—in war's alarms
Unknown to glory as unknown to arms:

Boaſt thy baſe Tolſey *, and thy turnſpit dogs,
Thy Halliers' † horſes, and thy human hogs;
Upſtarts and muſhrooms, proud relentleſs hearts!
Thou blank of ſciences! thou dearth of arts!
Such foes as Learning once was doom'd to ſee,
Huns, Goths, and Vandals, were but types of thee!

Proceed, great Briſtol! in all righteous ways,
And let one juſtice heighten yet thy praiſe;
Still ſpare the catamite and ſwinge the whore,
And be whate'er Gomorrha was before.

* A place where the merchants uſed to meet to tranſact their affairs before the Exchange was erected. *See Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xiii. p. 496.

† Halliers are the perſons who drive or own the ſledges which are here uſed inſtead of carts.

ON FALSE HISTORIANS.

A SATIRE.

SURE of all plagues with which dull proſe is curſt
Scandal from Falſe Hiſtorians ſpot the worſt:
In queſt of theſe the Muſe ſhall firſt advance,
Bold to explore the regions of romance;
Romance, call'd Hiſt'ry—Lo! at once ſhe ſkims
The viſionary world of monkiſh whims,
Where fallacy in legends wildly ſhines,
And vengeance glares from violated ſhrines;
Where ſaints perform all tricks, and ſtartle thought
With many a miracle that ne'er was wrought;
Saints that ne'er liv'd, or ſuch as juſtice paints,
Jugglers, on ſuperſtition palm'd for ſaints.
Here canoniz'd let creed-mongers be ſhown,
Red-letter'd ſaints, and red aſſaſſins known;
While thoſe they martyr'd ſuch as angels roſe!
All black enroll'd among Religion's foes,
Snatch'd by ſulphureous clouds, a Lye proclaims
Number'd with fiends, and plung'd in endleſs flames.

Hiſt'ry from air or deep draws many a ſpright,
Such as from nurſe or prieſt might boys affright;
Or ſuch as but o'er fev'riſh ſlumbers fly,
And fix in melancholy Frenzy's eye.
Now meteors make enthuſiaſt wonder ſtare,
And image wild portentous wars in air!

Seers fall entranc'd! some wizard's lawless skill
Now whirls, now fetters, Nature's works at will!
Thus Hist'ry, by machine, mock epic seems,
Not from poetic but from mankish dreams.

The devil, who priest and sorc'rer must obey,
The sorc'rer us'd to raise, the parson lay.
When Echard was'd his pen, the Hist'ry shows
The parson conjur'd, and the fiend uprose.
A camp at distance, and the scene a wood,
Here enter'd Noll, and there old Satan stood:
No tail his rump, his foot no hoof, conceal'd;
Like a wife cuckold, with his horns conceal'd;
Not a gay serpent, glitt'ring to the eye,
But more than serpent or than hateful fly;
For, lawyer-like, a fiend no wit can shape,
The demon stands confess'd in proper shape;
Now spreads his parchments, now in sign'd the scroll;
Thus Noll gains empire, and the devil has Noll.

Wondrous Historian! thus account for evil,
And thus for its success—'t is all the devil.
Tho' ne'er that devil we saw, yet one we see——
One of an author sure, and—thou art he.

But dusky phantoms, Muse, no more pursue;
Now clearer objects open—yet untrue.
Awful the genuine Historian's name!
False ones—with what materials build they fame?
Fabrics of fame, by dirty means made good,
As nests of martins are compil'd of mud.

Peace be with Curll!—with him I wave all ſtrife,
Who pens each felon's and each actor's life;
Biography that cooks the devil's martyrs,
And lards with luſcious rapes the cheats of Chartres.

Materials which belief in Gazettes claim,
Looſe-ſtrung, run gingling into Hiſt'ry's name:
Thick as Egyptian clouds of raining flies,
As thick as worms where man corrupting lies;
As peſts obſcene that haunt the ruin'd pile,
As monſters flound'ring in the muddy Nile;
Minutes, Memoirs, Views, and Reviews, appear,
Where ſlander darkens each recorded year.
In a paſt reign is feign'd ſome am'rous league;
Some ring or letter now reveals th' intrigue:
Queens with their minions work unſeemly things,
And boys grow dukes when catamites to kings.
Does a prince die? what poiſons they ſurmiſe!
No royal mortal, ſure, by nature dies.
Is a prince born? what birth more baſe believ'd!
Or, what 's more ſtrange, his mother ne'er conceiv'd!
Thus ſlander popular o'er truth prevails,
And eaſy minds imbibe romantic tales;
Thus, 'ſtead of Hiſtory, ſuch authors raiſe
Mere crude wild novels of bad hints for plays.

Some uſurp names—an Engliſh garreteer,
From minutes forg'd is Monſieur Meſnager *.

* The Minutes of Monſ. Meſnager, a book calculated to villify the adminiſtration in the four laſt years of Queen Anne's reign.

Some, while on good or ill success they stare,
Give conduct a complexion dark or fair:
Others, as little to inquiry prone,
Account for actions tho' their spring's unknown.
One part man vices has, and virtues too,
Hence will contrasted character ensue.
View but the black, he 's fiend; the bright but scan,
He 's angel: view him all—he 's still a man.
But such Historians all accuse, acquit;
No virtue these, and those no vice, admit:
For either in a friend no fault will know,
And neither own a virtue in a foe.
Where hearsay knowledge sits on public names,
And bold conjecture or cabals sit blames,
Spring party-libels, from whose ashes dead,
A monster, misnam'd Hist'ry, lifts its head;
Contending factions crowd to hear its roar,
But when once heard it dies to noise no more:
From these no answer, no applause from those,
O'er half they simper and o'er half they doze.
So when in Senate, with egregious pate,
Perks up Sir ——— in some deep debate,
He hems, looks wise, rounds thin his lab'ring throat,
To prove black white, postpones or palms the vote:

The truth is, that this libel was not written by Monf. Mesnager neither was any such book ever printed in the French tongue from which it is impudently said in the title-page to be translated. *Savage.*

In fly contempt some "Hear him! hear him!" cry;
Some yawn, some sneer; none second, none reply.
But dare such miscreants now rush abroad,
By blanket, cane, pump, pillory, unaw'd?
Dare they imp Falsehood thus, and plume her wings,
From present characters and recent things?
Yes: what untruths! or truths in what disguise!
What Boyers and what Oldmixons arise!
What facts from all but them and Slander screen'd?
Here meets a council, no where else conven'd;
There, from originals, come thick as spawn
Letters ne'er wrote, memorials never drawn;
To secret conference ne'er held they yoke
Treaties ne'er plain'd, and speeches never spoke.
From, Oldmixon! thy brow, too well we know,
Like sin from Satan, far and wide they go.
In vain may St. John safe in conscience sit,
In vain with truth confute, contemn with wit;
Confute, contemn, amid selected friends,
There sinks the justice, there the satire ends.
Here, tho' a cent'ry scarce such leaves unclose,
From mould and dust the slander sacred grows.
Now none reply where all despise the page;
But will dumb Scorn deceive no future age?
Then should dull periods cloud not seeming fact,
Will no fine pen th' unanswer'd lie extract?
Well-set in plan, and polish'd into style,
Fair and more fair may finish'd fraud beguile;

By ev'ry language ſtatch'd, by time receiv'd,
In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry age, believ'd.
How vain to virtue truſt the great their name,
When ſuch their lot for infamy or fame!

ON THE RECOVERY OF A LADY OF QUALITY FROM THE SMALL-POX.

Long a lov'd fair had bleſs'd her conſort's ſight
With am'rous pride and undiſturb'd delight,
Till Death, grown envious, with repugnant aim
Frown'd at their joys, and urg'd a tyrant's claim.
He ſummons each diſeaſe—the noxious crew,
Writhing in dire diſtortions, ſtrike his view;
From various plagues, which various natures know,
Forth ruſhes Beauty's fear'd and fervent foe.
Fierce to the fair the miſſile miſchief flies,
The ſanguine ſtreams in raging ferments riſe:
It drives ignipotent thro' ev'ry vein,
Hangs on the heart, and burns around the brain.
Now a chill damp the charmer's luſtre dims;
Sad o'er her eyes the livid languor ſwims;
Her eyes, that with a glance could joy inſpire,
Like ſetting ſtars, ſcarce ſhoot a glimm'ring fire.
Here ſtands her conſort, ſore with anguiſh preſt,
Grief in his eye, and terror in his breaſt:

The Paphian Graces, smit with anxious care,
In silent sorrow weep the waining fair.
Eight suns, successive, roll their fire away,
And eight slow nights see their deep shades decay:
While these revolve, tho' mute each Muse appears,
Each speaking eye drops eloquence in tears.
On the ninth noon great Phœbus list'ning bends;
On the ninth noon each voice in pray'r ascends—
Great god of Light, of Song, and Physic's art!
Restore the languid fair, new soul impart;
Her beauty, wit, and virtue, claim thy care,
And thy own bounty 's almost rival'd there.
Each pass'd: the god assents. Would Death advance?
Phœbus, unseen, arrests the threat'ning lance;
Down from his orb a vivid influence streams,
And quick'ning earth imbibes salubrious beams;
Each balmy plant increase of virtue knows,
And Art, inspir'd with all her patron, glows;
The charmer's op'ning eye kind hope reveals,
Kind hope her consort's breast cheriv'ning feels;
Each grace revives, each Muse resumes the lyre,
Each beauty brightens with relumin'd fire:
As Health's auspicious pow'rs gay life display,
Death, sullen at the sight, stalks slow away.

VERSES

Occaſioned by the Right Hon.

THE LADY VISCOUNTESS TYRCONNEL'S

RECOVERY AT BATH.

WHERE Thames with pride beholds Auguſta's charms,
And either India pours into her arms;
Where Liberty bids honeſt arts abound,
And pleaſures dance in one eternal round;
High-thron'd appears the laughter-loving dame,
Goddeſs of Mirth! Euphroſynè her name;
Her ſmile more cheerful than a vernal morn,
All life! all bloom! of Youth and Fancy born:
Touch'd into joy, what hearts to her ſubmit!
She looks her ſire, and ſpeaks her mother's wit.

O'er the gay world the ſweet inſpirer reigns;
Spleen flies, and Elegance her pomp ſuſtains.
Thee, Goddeſs! thee the fair and young obey;
Wealth, Wit, Love, Muſic, all confeſs thy ſway.
In the bleak wild ev'n Want by thee is bleſt,
And pamper'd Pride without thee pines for reſt.
The rich grow richer while in thee they find
The matchleſs treaſure of a ſmiling mind.
Science by thee flows ſoft in ſocial eaſe,
And Virtue, loſing rigour, learns to pleaſe.

The goddeſs ſummons each illuſtrious name,
Bids the gay talk, and forms th' amuſive game.

She whose fair throne is fix'd in human souls,
From joy to joy her eye delighted rolls.
" But where," she cry'd, " is she, my fav'rite! she
" Of all my race the dearest far to me!
" Whose life 's the life of each refin'd delight?"
She said—but no Tyrconnel glads her sight:
Swift sank her laughing eyes in languid fear;
Swift rose the swelling sigh and trembling tear;
In kind low murmurs all the loss deplore;
Tyrconnel droops, and pleasure is no more!
The goddess, silent, paus'd in mus'ful air,
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair;
Celestial-hinted thoughts gay hope inspir'd,
Smiling she rose, and all with hope reward.
Where Bath's ascending turrets meet her eyes,
Straight wafted on the tepid breeze she flies,
She flies, her elder sister Health to find,
She finds her on the mountain-brow reclin'd:
Around her birds in easiest concert sing,
Her cheek the semblance of the kindling spring,
Fresh-tinctur'd like a summer-ev'ning sky,
And a mild sun sits smiling in her eye:
Loose to the wind her verdant vestments flow,
Her limbs yet recent from the springs below;
There oft' she bathes, then peaceful sits secure,
Where ev'ry gale is fragrant, fresh, and pure;
Where flow'rs and herbs their cordial odours blend,
And all their balmy virtues fast ascend.

"Hail, Sister! hail," the kindred goddess cries,
"No common suppliant stands before your eyes.
"You, with whose living breath the morn is fraught,
"Flush the fair cheek, and point the cheerful thought!
"Strength, vigour, wit, depriv'd of thee, decline!
"Each finer sense that forms delight is thine!
"Bright suns by thee diffuse a brighter blaze,
"And the fresh green a fresher green displays!
"Without thee pleasures die, or dully cloy,
"And life with thee, howe'er deprest'd, is joy.
"Such thy vast pow'r!"—The deity replies;
"Mirth never asks a boon which Health denies;
"Our mingled gifts transcend imperial wealth;
"Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits Health.
"These gales, yon' springs, herbs, flow'rs, and sun, are mine;
"Thine is their smile! be all their influence thine."
Euphrosyne rejoins—"Thy friendship prove:
"See the dear sick'ning object of my love!
"Shall that warm heart, so cheerful ev'n in pain,
"So form'd to please, unpleas'd itself remain?
"Sister! in her my smile anew display,
"And all the social world shall bless thy sway."
Swift as she speaks Health spreads the purple wing,
Soars in the colour'd clouds, and sheds the spring:
Now bland and sweet she floats along in air;
Air feels, and soft'ning own th' ethereal fair!
In still descent she melts on op'ning flow'rs,
And deep impregnates plants with genial show'rs;

The genial ſhow'rs, new-riſing to the ray,
Exhale in roſeate clouds, and glad the day:
Now in a Zephyr's borrow'd voice ſhe ſings,
Sweeps the freſh dews, and ſhakes them from her wings,
Shakes them embalm'd; or, in a gentle kiſs,
Breathes the ſure carneſt of awak'ning bliſs:
Sapphira feels it, with a ſoft ſurpriſe,
Glide thro' her veins, and quicken in her eyes!
Inſtant in her own form the goddeſs glows,
Where, bubbling warm, the min'ral water flows;
Then, plunging, to the flood new virtue gives,
Steeps ev'ry charm, and as ſhe bathes it lives!
As from her locks ſhe ſheds the vital ſhow'r,
"'Tis done!" ſhe cries, "theſe ſprings poſſeſs my pow'r!
"Let theſe immediate to thy darling roll
"Health, vigour, life, and gay-returning ſoul.
"Thou ſmil'ſt, Euphroſyne! and conſcious ſee,
"Prompt to thy ſmile, how Nature joys with thee.
"All is green life! all beauty roſy bright,
"Full Harmony, young Love, and dear Delight!
"See vernal Hours lead circling Joys along!
"All ſun, all bloom, all fragrance, and all ſong!
"Receive thy care! now Mirth and Health combine,
"Each heart ſhall gladden, and each virtue ſhine.
"Quick to Auguſta bear thy prize away,
"There let her ſmile, and bid a world be gay."

VERSES

Occaſioned by reading

MR. AARON HILL'S POEM

CALLED GIDEON.

The lines marked thus " " are taken from Gideon.

I.

Let other poets poorly ſing
Their flatt'ries to the vulgar great,
Her airy flight let wand'ring Fancy wing,
And rival Nature's moſt luxuriant ſtore
To ſwell ſome monſter's pride, who ſhames a ſtate,
Or form a wreath to crown tyrannic Pow'r;
Thou, who inform'dſt this clay with active fire,
Do thou, ſupreme of Pow'rs! my thoughts refine,
And with thy pureſt heat my ſoul inſpire,
That with Hillarius' worth my verſe may ſhine:
As thy lov'd Gideon once ſet Iſrael free,
So he with ſweet ſeraphic lays
" Redeems the uſe of captive poetry,"
Which firſt was form'd to ſpeak thy glorious praiſe.

II.

Moſes, with an enchanting tongue,
Pharaoh's juſt overthrow ſublimely ſung.
When Saul and Jonathan in death were laid,
Surviving David felt the ſoft'ning fire,
And by the great Almighty's tuneful aid
Wak'd into endleſs life his mournful lyre.

Their diff'rent thoughts, met in Hillarius' ſong,
Roll in one channel more divinely ſtrong:
With Pindar's fire his verſe's ſpirit flies,
"Wafted in charmful muſic thro' the air:"
Unſtopp'd by clouds, it reaches to the ſkies,
And joins with angels' hallelujahs there,
Flows mix'd, and ſweetly ſtrikes th'Almighty's ear.

III.

Rebels ſhould bluſh when they his Gideon ſee,
That Gideon born to ſet his country free.
O that ſuch heroes in each age might riſe,
Bright'ning thro' vapours like the morning-ſtar,
Gen'rous in triumph, and in council wiſe,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!

IV.

When Gideon, Oreb, Hyram, Shimron, ſhine
Fierce in the blaze of war as they engage,
Great Bard! what energy but thine
Could reach the vaſt deſcription of their rage?
Or when, to cruel foes betray'd,
Sareph and Hamar call for aid,
Loſt and bewilder'd in deſpair,
How piercing are the hapleſs lover's cries!
What tender ſtrokes in melting accents riſe!
Oh! what a maſterpiece of pity 's there?
Nor goodly Joaſh ſhows thy ſweetneſs leſs
When, like kind Heav'n, he frees them from diſtreſs!

V.

Hail Thou! whoſe verſe a living image ſhines:
In Gideon's character your own you drew;
As there the graceful patriot ſhines,
We in that image bright Hillarius view.
Let the low crowd, who love unwholeſome fare,
When in thy words the breath of angels flows,
Like groſs-fed ſpirits ſick in purer air,
Their earthy ſouls by their dull taſte diſcloſe.
Thy dazzling genius ſhines too bright,
And they, like ſpectres, ſhun the ſtreams of light;
But while in ſhades of ignorance they ſtray,
Round thee rays of knowledge play,
"And ſhew thee glitt'ring in abſtracted day."

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE VICE-PRINCIPAL

OF ST. MARY HALL, OXFORD,

Being preſented by the Hon. Mrs. Knight to the living of Goſfield in Eſſex.

While by mean arts, and meaner patrons, riſe
Prieſts whom the learned and the good deſpiſe,
This ſees fair Knight, in whoſe tranſcendent mind
Are wiſdom, purity, and truth, enſhrin'd.

A modeſt merit now ſhe plans to lift;
Thy living, Canfield! falls her inſtant gift.
"Let me," ſhe ſaid, "reward alone the wiſe,
"And make the church-revenue Virtue's prize."
She ſought the man of honeſt candid breaſt;
In faith, in works of goodneſs, full expreſt;
Tho' young, yet cauſing academic youth
To ſcience moral and religious truth.
She ſought where the diſintereſted friend,
The ſcholar, ſage, and free companion, blend;
The pleaſing poet and the deep divine
She ſought, ſhe found, and, Hart! the prize was thine.

AN APOLOGY TO BRILLANTE,

FOR HAVING LONG OMITTED WRITING IN VERSE.

In imitation of a certain mimic of Anacreon.

CAN I matchleſs charms recite?
Source of ever-ſpringing light!
Could I count the vernal flow'rs,
Count in endleſs time the hours;
Count the countleſs ſtars above,
Count the captive hearts of Love,
Paint the torture of his fire,
Paint the pangs thoſe eyes inſpire!
(Pleaſing torture, thus to ſhine,
Purify'd by fires like thine!)

Then I 'd ſtrike the ſounding ſtring,
Then I 'd thy perfection ſing.
Myſtic World!—thou ſomething more,
Wonder of th' Almighty's ſtore!
Nature's depths we oft' deſcry,
Oft' they 're pierc'd by Learning's eye;
Thou, if thought on thee would gain,
Prov'ſt (like Heav'n) inquiry vain:
Charms unequall'd we purſue,
Charms in ſhining throngs we view;
Number'd then could Nature's be,
Nature's ſelf were poor to thee.

FULVIA.

A POEM.

Let Fulvia's wiſdom be a ſlave to will,
Her darling paſſions ſcandal and Quadrille;
On friends and foes her tongue a ſatire known,
Her deeds a ſatire on herſelf alone.
On her poor kindred deigns ſhe word or look?
'Tis cold reſpect, or 't is unjuſt rebuke;
Worſe when good-natur'd than when moſt ſevere;
The jeſt impure then pains the modeſt ear.
How juſt the ſceptic! the divine how odd!
What turns of wit play ſmartly on her God!
The Fates my neareſt kindred foes decree;
Fulvia, when piqu'd at them, ſtraight pities me.

She, like Benevolence, a smile bestows;
Favours to me indulge her spleen to those.
The banquet serv'd, with peeresses I sit;
She tells my story, and repeats my wit.
With mouth distorted, thro' a sounding nose
It comes; now homeliness more homely grows.
With see-saw sounds, and nonsense not my own,
She screws her features, and she cracks her tone.
"How fine your Bastard! why so soft a strain?
"What, such a Mother? satirize again!"
Oft' I object—but fix'd is Fulvia's will—
Ah! tho' unkind she is my Mother still.
The verse now flows, the manuscript she claims;
'Tis fam'd—the fame each curious fair inflames:
The wildfire runs: from copy copy grows;
The Bretts, alarm'd, a sep'rate peace propose.
'Tis ratify'd—how alter'd Fulvia's look!
My wit 's degraded, and my cause forsook.
Thus she: "What 's poetry but to amuse?
"Might I advise—there are more solid views."
With a cool air she adds; "This tale is old;
"Were it my case it should no more be told.
"Complaints—had I been worthy to advise—
"You know—but when are wits, like women, wise?
"True it may take; but, think whate'er you list,
"All love the satire, none the satirist."
I start, I stare, stand fix'd, then pause a while,
Then hesitate, then ponder well, then smile.

"Madam—a pension lost—and where's amends?"
"Sir," she replies, "indeed you'll lose your friends."
Why did I start? 't was but a change of wind—
Or the same thing—the lady chang'd her mind.
I bow, depart, despise, discern her all;
Nanny revisits, and disgrac'd I fall.
Let Fulvia's friendship whirl with ev'ry whim,
A reed, a weathercock, a shade, a dream;
No more the friendship shall be now display'd
By weathercock, or reed, or dream, or shade;
To Nanny fix'd unvarying shall it tend,
For souls, so form'd alike, were form'd to blend.

A CHARACTER.

Fair Truth, in courts where Justice should preside,
Alike the judge and advocate would guide,
And these would vie each dubious point to clear,
To stop the widow's and the orphan's tear,
Were all, like Yorke, of delicate address,
Strength to discern, and sweetness to express,
Learn'd, just, polite, born ev'ry heart to gain,
Like Cummins mild, like Fortescue * humane,
All-eloquent of truth, divinely known,
So deep, so clear, all science is his own.
Of heart impure, and impotent of head,
In hist'ry, rhet'ric, ethics, law, unread,

* The Hon. William Fortescue, Esq. one of the Justices of his Majesty's Court of Common Pleas.

How far unlike ſuch worthies! once a drudge,
From ſtound'ring in low caſes roſe a Judge.
Form'd to make pleaders laugh, his nonſenſe thunders,
And on low juries breathes contagious blunders.
His brothers bluſh, becauſe no bluſh he knows,
Nor e'er "one uncorrupted finger ſhows †."
See, drunk with pow'r, the Circuit-lord expreſs'd!
Full in his eye his betters ſtand confeſs'd;
Whoſe wealth, birth, virtue, from a tongue ſo looſe,
'Scape not provincial vile buffoon abuſe.
Still to what circuit is aſſign'd his name,
There, ſwift before him, flies the warner—Fame.
Conteſt ſtops ſhort, Conſent yields ev'ry cauſe
To Coſt; Delay endures them and withdraws.
But how 'ſcape priſ'ners? To their trial chain'd,
All, all ſhall ſtand condemn'd who ſtand arraign'd.
Dire guilt! which elſe would deteſtation cauſe,
Prejudg'd with inſult wondrous pity draws.
But 'ſcapes ev'n Innocence his harſh harangue?
Alas!—ev'n Innocence itſelf muſt hang;
Muſt hang to pleaſe him, when of ſpleen poſſeſt;
Muſt hang to bring forth an abortive jeſt.
Why liv'd he not ere Star-chambers had fail'd,
When fine, tax, cenſure, all but law, prevail'd;
Or law, ſubſervient to ſome murd'rous will,
Became a precedent to murder ſtill?

† When Page one uncorrupted finger ſhows.

D. OF WHARTON.

Yet ev'n when patriots did for traitors bleed,
Was e'er the job to such a slave decreed,
Whose savage mind wants sophist art to draw
O'er murder'd Virtue specious veils of law?

Why, Student! when the bench your youth admits,
Where, tho' the worst, with the best rank'd he sits,
Where sound opinions you attentive write,
As once a Raymond, now a Lee, to cite,
Why pause you fearful when he dins the court?
Note well his cruel quirks, and well report:
Let his own words against himself point clear,
Satire more sharp than verse when most severe.

CHARACTER

OF THE

REV. JAMES FOSTER.

From Codex hear, ye ecclesiastic Men!
This pastoral charge to Webster, Sobbing, Vem;
Attend, ye emblems of your P——'s mind!
Mark Faith, mark Hope, mark Charity, defin'd;
On terms whence no ideas ye can draw
Pin well your faith, and then pronounce it law.

First wealth, a crosier next, your hope inflame,
And next church pow'r—a pow'r o'er conscience
In modes of worship right of choice deny; [claim;
Say to convert all means are fair—add why?
'Tis charitable—let your pow'r decree
That persecution then is charity:
Call reason error; forms not things display;
Let moral doctrine to abstruse give way;
Sink demonstration; myst'ry preach alone;
Be thus Religion's friend, and thus your own.
But Foster well this honest truth extends—
Where mystery begins religion ends.
In him, great modern Miracle! we see
A priest from av'rice and ambition free;
One whom no persecuting spirit fires,
Whose heart and tongue benevolence inspires;
Learn'd, not assuming; eloquent, yet plain;
Meek tho' not tim'rous; conscious tho' not vain;
Without craft rev'rend; holy without cant;
Zealous for truth, without enthusiast rant.
His faith, where no credulity is seen,
'Twixt infidel and bigot marks the mean;
His hope no mitre militant on earth;
'Tis that bright crown which Heav'n reserves for
A priest in charity with all mankind, [worth.
His love to virtue, not to sect, confin'd:
Truth his delight, from him it flames abroad,
From him, who fears no being but his God:

In him from Chriſtian moral light can ſhine,
Not mad with myſt'ry, but a ſound divine;
He wins the wiſe and good with reaſon's lore,
Then ſtrikes their paſſions with pathetic pow'r;
Where Vice erects her head rebukes the page;
Mix'd with rebuke perſuaſive charms engage;
Charms which th' unthinking muſt to thought excite,
Lo! Vice leſs vicious, Virtue more upright.
Him copy, Codex! that the good and wiſe,
Who ſo abhor thy heart, and head deſpiſe,
May ſee thee now, tho' late, redeem thy name,
And glorify what elſe is damn'd to fame.

But ſhould ſome churchman, aping wit ſevere,
"The poet's ſure turn'd Baptiſt"—ſay; and ſneer;
Shame on that narrow mind ſo often known,
Which in one mode of faith owns worth alone!
Sneer on, rail, wrangle; nought this truth repels—
Virtue is Virtue, whereſoe'er ſhe dwells;
And ſure where learning gives her light to ſhine,
Her's is all praiſe—if her's, 'tis, Foſter! thine.
Thee boaſt Diſſenters; we with pride may own
Our Tillotſon, and Rome her Fenelon *.

* In this Character of the Rev. James Foſter truth guided the pen of the Muſe. Mr. Pope paid a tribute to the modeſt worth of this excellent man: little did he imagine his Rev. Annotator would endeavour to convert his praiſe into abuſe. The character and writings of Foſter will be admired and read when the works of the bitter controverſaliſt are forgotten.

E GRÆCO RUF.

Qui te videt beatus eſt,
Beatior qui te audiet,
Qui baſiat ſemideus eſt,
Qui te potitur eſt Deus. BUCHANAN.

THE FOREGOING LINES PARAPHRASED.

I.

HAPPY the man who, in thy ſparkling eyes,
His am'rous wiſhes ſees reflecting play;
Sees little laughing Cupids glancing riſe,
And in ſoft-ſwimming langnor die away.

II.

Still happier he to whom thy meanings roll
In ſounds which Love, harmonious Love! inſpire;
On his charm'd ear fits rapt his liſt'ning ſoul,
Till admiration form intenſe deſire.

III.

Half-deity is he who warm may preſs
Thy lip ſoft-ſwelling to the kindling kiſs;
And may that lip aſſentive warmth expreſs,
Till love draw willing love to ardent bliſs.

IV.

Circling thy waiſt, and circled in thy arms,
Who, melting on thy mutual-melting breaſt,
Entranc'd enjoys love's whole luxurious charms,
Is all a god—is of all heav'n poſſeſt.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE REVIVAL OF

SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY VI.

AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

Printed before the play from a ſpurious copy.

To-NIGHT a patient ear, ye Britons! lend,
And to your great forefathers' deeds attend.
Here, cheaply warn'd, ye bleſs'd Deſcendents! view
What ills on England Civil Diſcord drew.
To wound the heart the martial Muſe prepares,
While the red ſcene with raging ſlaughter glares.
Here, while a monarch's ſuff'rings we relate,
Let gen'rous grief his ruin'd grandeur wait.
While Second Richard's blood for vengeance calls,
Doom'd for his grandſire's guilt poor Henry falls:
In civil jars avenging judgment blows,
And royal wrongs entail a people's woes:
Henry, unvers'd in wiles, more good than great!
Drew on by meekneſs his diſaſtrous fate.
Thus when you ſee this land by faction toſt,
Her nobles ſlain, her laws, her freedom, loſt,
Let this reflection from the action flow,
We ne'er from foreign foes could ruin know.
Oh! let us then inteſtine diſcord ſhun;
We ne'er can be but by ourſelves undone.

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY.

Clos'n are thoſe eyes that beam'd ſeraphic fire;
Cold is that breaſt which gave the world deſire;
Mute is the voice where winning ſoftneſs warm'd,
Where muſic melted, and where wiſdom charm'd,
And lively wit, which, decently confin'd,
No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind.
Could modeſt knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
Perſuaſive reaſon and endearing truth;
Could honour, ſhewn in friendſhips moſt refin'd,
And ſenſe that ſhields th' attempted virtuous mind;
The ſocial temper never known to ſtrife,
The height'ning graces that embelliſh life;
Could theſe have e'er the darts of Death defy'd,
Never, ah! never, had Melinda dy'd:
Nor can ſhe die—ev'n now ſurvives her name,
Immortaliz'd by friendſhip, love, and fame.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. JONES,

Grandmother to Mrs. Bridget Jones of Llanelly in Caermarthenſhire.

In her whoſe relics mark this ſacred earth
Shone all domeſtic and all ſocial worth.
Firſt Heav'n her hope with early offspring crown'd,
And thence a ſecond race roſe num'rous round.
Heav'n to induſtrious virtue bleſſing lent,
And all was competence, and all content.
Tho' frugal care, in Wiſdom's eye admir'd,
Knew to preſerve what induſtry acquir'd,
Yet at her board, with decent plenty bleſt,
The journeying ſtranger ſat a welcome gueſt.
Preſs'd on all ſides, did trading neighbours fear
Ruin, which hung o'er exigence ſevere?
Farewell the friend who ſpar'd th' aſſiſtant loan—
A neighbour's woe or welfare was her own.
Did piteous lazars oft' attend her door?
She gave—Farewell the parent of the poor. [ſwell,
Youth, Age, and Want, once cheer'd, now ſighing
Bleſs her lov'd name, and weep a laſt farewell.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1731-2.

Nº I.

TWICE twenty tedious moons have roll'd away
Since hope, kind Flatt'rer! tun'd my penfive lay,
Whifp'ring that you, who rais'd me from defpair,
Meant, by your fmiles, to make life worth my care,
With pitying hand an Orphan's tears to fcreen,
And o'er the motherlefs extend the queen.
'Twill be—the prophet guides the poet's ſtrain!
Grief never touch'd a heart like your's in vain:
Heav'n gave you pow'r becauſe you love to bleſs,
And pity, when you feel it, is redreſs.

Two fathers join'd to rob my claim of one!
My Mother, too, thought fit to have no ſon!
The Senate next, whoſe aid the helpleſs own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone!
Yet parents pityleſs, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles loſt, nor woes myſterious join'd,
Strip me of hope—by Heav'n thus lowly laid,
To find a Pharaoh's daughter in the ſhade.

You cannot hear unmov'd when wrongs implore;
Your heart is woman, tho' your mind be more:
Kind, like the Pow'r who gave you to our prayers,
You would not lengthen life to ſharpen cares;

They who a barren leave to live beſtow,
Snatch but from Death to ſacrifice to Woe:
Hated by her from whom my life I drew,
Whence ſhould I hope, if not from Heav'n and you?
Nor dare I groan beneath Affliction's rod,
My queen my mother, and my father—God.

The pitying Muſes ſaw me wit purſue,
A baſtard ſon, alas! on that ſide too,
Did not your eyes exalt the poet's fire,
And what the Muſe denies the queen inſpire.
While riſing thus your heav'nly ſoul to view,
I learn how angels think by copying you.

Great Princeſs! 't is decreed—once ev'ry year
I march, uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer!
Thus ſhall your poet his low genius raiſe,
And charm the world with truths too vaſt for praiſe.
Nor need I dwell on glories all your own,
Since ſurer means to tempt your ſmiles are known;
Your poet ſhall allot your lord his part,
And paint him in his nobleſt throne—your heart.

Is there a greatneſs that adorns him beſt,
A riſing wiſh that ripens in his breaſt?
Has he foremeant ſome diſtant age to bleſs,
Diſarm oppreſſion, or expel diſtreſs?
Plans he ſome ſcheme to reconcile mankind,
People the ſeas, and buſy ev'ry wind?
Would he by pity the deceiv'd reclaim,
And ſmile contending factions into ſhame?

Would his example lend his laws a weight,
And breathe his own ſoft morals o'er his ſtate?
The Muſe ſhall find it all, ſhall make it ſeen,
And teach the world his praiſe, to charm his queen.
Such be the Annual truths my verſe imparts;
Nor frown, fair Fav'rite of a people's hearts!
Happy, if plac'd, perchance, beneath your eye,
My Muſe, unpenſion'd, might her pinions try;
Fearleſs to fail whilſt you indulge her flame,
And bid me proudly boaſt your Laureat's name;
Renobled thus by wreaths my queen beſtows,
I loſe all memory of wrongs and woes.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1732-3.

No II.

"GREAT Princeſs! 't is decreed—once ev'ry year
"I march, uncall'd, your Laureat Volunteer."
So ſung the Muſe, nor ſung the Muſe in vain;
My queen accepts, the year renews the ſtrain.
Ere firſt your influence ſhone with heav'nly aid
Each thought was terror, for each view was ſhade;
Fortune to life each flow'ry path deny'd;
No ſcience learn'd to bloom, no lay to glide.

Inſtead of hallow'd hill or vocal vale,
Or ſtream ſweet-echoing to the tuneful tale,
Damp dens confin'd, or barren deſerts ſpread,
With ſpectres haunted, and the Muſes fled;
Ruins in penſive emblem ſeem to riſe,
And all was dark or wild to Fancy's eyes.

But, hark! a gladd'ning voice all nature cheers!
Diſperſe, ye Glooms! a day of joy appears.
Hail, happy Day!—'Twas on thy glorious morn
The firſt, the faireſt, of her ſex was born!
How ſwift the change! cold wintry ſorrows fly;
Where'er ſhe looks delight ſurrounds the eye!
Mild ſhines the ſun, the woodlands warble round,
The vales ſweet echo, ſweet the rocks reſound!
In cordial air ſoft fragrance floats along;
Each ſcene is verdure, and each voice is ſong!

Shoot from yon' orb divine, ye quick'ning Rays!
Boundleſs, like her benevolence, ye blaze!
Soft emblems of her bounty, fall, ye Show'rs!
And ſweet aſcend, and fair unfold, ye Flow'rs!
Ye Roſes, Lilies! you we earlieſt claim,
In whiteneſs and in fragrance match her fame!
'Tis yours to fade; to fame like her's is due
Undying ſweets, and bloom for ever new.
Ye Bloſſoms! that one vary'd landſcape riſe,
And ſend your ſcentful tribute to the ſkies,
Diffuſive like yon' royal branches ſmile,
Grace the young year, and glad the grateful iſle!

Attend, ye Muſes! mark the feather'd quires;
Thoſe the ſpring wakes, as you the queen inſpires.
O! let her praiſe for ever ſwell your ſong,
Sweet let your ſacred ſtreams the notes prolong,
Clear, and more clear, thro' all my lays refine,
And there let heav'n and her reflected ſhine!
As when chill blights from vernal ſuns retire,
Cheerful the vegetative world aſpire,
Put forth unfolding blooms, and, waving, try
Th' enliv'ning influence of a milder ſky;
So gives her birth (like yon' approaching ſpring)
The land to flouriſh and the Muſe to ſing.
'Twas thus Zenobia, on Palmyra's throne,
In learning, beauty, and in virtue, ſhone;
Beneath her roſe, Longinus! in thy name,
The poet's, critic's, and the patriot's, fame.
Is there (ſo high be you, great Princeſs! prais'd)
A woe unpity'd, or a worth unrais'd?
Art learns to ſoar by your ſweet influence taught,
In life well cheriſh'd, nor in death forgot:
In death as life the learn'd your goodneſs tell,
Witneſs the ſacred buſts of Richmond's cell;
Sages who in unfading light will ſhine,
Who graſp'd at ſcience, like your own, divine.
The Muſe, who hails with ſong this glorious morn,
Now looks thro' days, thro' months, thro' years, unborn;
All white they riſe, and in their courſe expreſs'd
A king by kings rever'd, by ſubjects bleſs'd!

A queen, where'er true greatneſs ſpreads in fame,
Where learning tow'rs beyond her ſex's aim;
Where pure religion no extreme can touch,
Of faith too little, or of zeal too much;
Where theſe behold, as on this bleſs'd of moons,
What love protects them, and what worth adorns;
Where'er diffuſive Goodneſs ſmiles, a queen
Still prais'd with rapture, as with wonder ſeen!
See nations round of ev'ry wiſh poſſeſt!
Life in each eye, and joy in ev'ry breaſt!
Shall I, on what I lightly touch, explain?
Shall I (vain thought) attempt the finiſh'd ſtrain?
No!—let the poet ſtop unequal lays,
And to the juſt hiſtorian yield your praiſe.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1734-5.

No IV *.

In youth no parent nurs'd my infant-ſongs;
'Twas mine to be inſpir'd alone by wrongs;
Wrongs that with life their fierce attack began,
Drank infant-tears, and ſtill purſue the man.
Life ſcarce is life—Dejection all is mine,
The pow'r that loves to lonely ſhades to pine;

* None of the editions have preſerved No. III.

Of faded cheek, of unelated views,
Whoſe weaken'd eyes the rays of hope refuſe:
'Tis mine the mean inhuman pride to find,
Who ſhuns th' oppreſs'd, to fortune only kind;
Whoſe pity 's inſult, and whoſe cold reſpect
Is keen as ſcorn, ungen'rous as neglect.
Void of benevolent obliging grace,
Ev'n dubious Friendſhip half averts his face.
Thus ſunk in ſickneſs, thus with woes oppreſt,
How ſhall the fire awake within my breaſt?
How ſhall the Muſe her flagging pinions raiſe?
How tune her voice to Carolina's praiſe?
From jarring thought no tuneful raptures flow;
Theſe with fair days and gentle ſeaſons glow:
Such give alone ſweet Philomel to ſing,
And Philomel 's the poet of the ſpring.

But ſoft, my Soul! ſee yon' celeſtial light,
Before whoſe lambent luſtre breaks the night;
It glads me like the morning clad in dews,
And beams reviving from the vernal Muſe,
Inſpiring joyous peace; 't is ſhe! 't is ſhe!
A ſtranger long to miſery and me.

Her verdant mantle gracefully declines,
And, flow'r-embroider'd, as it varies ſhines.
To form her garland Zephyr, from his wing,
Throws the firſt flow'rs and foliage of the ſpring.
Her looks how lovely! Health and Joy have lent
Bloom to her cheek, and to her brow content.

Behold ſweet-beaming her ethereal eyes,
Soft as the Pleiades o'er the dewy ſkies!
She blunts the point of care, alleviates woes,
And pours the balm of comfort and repoſe;
Bids the heart yield to Virtue's ſilent call,
And ſhews Ambition's ſons mere children all,
Who hunt for toys which pleaſe with tinſel ſhine,
For which they ſquabble, and for which they pine.
Oh! hear her voice, more mellow than the gale
That, breath'd thro' ſhepherd's pipe, enchants the vale!
Hark! ſhe invites from city ſmoke and noiſe,
Vapours impure, and from impurer joys;
From various evils that, with rage combin'd,
Untune the body, and pollute the mind;
From crowds, to whom no ſocial faith belongs,
Who tread one circle of deceit and wrongs;
With whom politeneſs is but civil guile,
And laws oppreſs, exerted by the vile.
To this oppos'd, the Muſe preſents the ſcene
Where ſylvan pleaſures ever ſmile ſerene;
Pleaſures that emulate the bleſs'd above,
Health, innocence, and peace, the Muſe and Love;
Pleaſures that raviſh, while alternate wrought
By friendly converſe and abſtracted thought.
Theſe ſooth my throbbing breaſt. No loſs I mourn,
Tho' both from riches and from grandeur torn.
Weep I a cruel Mother? No—I 've ſeen,
From Heav'n, a pitying, a maternal, queen.

One gave me life, but would no comfort grant;
She more than life reſum'd by giving want.
Would ſhe the being which ſhe gave deſtroy?
My queen gives life, and bids me hope for joy.
Honours and wealth I cheerfully reſign,
If competence, if learned eaſe, be mine;
If I by mental heartfelt joys be fir'd,
And in the vale by all the Muſe inſpir'd!
Here ceaſe my plaint—See yon' enliv'ning ſcenes!
Child of the Spring! behold the beſt of Queens!
Softneſs and beauty roſe this heav'nly morn,
Dawn'd wiſdom, and Benevolence was born.
Joy o'er a people in her influence roſe,
Like that which Spring o'er rural nature throws.
War to the peaceful pipe reſigns his roar,
And breaks his billows on ſome diſtant ſhore.
Domeſtic diſcord ſinks beneath her ſmile,
And arts, and trade, and plenty, glad the iſle.
Lo! Induſtry ſurveys, with feaſted eyes,
His due reward, a plenteous harveſt riſe!
Nor (taught by Commerce) joys in that alone,
But ſees the harveſt of a world his own.
Hence thy juſt praiſe, thou mild, majeſtic, Thames!
Rich River! richer than Pactolus' ſtreams!
Than thoſe renown'd of yore, by poets roll'd
O'er intermingled pearls and ſands of gold:
How glorious thou! when from old Ocean's urn,
Loaded with India's wealth, thy waves return!

Alive thy banks! along each bord'ring line,
High-cultur'd blooms, inviting villas ſhine;
And while around ten thouſand beauties glow,
Theſe ſtill o'er thoſe redoubling luſtre throw.
" Come then, (ſo whiſper'd the indulgent Muſe)
" Come then, in Richmond groves thy ſorrows loſe!
" Come then, and hymn this day! The pleaſing ſcene
" Shews in each view the genius of thy queen.
" Hear Nature whiſp'ring in the breeze her ſong!
" Hear her ſweet-warbling thro' the feather'd throng!
" Come! with the warbling world thy notes unite,
" And with the vegetative ſmile delight!
" Sure ſuch a ſcene and ſong will ſoon reſtore
" Loſt quiet, and give bliſs unknown before;
" Receive it grateful, and adore, when giv'n,
" The goodneſs of thy parent, Queen, and Heav'n!
" With me each private virtue lifts the voice,
" While public ſpirit bids a land rejoice;
" O'er all thy queen's benevolence deſcends,
" And wide o'er all her vital light extends.
" As winter ſoftens into ſpring, to you
" Blooms Fortune's ſeaſon, thro' her ſmile, anew,
" Still for paſt bounty, let new lays impart
" The ſweet effuſions of a grateful heart!
" Caſt thro' the teleſcope of hope your eye,
" There Goodneſs infinite, ſupreme, deſcry!
" From him that ray of virtue ſtream'd on earth,
" Which kindled Caroline's bright ſoul to birth.

" Behold! he ſpreads one univerſal ſpring!
" Mortals, transform'd to angels, then ſhall ſing;
" Oppreſſion then ſhall fly with want and ſhame,
" And bleſſing and exiſtence be the ſame!"

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1735-6.

No V.

Lo! the mild ſun ſalutes the op'ning ſpring,
And gladd'ning Nature calls the Muſe to ſing;
Gay chirp the birds, the bloomy ſweets exhale,
And health, and ſong, and fragrance, fill the gale.
Yet mildeſt ſuns to me are pain ſevere,
And Muſic's ſelf is diſcord to my ear!
I jocund Spring unſympathiſing ſee,
And health, that comes to all, comes not to me.
Dear Health! once fled, what ſpirits can I find!
What ſolace meet, when fled my peace of mind?
From abſent books what ſtudious hint deviſe?
From abſent friends what aid to thought can riſe?
A Genius whiſper'd in my ear—" Go ſeek
" Some man of ſtate!—The Muſe your wrongs may ſpeak."
But will ſuch liſten to the plaintive ſtrain? [pain.
The happy ſeldom heed th' unhappy's
To wealth, to honours, wherefore was I born?
Why left to poverty, repulſe, and ſcorn?

Why was I form'd of elegant deſires?
Thought which beyond a vulgar flight aſpires!
Why by the proud and wicked cruſh'd to earth!
Better the day of death than day of birth!
Thus I exclaim'd: a little cherub ſmil'd;
"Hope, I am call'd," ſaid he, "a heav'n-born child!
"Wrongs ſure you have; complain you juſtly may;
"But let wild ſorrow whirl not thought away!
"No—truſt to honour! that you ne'er will ſtain
"From peerage-blood, which fires your filial vein.
"Truſt more to Providence! from me ne'er ſwerve!
"Once to diſtruſt is never to deſerve.
"Did not this day a Caroline diſcloſe?
"I promis'd at her birth, and bleſſing roſe!
"(Bleſſing o'er all the letter'd world to ſhine,
"In knowledge clear, beneficence divine!)
"'Tis her's, as mine, to chaſe away deſpair;
"Woe undeſerv'd is her peculiar care:
"Her bright benevolence ſends me to grief,
"On Want ſheds bounty, and on Wrong relief."
Then calm-ey'd Patience, born of angel-kind,
Open'd a dawn of comfort on my mind:
With her came Fortitude, of godlike air!
Theſe arm to conquer ills, at leaſt to bear.
Arm'd thus, my Queen! while wayward Fates ordain
My life to lengthen, but to lengthen pain,
Your bard his ſorrows with a ſmile endures,
Since to be wretched is to be made your's.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

AN ODE

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1736-7.

No VI.

YE Spirits bright! that ether rove,
That breathe the vernal ſoul of love,
Bid Health deſcend in balmy dews,
And life in ev'ry gale diffuſe,
That give the flow'rs to ſhine, the birds to ſing;
Oh! glad this natal day, the prime of ſpring!
The virgin ſnowdrop firſt appears,
Her golden head the crocus rears;
The flow'ry tribe profuſe and gay,
Spread to the ſoft inviting ray.
So arts ſhall bloom by Carolina's ſmile,
So ſhall her fame waft fragrance o'er the iſle.

The warblers various, ſweet, and clear,
From bloomy ſprays ſalute the year.
O Muſe! awake; aſcend and ſing,
Hail the fair rival of the ſpring!
To woodland honours woodland hymns belong;
To her, the pride of arts! the Muſe's ſong.
Kind, as of late her clement ſway,
The ſeaſon ſheds a tepid ray.

The ſtorms of Boreas rave no more,
The ſtorms of faction ceaſe to roar:
At vernal ſuns as wintry tempeſts ceaſe,
She, lovely Pow'r! ſmiles faction into peace.

THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT,

FOR THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1737-8.

A POEM

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE MAJESTY,

Humbly addreſſed to

HIS MAJESTY.

No VII.

OFT' has the Muſe, on this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Tun'd to glad harmony the vernal lay;
But, O lamented change! the lay muſt flow
From grateful rapture now to grateful woe.
She to this day who joyous luſtre gave,
Deſcends for ever to the ſilent grave:
She! born at once to charm us and to mend,
Of human race the pattern and the friend.
To be or fondly or ſeverely kind,
To check the raſh or prompt the better mind,
Parents ſhall learn from her, and thus ſhall draw
From filial love alone a filial awe.

Who ſeek in av'rice wiſdom's art to ſave,
Who often ſquander, yet who never gave,
From her theſe know the righteous mean to find,
And the mild virtue ſtole on half mankind.
The laviſh now caught frugal Wiſdom's lore,
Yet ſtill the more they ſav'd beſtow'd the more.
Now miſers learn'd at others' woes to melt,
And ſaw and wonder'd at the change they felt:
The gen'rous, when on her they turn'd their view,
The gen'rous ev'n themſelves more gen'rous grew,
Learn'd the ſhunn'd haunts of ſhame-fac'd Want to trace;
To goodneſs, delicacy, adding grace.
The conſcious cheek no riſing bluſh confeſt,
Nor dwelt one thought to pain the modeſt breaſt;
Kind and more kind did thus her bounty ſhow'r,
And knew no limit but a bounded pow'r.
This truth the widow's ſighs, alas! proclaim;
For this the orphan's tears embalm her fame.
The wiſe beheld her Learning's ſummit gain,
Yet never giddy grow, nor ever vain,
But on one ſcience point a ſtedfaſt eye,
That ſcience—how to live and how to die.
Say, Memory! while to thy grateful ſight
Ariſe her virtues in unfading light,
What joys were ours, what ſorrows now remain:
Ah! how ſublime the bliſs! how deep the pain!
And thou, bright Princeſs! ſeated now on high,
Next one the faireſt daughter of the ſky,

Whose warm-felt love is to all beings known,
Thy sister Charity next her thy throne;
See at thy tomb the Virtues weeping lie!
There in dumb sorrow seem the Arts to die.
So were the sun o'er other orbs to blaze,
And from our world, like thee, withdraw his rays,
No more to visit where he warm'd before,
All life must cease, and nature be no more.
Yet shalt thou Muse a heav'nly height essay
Beyond the weakness mix'd with mortal clay;
Beyond the loss which, tho' she bleeds to see,
Tho' ne'er to be redeem'd, the loss of thee!
Beyond ev'n this she hails, with joyous lay,
Thy better birth, thy first true natal day;
A day that sees thee borne beyond the tomb
To endless health, to youth's eternal bloom;
Borne to the mighty dead, the souls sublime
Of ev'ry famous age and ev'ry clime;
To goodness fix'd by truth's unvarying laws,
To bliss that knows no period, knows no pause—
Save when thine eye, from yonder pure serene,
Sheds a soft ray on this our gloomy scene.

With me now Liberty and Learning mourn,
From all relief, like thy lov'd consort, torn;
For where can prince or people hope relief,
When each contend to be supreme in grief?
So vy'd thy virtues that could point the way,
So well to govern, yet so well obey.

Deign one look more! ah! see thy comfort dear
Wishing all hearts, except his own, to cheer.
Lo! still he bids thy wonted bounty flow
To weeping families of worth and woe:
He stops all tears, however fast they rise,
Save those that still must fall from grateful eyes;
And, spite of griefs that usurp his mind,
Still watches o'er the welfare of mankind.
Father of those whose rights thy care defends,
Still most their own when most their sovereign's friends,
Then chiefly brave, from bondage chiefly free,
When most they trust, when most they copy thee;
Ah! let the lowest of thy subjects pay
His honest heart-felt tributary lay;
In anguish happy, if permitted here
One sigh to vent, to drop one virtuous tear;
Happier, if pardon'd, should he wildly moan,
And with a monarch's sorrow mix his own.

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